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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. POET AND WOMAN.

THIS year, being her centenary, naturally stirs discussion on the subject of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Is she a true poet, or is she a lyrical versifier poetically inspired? The question is of little interest to the younger generation. To very young critics she is merely a name, and that name is only remembered because it is that of Robert Browning's wife. If they have read one or two of her poems, they have no desire to read more, they confess. To persons old enough to remember the impression made upon their elders by E. B. B.'s poems, and even to recollect a glamour cast by them upon themselves in early youth, she is a personality of charm and of power. Even those who have come out from the fascination in which they used to be held, and can criticise the faults of rhyme and rhythm they can see now from the outside, maintain that these faults only obscure her poetry, but do not prove the absence of it, any more than an ill-made gown takes away the fact of a wearer's beauty; it only prevents it being seen to advantage. Others, on the contrary, maintain that the fact of her poetry being out of date proves her to be, if a poet at all, one of inferior rank.

We have no wish to combat the opinion that Time tests claims to immortality, nor to deny that the beauty of written words is often seen more clearly after the pen has dropped for ever out of the hand that wrote them; but we cannot help thinking that the fact that Mrs. Browning had a day in which she stirred emotion, suggested thoughts, and supplied ideals that influenced her own contemporaries and their immediate descendants, proves that she is really, as well as nominally, a poet.

Dissidents from this view will say that any singer of an idle day

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can do that, provided he has sound lungs and space and opportunity for being heard. They will admit that Elizabeth Barrett had poetic breath and lyric utterance, in spite of her clumsy phrasing ; and that the literary world being uncrowded when she entered it, and she possessing friends in it, she appealed to a large audience at an opportune moment. Her marriage quickened public interest in whatever she wrote subsequent to it, although her fame was established before romance followed tragedy in her life, and although Robert Browning was comparatively unrecognised by the world when he carried away his imprisoned princess.

But Elizabeth Barrett was not the topical singer who charms her listeners for an idle hour, and whose lilt is caught up and echoed in Society and the street for just so long as the ears of the hearers remember their tickling. Her lyric voice penetrated to the heart, appealed to the mind and taste, awoke aspiration, and touched the springs of religion to issues lasting long after her living charm was forgotten. This is, we maintain, the test by which her claim to be a poet is proven. She gave us poems of sentiment in place of the sentimental verses that had their place in Victorian drawing-rooms ; she gave us musically clothed thoughts, instead of vapid nothings, dressed up in pretty words to give them substance : she dipped her pen in the ink of realism, but was too true to great realities of life and nature to be coarse, too highminded to be commonplace. She appealed to an age sickened by sweet trash ; an age in which women were "feeling" their brains as babes feel their feet : she wrote at a time when reserve was accounted strength, and reticence enhanced beauty ; she cannot touch a period that regards self-abandonment as power, and the exposure of every intimate feeling as the revelation of passion. The love she sang was that white heat, hidden away in secret, the effect of which is seen in flames that play over the surface of life, irradiating it to beauty, even in its commonplace details. And she sometimes lets us see, through the dainty *grille* of her reserve, a fire of red, red roses, such as that which burns for us in George Macdonald's "Princess and the Goblin." It is passion—the fragrant heat burning in the recesses of a pure heart, energising the whole personality ; not the lurid glow of a laboratory furnace that makes picturesque effects, but lasts only so long as chemicals are thrown in.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
 I love thee freely as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely as men turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints— I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! and if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Sonnet xlvii. from the Portuguese.

What a mawkish ditty might have been made of "Bertha in the Lane." What a flickeringly tender idyll we have instead. The "light that fails" to the eyes of the nameless sister who

. . . pale as crocus grows

Close behind a rose-tree's root

had found life "too loud" for her "meek shame"—how the "light comes and goes" she says: how we hear her quick breath caught eye y now and then by a sob half of emotion, half of remorse, at perhaps casting a shadow on Bertha

rose-lined from the cold

And meant verily to hold

Life's pure pleasures manifold.

How we understand the mingled shame-facedness at keeping her hold on just one tiny bit of her renunciation, and boldness in asking for what will remove all risk of a tardy state of remorse being given to the heart that only held "esteem" for her:

And, dear Bertha, let me keep

On my hand this little ring

Which at night, when others sleep,

I can still see glittering.

Let me wear it out of sight

In the grave—where it will light

All the dark up, day and night.

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And how the Mother-love, quickening the perception of every detail, speaks in "Aurora Leigh."

There he lay upon his back
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples, to the ends
Of his lovely tumbled curls about his face ;
* * * * *
The little naked feet, drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings ; everything so soft
And tender,—and the tiny holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of it.

For more of this love turn to "Mother and Son," the cry of Laura Savio, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta in 1861 ; to "Little Mattie,"

Dead ! Thirteen a month ago—
and also to "Only a Curl" and a "Child's Grace at Florence." We forgive all the faulty rhymes and jumbled phrases for the sake of the pathos, simple yet deep, because true.

We have touched upon only one string in Mrs. Browning's lyre, only one note in her scale, but it is a string that sets in motion the most influential vibrations, the note that dominates the rest.

She was not blind to her sins as versifier nor to her limitations as poet, but—and this is another proof of her position as poet, for genius is sensitive to genius—she claimed, simply possession of the gift of poesy.

She says in a letter to Miss Mitford that "poetry is a divine thing, not mere verse-making, though the verses be pretty in their way." She goes on to wish that every word she, for one, ever wrote might perish rather than "help to drag down an inch that standard of poetry, which, for the sake of humanity as well as literature, should be kept high."

She speaks of simplicity and clearness as excellent qualities but: "they will not make poetry ; they and all other qualities are absolutely vain without the essential thing, genius, inspiration, call it what you will." Without it "the most accomplished verse writers had far better write prose for their own sakes as well as the world."

Thus in a side way did she testify to herself. Thus did her husband testify of her after the "spirit-small hand" had vanished from the world of flesh and blood.

Never may I commence my song, my due
 To God, Who best taught song by gift of thee,
 Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
 That still, despite the distance and the dark,
 What was, again may be ; some interchange
 Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
 Some benediction anciently thy smile ;

Never conclude, but raising hand and head
 Thither where eyes that cannot reach, yet yearn
 For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
 Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
 To those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home
 Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
 Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall.

Ring and the Book. 1403-1416.

After these words to the "Lyric Love, half Angel and half bird," no more are possible.

So far we have spoken of her as artist ; now let us look at her as woman. Her artistic capacity was to her of less importance than her womanhood. To approach as nearly as she could to her ideal as daughter, sister, friend, wife, mother, was her endeavour—not to bring the literary world to her feet. The touch of her little *Penini's* fingers on her curls was dearer to her than the pressure of laurel wreaths ; the loss of a manuscript, on which she had spent months of labour, of less moment than that of her baby's shoulder-knots. She did not undervalue the power of the sceptre genius and intellect wield ; but she recognised that a woman's noblest title is that of Queen of Hearts.

Let us read the inscription on the marble slab on the walls of *Casa Guidi* :

Qui scrisse e mori
 Elisabetta Barrett Browning,
 Cui in cuore di Donna conciliava
 Scienza di Dotto e spirito di Poeta
 E fece del suo verso aureo anello
 Fra Italia e Inghilterra.
 Pone queste lapide
 Firenze grata
 1861.

This may be roughly translated—probably the readers of *East & West* will render it more gracefully—

Here wrote and died
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
Whose gentle woman's heart made one
The Scholar's learning and the Poet's spirit ;
Whose poesy a golden ring has made
Twixt Italy and England.
A grateful Florence
Places this stone.

1861.

To say that only the strong can be tender, and only gentleness be strong, is but to say, in other words, that love is the power that sways the world. The heart that welded the golden ring of intellect and poesy was strong enough to bear many shocks and quenching influences ; tender enough to resist the effect of treatment, that would leave hardened a heart less loving, soured a nature less sweet. Since Elizabeth's letters, and since the Love Letters that passed between her and Robert Browning, have been published, her father's eccentricities have become public property. We shrank from the publication of the love letters as we should shrink from looking inside a private drawer ; the horror both she and her husband had of publicity increased the profanation of laying bare such intimate expressions of feeling. But, though we shrank, we read ! And, besides the justification given by the fact that poets belong to a nation, not to themselves alone, we felt that the expulsion of any shadow of blame, cast by the fact of their marriage having been clandestine, was a sufficient reason for the letters to be put before the world.

It would have been difficult to believe that Mr. Barrett's attitude towards his daughters' intercourse with friends and their marriage, was what it was, if we had not read Elizabeth's own testimony : a witness which tried to put his conduct in the best possible light.

If his daughters permitted themselves to be wooed, they committed a heinous offence, let their suitors be of faultless conduct and pedigree ; if they allowed themselves to be won, they were criminals of the blackest dye. To leave the parental roof at all, without his escort, seems to have been an offence unto him—witness his preferring

to see Elizabeth fade out of life in her darkened chamber, rather than allow her to go and seek *health* in Italy, even when a physician said that all she needed to win back health was to live in a warm climate, and to have air.

"I never had doubted that Papa would catch at any human chance of restoring my health," wrote Mrs. Browning in a letter of explanation to an intimate friend soon after her marriage: "I was under the delusion always that the difficulty of making such trials lay in *me*, not in *him*. His manner of acting towards me last summer was one of the most painful griefs of my life, because it involved a disappointment in the affections. My dear Father is a very peculiar person. He is naturally stern, and has exaggerated notions of authority, but these things go with high and noble qualities. I admire such qualities as he has—fortitude, integrity—" and much more in the same spirit of magnanimity; but she goes on to say that, if he had said his refusal to let her go was from reluctance to part from her, had let her believe that it was due to his affection, she "would have given up Pisa in a moment." But he neither felt, nor affected to feel, reluctance of this kind. In this same letter his daughter explains why his formal consent could not be asked to her engagement with Mr. Browning. That gentleman would "have been forbidden the house without a moment's scruple." "Not one of his children will ever be married without a breach," Elizabeth admitted; and she recalls a scene in her sister Henrietta's love affairs, which caused Henrietta to be carried out of the room in hysterics, and Elizabeth to fall in a faint so deep that her youngest sister Arabel thought she was dead.

Few people could be invited to the house. Mr. Browning—"the poet, the man of the Pomegranates," as Mr. Barrett somewhat contemptuously called him—was admitted as the friend of the Barrett's cousin, John Kenyon. The frequency of his visits was unknown to the master of the house, though, of course, they were made openly. The only clandestine meeting Elizabeth ever had with Robert was in the parish Church of St. Marylebone when, on a certain September morning, 1846, she went thither, accompanied by her maid, Wilson, and was married to him.

Her sisters knew of her attachment and engagement, and warmly sympathised with her; but she considered that it would have

been infamous in her to tell them of her intended marriage and so include them in the parental wrath so soon to fall. She made her decision slowly and deliberately. She reflected that a person of mature age—she was nearly forty—is free to make her choice in such a personal matter : she had been slow in suffering herself to be won by the man, who had wooed her under the belief that she was an incurable invalid, chained for life to her sofa ; but, having given herself wholly to him, having realised that the life given back to her through his love, could be restored to usefulness, she decided that it was her duty to step out of her prison, hand in hand with the man who had unlocked the door of it.

After the marriage she went back to her house, 50, Wimpole Street, till the 19th, when she left it with Wilson and “ Flush, my dog,” to join Mr. Browning and embark for France. She left it for ever. Mr. Barrett never saw her again, never opened one of her letters. “ Mamma,” said her little boy one day during a visit to England, “ if you’ve been very, very naughty—if you’ve *broken china*.—I advise you to go into the room and say, ‘ Papa, I’ll be dood.’ ”

Mr. Browning wrote to an intimate friend after Mr. Barrett’s death : “ There must have been something in the organisation or education at least that would account for and extenuate all this ; but it has caused grief enough, I know.”

Mrs. Browning was prostrated by grief ; indeed, after her father’s death she never regained the level of health that she had reached after her marriage ; and though she averred that all hope of reconciliation had died in her long before, she said, “ Strange, that what I called ‘ unkindness ’ for so many years should, in departing, have left to me such a sudden desolation.”

Her love for her brothers and sisters was as deep and enduring as for her father. Of all her family, however, her brother Edward was dearest to her. He it was who went with her to Torquay in her delicate youth, when she could live nowhere else ; it was his death by the capsizing of a boat, almost within her sight, that shattered her health, irrecoverably as it seemed, until the “ Man of Pomegranates” came as Restorer. The shock and grief of her brother’s death coming when illness had deprived her of elasticity, left a life-long wound. She could never bear it touched. But for

the balance her "sweet reasonableness" gave her character, the publication of Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," containing a chapter devoted to Elizabeth and Robert Browning, and giving details of the accident, would have caused a breach in the friendship of the two women.

Mrs. Browning, however, was too loving and loyal a friend not to be honest in her estimate of herself and just to her friend, and it was her nature to be generous too. The letter written to Miss Mitford, while she was smarting from the effects on her sensitiveness of the publication, is a striking combination of sincerity and tenderness. She begins it by recognising her "very dear friend" as the "most generous and affectionate of friends," but avows that she is going to tell her the truth, admitting that she is morbid. Had she had the least imagination that Miss Mitford was going to touch upon certain details, she says, she would have conjured her by their mutual love to forbear. She has been "miserably upset" to find that, what she had never even whispered to her husband in their heart to heart converse, was going the round of the newspapers; and she is as much afraid of picking up one of these papers now, as a child is of the dark. She takes care to add that her husband has told her that the details could not have been given with greater delicacy; and she thanks her "much-loved, kindest friend" for all her kindness. Her letters, both as Miss Barrett and Mrs. Browning, reveal a mind capable of investing everything that was of interest to her with a graceful charm. They bear witness to the variety of her interests and the width of her sympathies; but the dominating notes in her correspondence, as in all her relations with others, are loyalty and tenderness.

Quaint and enduring epithets and titles drop from her pen, but never as fond figures of speech; they were proofs of the natural lovingness of her heart as fragrance is of the violet, they were not the distilled drops of the perfumer's essences. The love letters are the supreme expression of her natural characteristics. There is in them a bubbling over of fun and tender drollery, and the depths are touched with a delicate sureness which will win chivalry's homage throughout the ages, and shame counterfeit emotion in any human being, man or woman, capable of being abashed. And we must observe that Elizabeth was as far from being a love-sick maiden as

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she was from being a self-centred invalid. She was a genius and a woman of trained intellect ; too truly a woman of learning to pose ever as a learned lady. It was her intellectual capacity, her sympathies, her breadth of mind, added to the purity and fervour of her heart, that made her the intellectual poet's perfect wife. And all her powers of mind as well as of heart were gathered up in Motherhood as in Wifehood. The allusions to her boy, her darling *Penini*, lie scattered about her letters like flowers. His pretty chatter, his quaint conceits, his loving ways, his very illnesses, have a charm, as they are brought before us by his mother. Miss Mitford, who used to travel from Swallowfield to London, forty-seven miles and back in one day, to see her in her sick-room days, speaks of the "exquisite pleasure" it give her when the Brownings visited England, to see her "with a lovely boy at her knee, telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in the chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back to the sources of extinct volcanoes."

Of course such an expansive, sensitive nature had the "defects of its qualities." We may marvel at some of her phases of hero-worship, and may deplore the expression of her mysticism in the direction of spiritualism. We know that her husband's more robust mind did not share her opinions and proclivities in these directions ; but, in the great essentials of religious belief and in their attitude towards Art, they were twin-souled. For example, compare passages in *Paracelsus* and other poems with these sentiments in a letter Mrs. Browning wrote to a friend in sorrow : "Be sure of one thing, however, that God has not been niggardly towards you, and that He never made a creature for which he did not make the work suited to its hand. Every heart knows its own bitterness, and God knows when the bitter drop is necessary for the heart's health." She and her husband were at one also in their unsensitiveness to popular praise or blame, though they were keenly alive to injustice. Her frank letter to one of her reviewers, Mr. Chorley, is as marked a proof of her directness and magnanimity as was the letter to Miss Mitford which we quoted from above. She goes straight to the point, and admits that a little fire of resentment is burning within her. "I shall put my foot on the spark, but first I must throw it out of my heart." She does so. "There ! I have done. The spark is under my shoe. If, in "losing my temper" I have "lost my

music," do not let it be said that I have lost my friend by my own fault and choice also."

And when Thackeray felt constrained to refuse to publish "Lord Walter's Wife" in the *Cornhill Magazine* and wrote to her describing his feelings as those of a man lacking courage to sit down in the dentist's chair, she bids him in reply to consider "the tooth (a wise one) as extracted under chloroform and no pain suffered by anybody," sending him another poem with her letter.

To such a soul as hers death seemed but as the door opening into a larger room. She had lain so often with cheek and ear laid against that door that, when it was opened at last by the Angel della Misericordia, it was not wonderful that her answer was "Beautiful" to her husband's question as to how she felt. It was her last word on this side the Door of Mystery.

JEAN ROBERTS.

2, Regent Street,
Oxford.

AN OPEN LETTER
TO
THE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE.

GENTLEMEN,

Do tell us laymen, please, what disease is. You wish us to be inoculated for the plague? But what is plague, please? And is it not a fact that small-pox inoculation, which was lawful once, has been *a criminal offence* in England since 1840? What guarantee is there that the inoculation you now recommend will not be made one day a criminal offence likewise?

We read that "each inoculated person upon whom the operation took effect became for the time being a source of infection to others, and in point of fact the practice tended to spread the disease and so to increase the general mortality." May not a similar sentence, half a century hence, record the results of the plague inoculation?

I suppose Dr. T. Clifford Allbutt, who has contributed an article on Medicine in the new volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, is a recognised authority on the subject. Now, he says: "*Much of infection and immunity are proving to be but special cases of digestion.*" Is he right or is he wrong? If he is wrong—then the greatest experts whose opinion he represents are wrong, and the fact that all the well-nourished classes are practically immune will remain inexplicable. If, however, he is right, no inoculation nostrums can ever remedy the paucity of white corpuscles and lack of resisting power in the blood of the unfortunate poor, who are ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-trained and ill-employed, and form the bulk of our population.

The authority I have quoted tells us: "The abdomen is still 'full of surprises,' and he who has most experience of this deceptive region

will have least confidence in expressing positive opinions in particular cases of disease without operative investigation." He also says: "Highly complex as are all animal tissues, or nearly all, yet in this category of high complexity are degrees higher and higher again, of which we can form little conception, so elaborate they are, so peculiar in their respective properties, and probably so fugitive! It is this wide range of dynamic peculiarities above the common range of known chemical molecules which excites our wonder; and a reflection of these peculiar properties is seen in their affinities for this or that toxic or constructive agent, whereby the peculiarity, for example, of a particular kind of nerve-cell may be altered, antagonized, re-inforced, or converted." But none yet knows the secret of the anchorage of molecules. "Neither chemical, physiological nor pathological research" has explained it. Nor has such research explained the meaning of health or disease. And yet you, gentlemen, are so positive in questions of life and death to our poor!

The School of Expectant Medicine at least acknowledges the ignorance of medical science on these subjects. It is "genuinely touched with a sense of the scantiness of our knowledge, of our confidence in abstract terms, of the insecurity of our alleged 'facts,' case-histories, and observations." It is "alienated by traditional dogmatisms, and disgusted by polypharmacy." It, therefore, trusts mainly to diet and nursing, and there are notable allopaths, even in England, who resort to bread-pills, and give phials of water as phials of medicine, and explain the successes of Homœopathy by means of their own successes with such simple pharmacy. All this may be "rot" to the cocksure school of medicine; but the article in the new Encyclopædia shows that the best school is really that of "Expectant Medicine"—for it is at least truly scientific. It does not build huge conclusions on unproved premises, and is not a slave to theories.

As you know, gentlemen, there have been numerous schools of medicine. They have had their day and ceased to be. Has not the lay public, then, a right to ask whether your particular school may not also, like them, cease to be? You do not believe in the Hippocratic humours. How are you sure that, five decades hence, your theory of microbes will not share the fate of the "humours? There was a Methodic school, a Pneumatic school,

an Eclectic school. There was the school of Galen—and the Arabist school. There were medical humanists, and the followers of the Iatro-chemical theory and the Iatro-mechanical theory. But what has become of them all? You despise the atomistic views of the Solidists; you have nothing but contempt for the Vitalists. You smile when any one talks of *pneuma* or *anima* or the *archeus* or the “signatures” or the “communitates.” How are you sure that your *metabolism* and *anabolism* and *catabolism* will not be laughed at by your successors? How are you sure that your “autogenetic poisons and antidotes” and “autochthonous ferments” will not be voted as unsatisfactory as the old “entities” of the Vitalists, or the crude, coction and critical stages of Hippocrates?

So long as you do not know what life is, you can never *define* either health or disease. The ancients said: “*Morbus est vita præter naturam,*” or “*morbus est ens reale subsistens in corpore.*” You reject both the definitions—but can give none of your own. To say that disease is the correlation of health is no definition. To say that it is a deviation from the “norm” of the body, or a “perturbation of the physiological life,” or “a derangement of life’s ways,” merely begs the question. You think you have outgrown the metaphysical period of medicine. You do not believe that a disease is “a thing in itself.” Sydenham thought that a disease was “an effort of nature to restore the health of the patient by the elimination of the morbid matter.” But what is morbid matter? Why is it that some are infected, say, by ophthalmia—and some not at all? What is the relation of vaccinia to variola? Why is it that epidemics of small-pox break out even in places where vaccination is compulsory? Whence come they, and whence “epidemic outbreaks of purely psychical diseased states”? What is the origin of “disease-species”? How are acquired disease-autonomy and infective parasitism distinguishable? What is the real genesis of *new* diseases? And what is the cause of the “self-purification” and “self-regulation” of blood?

There are microbes everywhere. You have found large quantities in the milk of the cow—the cow held sacred in India for conferring innumerable blessings—and you think because that milk is not good for you, it cannot be good for the Indian. Similarly, the whole of your practice of medicine seems to be based on the assumption

that what is good for a Briton must be good for an Asiatic. What large doses you administer here of poisonous medicines, which only people, whose constitutions are accustomed to alcohol and nicotine and meat-poisons, can safely stand? Do you make allowance for the heredity and environment of the non-European patients you treat in India? Do you take into account the static changes that have taken place since centuries? "So various are the conditions of self-regulation in various animals, both in respect of their peculiar and several modes of assimilating different foods, and of protecting themselves against particular dangers from without that . . . the bloods taken from different species or even perhaps from different individuals, are found to be so different that the healthy serum of one species may be, and often is, poisonous to another; not in respect of adventitious substances, but because the phases of physiological change in different species do not harmonise, each by its peculiar needs having been modified in different ways, until in their several conditions of life, they vary so much about the mean as to become almost, if not quite, alien one to another." This is what one of your highest experts says, and yet you prescribe brandy and Brand's essence of meat, even in the case of people who have been hereditarily vegetarians and teetotallers for many centuries! Is this scientific? You pride yourself on your "rational empiricism"—on your naturalistic and numerical methods—on your combining clinical and anatomical research—on your serial and etiological classifications—on your broad views of causation and on your perception of unity in diversity. But have you tabulated the diversities of static and dynamic conditions of the blood in men who have never touched liquor or meat? Have you ever recorded the effects of your "stimulating" treatment on them? Are you even agreed among yourselves as to the merits of that treatment and the demerits of the depletory system? You laugh at "*Similia similibus curantur*," and yet you go in for plague inoculation and various serums. You can only account for homœopathic cures by means of "faith" and "suggestion," and yet you disdain to make use of these curative agencies, and refuse to ascribe your own inoculation successes to them. For sectarian differences in medicine you show but little toleration, and you make little use of your method of "interlocking of points and signals" in the study of Indian

disease. Your standard of public and private hygiene and your standard of individual treatment are purely European, and your recommendations to sanitary authorities or to patients are also based on European experience. I appeal to you to say whether this attitude is really scientific. The Kavirajs and the Hakims flourish still because they base their prescriptions on Indian experience, and I think if a census were taken of the persons killed by European medicine, your failures will be found to reach an astounding figure. But you naturally count only your successes—for getting that Homœopaths can boast of even more in Europe itself? Have you ever tried to think out the best regimen for your Indian patients—the best houses for the Indian poor—the best sanitation for a poor country like India? Has any one of you tried to experiment on the effects of cow's milk on Indian constitutions, or of cow-dung on the health of a villager's house? Is it enough to say that both are full of microbes? Is it not also necessary to find out whether "anti-substances" have or have not been developed in the blood to counteract the microbes? Cow's milk may be taking up "effluvia existing or arising near it." It may be "a carrier of certain of the human contagia." But have you ascertained that in India the blood has not been made proof against the contagion? Your nosology, your pathology and your pharmacology are all pure European importations, and your race-pride makes it *infra dig.* for you to learn anything from Indians. As in the field of law and polity, so in medicine, it is taken for granted that the quintessence of truth has been discovered only by the fortunate European, and that what is good for a European must be good for the Indian. The Indian Civil Service and the Indian Medical Service have this much in common: they are both infallible. But infallibility, however it may suit the administrator, is wholly foreign to the scientific spirit, and I appeal to you, gentlemen of the Indian Medical Service, to act as scientists, not as autocrats, to add to the sum of human knowledge by patient investigation of the Indian *milieu* and the Indian constitution, to ascertain fully the genesis of old customs before you fulminate against them, to take into account the power of "faith" and "suggestion" before you condemn traditional methods, and, above all, to propound no Procrustean prescriptions for the ills of a population too poor to feed itself properly or to house itself properly

or to educate itself properly. Remember, once more, that "*much of infection and immunity are proving to be but special cases of digestion,*" and, therefore, ask the powers that be to tackle the poverty problem and improve the digesting and resisting power of the blood rather than recommend inoculation, which, for aught we know, may be made a crime one day, like inoculation for the small-pox.

SIGMA.

SOIR.

The ivory moon of evening ;
The deep blue mist of dusk ;
The lispng leaves ; the garden ;
The jessamine and musk ;
All had but borrowed from you
Their mystery and light.
Once you had gone, the evening
Was but an Indian night.

Nagpur

HENRY CAMPBELL.

THE OPIUM QUESTION RE-STATED.*

THE following article was originally written nearly a year ago, as a review of the first edition of Mr. Rowntree's book, and consequently before the change of Government and the General Election had put a new face on British public life. The House of Commons has now reaffirmed, by an unopposed vote in a well-filled assembly, the condemnation of the Indo-Chinese Opium Trade as "morally indefensible," which had already been pronounced by a majority of the House in 1891. The book here reviewed was undoubtedly a potent factor in bringing about this vote.

The resolution moved by Mr. Theodore Taylor, on the 30th of May last, concluded by requesting "His Majesty's Government to take such steps as may be necessary for bringing it (the Indo-Chinese Opium Trade) to a speedy close." The Secretary of State for India, in the course of his speech on the motion, made the important announcement that "if China wanted seriously and in good faith to restrict the consumption of this drug in China, the British Government would not close the door"; and that "to any plan for the restriction of the consumption of opium brought forward in good faith, the Government of India and His Majesty's Government would say they would agree to it, even though it might cost us some sacrifice." The resolution adopted by the House goes further than the declaration of the Minister, as it is not dependent on prior action by way of proposals from the Chinese Government. I do not regard this difference as very important in practice, though in principle it is more in accord with moral ideas. For, as was excellently said by

* "The Imperial Drug Trade. A Restatement of the Opium Question in the light of Recent Evidence and New Developments in the East." By Joshua Rowntree. London, Methuen & Co., Second Edition, price 2 shillings net.

Mr. Theodore Taylor, in his speech moving the resolution, we have no moral right to claim from China any guarantee that she will put down opium smoking. But the co-operation of the Chinese Government is essential to the solution of the opium question as regards that country, and practical statesmen might well expect some assurance that the suppression of poppy cultivation in India would be accompanied by similar action in China. It is on these lines that the Chinese Government has again and again appealed to England, especially in the memorial of the Tsung-li Yamen in 1869 ; hitherto, however, always in vain. We rejoice that at last British statesmen have been found—for Mr. Morley expressly spoke on behalf of the Government, and must have had the sanction of the Cabinet for doing so—to revive this challenge of the Chinese statesmen of a generation ago, and to respond to it in unhesitating language.

I do not know whether there is to be found in China to-day any statesman of the commanding position and high character of Wen-seang, the author of the memorial of 1869. But Mr. Morley's challenge has already evoked great interest in China, having been telegraphed to the Anglo-Chinese press and reproduced by the Chinese newspapers, and has aroused deep interest amongst the Chinese people. Every Chinaman knows that opium is his country's great curse ; a great movement for reform is passing over the Chinese Empire, and no reform can be effectual which does not include radical dealing with the opium vice. From different parts of China, even before Mr. Morley's declaration, had come reports as to impending stringent legislation for the suppression of the evil. Japan's example had already powerfully affected the Chinese mind.

Japanese advisers are disseminated throughout the Empire, and over 8,000 Chinese students have gone to Japan to study, who are certain, as they return to their homes, to bring back a determination to copy the Japanese in the severe repression of opium-smoking. Though corrupt rulers might be disposed to cling to the large share of revenue which China now derives from the Opium Trade, the Chinese Government will be as powerless to resist a great national movement against opium as it has been to withstand the national movement in favour of Western education. Mr. Morley's offer and the House of Commons vote have come just in time to be the voluntary abandonment of a national wrong, and not, as it almost

certainly would have been if delayed but a little longer, the enforced surrender to an aroused and indignant China.

India will, I hope, recognise that the recent vote of the House of Commons is the result of no temporary impulse, but the outcome of a strong moral conviction, pervading all that is best and most enduring in British national life. There can be no going back from it. Indian statesmen must set themselves to find revenue in more satisfactory ways than by raising money out of China's vice. The same moral conviction is certain also to insist on cutting off temptation to indulgence in drink and drugs in India itself. The Abkari revenue, though not complicated with a history so black as that of the opium wars with China, is essentially similar in character to the opium revenue. An enlightened Christian democracy, which has at last found its mouthpiece in a Parliament whose earnestness for moral reform has not been equalled in this country since the days of the Commonwealth, will insist on clean sources of revenue.

“There is the Opium Trade. What a spectacle it is to the world. In England no statesman dares to propose that opium may be sold in public houses at the corners of every street, in the same way as beer or spirits. On the contrary, Parliament, as representing the whole nation, distinctly enacts that opium and all preparations of opium or of poppies, be sold by certified chemists only, as poison, and every box, bottle, vessel, wrapper, or cover in which such poison is contained, be distinctly labelled with the name of the article and the word ‘poison.’ And yet, at the other end of the world, this Christian, highly civilised, and humane England forces a heathen and barbarous Power to take this poison, and tempts a vast human race to use it and to degenerate and demoralise themselves with this poison ! ”

So wrote Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, 25 years ago. He had the right to speak strongly on the subject, for he had made personal sacrifices rather than share in the profits of the trade he thus characterised. That trade is still the same—a disgrace to the British Empire, China's greatest curse. It has withstood the efforts of two generations of philanthropists, beginning with Mr. William Storrs Fry, a China Merchant, the son of Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer, who had seen the evils of opium for himself, and the good Earl of Shaftesbury, who first brought the question before Parliament. It still stands, the amazement of foreign well-wishers, like the Russian Tsar, the late Secretary Hay, and the Marquis Ito, and the reproach which unfriendly foreigners find their easiest missile to fling

at our heads. It has gone on so long that some seem to think it must go on for ever. That, however, cannot be ;

“ For Right is Right, as God is God,
And Right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty ;
To falter would be sin.”

A clear, authentic, up-to-date presentation of the facts of the case, which the Royal Commission of 1893 did its best to obscure, was greatly needed. This has been supplied in the volume now before us. Its writer belongs to a Yorkshire family of Quakers, which has become well known during the past few years, for the researches into social questions made by others of its members. Mr. Joshua Rowntree himself acquired a distinguished Parliamentary reputation during his tenure of a seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Scarborough, where he resides. He lost his seat, however, in 1892, and since that time has steadily declined the invitations to contest that and other constituencies which have been pressed upon him, preferring to devote himself to work for his country, in social and religious causes that are dear to him, outside Parliament. Amongst these causes the opium question is conspicuous. Mr. Rowntree was one of the majority of 31 in the House of Commons which affirmed, in 1891, the proposition that the opium trade is “morally indefensible.” He was, from its formation in 1894 to the beginning of 1906, Chairman of the Representative Board of British Anti-Opium Societies, a post which he thought it best to resign when his brother-in-law, the Right Hon. J. E. Ellis, became Under-Secretary for India. Mr. Rowntree brought out an admirable digest of the evidence collected by the Opium Commission, before the Commission itself had published its Report ; to this, in a subsequent edition, he appended a critique of the Report itself. It need hardly be said that his conclusions from the evidence were very different from those of the majority of the Commissioners. They agreed, however, with those of the dissentient Commissioner, Mr. Henry J. Wilson, M.P., to whose able “Minute of Dissent,” setting forth with the utmost impartiality and great conciseness the evidence on both sides, and thus forming a strong contrast to the voluminous but one-sided Majority Report, no one has yet attempted any reply.

Mr. Rowntree has, in the present volume, availed himself of the work he had already done in his review of the evidence and report of the Royal Commission, and Part II. is devoted to the work of the Commission. But the subject of this book differs essentially from that which formed the main subject of the Commissioners' enquiry. That enquiry mainly dealt

with "the consumption of opium by the different races, and in the different districts of India," which is only a branch of the Indian Abkari System, and with "the effect on the finances of India of the prohibition of the sale and export of opium," which is a financial question. The resolution of the House of Commons in 1893, under which it was appointed, did not mention China, and although its preamble referred to "the strong objections urged on moral grounds to the system by which the Indian opium revenue is raised," the Commission was not instructed to enquire into the morality of the trade. The majority of the Commissioners carefully refrained from doing so!

For Mr. Rowntree, on the other hand, as for the British anti-opium party generally, "the opium question" means the question of the opium trade between India and China, whilst the moral aspect of that question is all-important. No wonder, then, that the Report of the Opium Commission has not put an end to the anti-opium movement.

So far as there is any truth in Sir Alfred Lyall's statement, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "that the agitation was laid for a further term of years by the Royal Commission," Mr. Rowntree replies that this was largely because it synchronised with a change in the thought of the day, much more important and difficult to grapple with. A recrudescence of materialism in the national life threw ethical considerations for a time into the background. Ideals for the betterment of humanity have not prospered. War has cast its deadly shadow over the unity of nations, and selfishness, if only on a sufficiently large scale, has been greatly exalted. The victory for the moment has rested with the forces of organised wealth. These causes have all favoured non-interference in an exceptionally lucrative branch of commerce, carried on with all the prestige of the British Empire." Happily, as he goes on to say, "the signs of the times suggest that the world is getting through the trough of its recent moral depression—that truer notes than those of armed force and material gain are already asserting themselves." In any such ethical revival, the question of the rightfulness of the Opium Revenue was bound to come up for reconsideration. This forecast has been abundantly justified since it first appeared.

In dealing with the Indo-Chinese Opium Trade from the point of view of its morality, it is impossible not to begin with the history of the trade; this accordingly forms the subject of the first portion of Mr. Rowntree's book. The story is a sad one, for any Englishman who truly loves his country. He finds himself repeating, again to quote from Lowell:—

" I love my country, so as only they*
Who love a mother fit to die for may ;
I love her old renown, her ancient fame ;
What better proof than that I loathe her shame ?"

Archdeacon Moule, a veteran missionary of the Church Missionary Society, at a meeting held prior to his return to China, in 1902, presided over by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, said, in referring to his study of this subject, more than a quarter of a century before :—" I was so much an English patriot that I determined to get to the bottom of this subject, as I was certain that I should find that England was not so much in the wrong as people said I was quite sure that I should find at least something that would free England from the awful blame. I found nothing! The worst came to light. That is my sad persuasion still, and the more I love England, the more I deplore this great blot on her noble name."

Mr. Rowntree's conclusion is similar to Archdeacon Moule's. He cannot acquit his native land of the disgrace of having forced the opium trade upon the Chinese. The deliberate judgment of Sir Thomas Wade, afterwards British Minister at Peking, in an official memorandum, quoted by Mr. Rowntree, is especially applicable to the opium trade. " Nothing that has been gained was received from the free-will of the Chinese ; more, the concessions made to us have been from first to last extorted against the conscience of the nation—in defiance, that is, of the moral convictions of its educated men—not merely of the office-holders, whom we call mandarins, and who are numerically but a small proportion of the educated class, but of the millions who are saturated with a knowledge of the history and philosophy of their country. To these, as a rule, the very extension of our trade must appear politically, or what is in China the same thing, morally wrong ; and the story of foreign intercourse during the last thirty years can have had no effect but to confirm them in their opinion."

Part II., as already mentioned, deals with the procedure of what Mr. Rowntree calls " The Non-Judicial Commission." For this appellation he gives abundant reason, in a chapter dealing with the character of its enquiry in India. Here is set forth how an enquiry which " covered the growth, manufacture, and sale of a drug alleged to be injurious in its unrestricted use," of which " the grower, manufacturer, and vendor was the Indian Government," which Government therefore " was, in fact, the defendant in the suit," was " staffed from first to last by able gentlemen of the Indian Civil Service," " handed over its arrangements to Indian officers, and was personally conducted by them"; how " witnesses in the

employ of the States were debarred from communicating with it, except through certain specified channels"; how "its Report was drawn up in the India Office in England, and histories of the opium question were compiled for the occasion from the same source, and published in extenso with the Report." A garbled statistical table, statements opposed to the evidence on which they are supposed to be based, absolutely inconsistent methods of dealing with evidence—always in the supposed interest of the Indian Government—these and other perversions of justice and equity on the part of the Commission are dealt with in a vein of kindly humour, not unmingled with keen sarcasm.

A special chapter is devoted to the evidence on opium-smoking in India, a practice which was universally condemned by Indian witnesses, and which the two Indian Commissioners, the late Maharajah of Darbhanga and Mr. Haridas Voharidas, joined Mr. H. J. Wilson in wishing to suppress by drastic measures, but for which Sir William Roberts, in a special report on the medical aspect of the evidence, and the other members of the majority found excuses, though constrained to acknowledge that "native public opinion generally condemns the habit as disreputable." Another chapter deals with Burma, and remarks: "English readers, whatever be their opinions as to the effects of opium, will be surprised to learn that the Chairman of the Royal Commission for the time being publicly announced that he should *cross-examine* a witness who came to give information in the course of his official duty; that he charged the witness with being guilty of exaggeration and sensationalism before he had been heard in his defence; further, that the rock of offence was this, that a strongly-worded official document would be much used by a certain part of the British public; and, lastly, that the Chairman asked an official to pronounce the heading of a column for inquiry, prepared by his superior officer, to be 'sensational.'" (The Chairman here referred to was Sir James Lyall; the witness, Mr. Donald Smeaton, C. S. I., now M. P. for Stirlingshire; his superior officer, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie.)

Other chapters refer to the evidence received, in answer to interrogatories sent out through British Officials, from the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and China. With regard to this last, the misleading character of the summary of evidence contained in the Majority Report was exposed in the careful "Examination and Appeal" published in 1899 by the Rev. Arnold Foster, a well-known missionary in China, who had been led to investigate into the question by a statement which struck him as strangely at variance with his own experience of more than a quarter of a century in that country. The result of his investigation was to show that, not only

this, but other portions of the report referring to China, contained statements with regard to the effect of the evidence which were quite contrary to the facts. This "Examination," which was recommended to the British public in a preface signed by the late Archbishop of Canterbury and 147 other well-known public men, has also never yet been challenged.

In Part III., Mr. Rowntree comes to consider the present position, and this he begins with a chapter on the Indian side of the question. When the Opium Commission visited Patna, "it was at first denied," as Mr. Rowntree tells us, "that any compulsion was ever used to induce the ryots to cultivate the poppy. The fact was speedily proved by eye-witnesses. It was afterwards explained thus: 'Market-garden produce has admittedly of late years begun to compete successfully with opium. Cases of this kind must therefore be expected to occur.'" Although, at first, the officials strongly contended that the poppy was a very profitable crop to the ryot, they ultimately yielded, and the Government of India sanctioned an increase of 20 per cent. in the rate of payment for crude opium, before the Report of the Commission appeared.

The reconsideration of the opium question which this book bespeaks, and which it has materially helped to secure, was all the more urgent, as its sub-title suggests, because of the fresh evidence on the subject that has been accumulating during the ten years since the Report of the Commission was presented. To this much of the closing section is devoted. An introductory chapter to the second edition contains further addition to this fresh materials, in the Report of the American Philippine Committee, with the consequent legislation, the proclamation of the Australian Government, prohibiting the import of opium, except for medicinal use, and the stringent anti-opium ordinance adopted in the Transvaal.

Amongst these testimonies none is, perhaps, more significant than that contained in the remarkable series of articles by Sir Robert Hart, for 45 years the trusted adviser in financial matters of the Chinese Government, published shortly after the disturbances of 1900. He writes:—"The position the Chinese take up may be said to be this. We did not invite you foreigners here; you crossed the seas of your own accord and more or less forced yourselves upon us. To the trade we sanctioned you added opium smuggling, and when we tried to stop it, you made war upon us. We do not deny that Chinese consumers kept alive a demand for the drug, but both consumption and importation were illegal

and prohibited; when we found it was ruining our people and depleting our treasury, we vainly attempted to induce you to abandon the trade, and we then had to take action against it ourselves. War ensued; we were no warriors, and you won, and then dictated treaties which gave you Hong Kong, and opened several ports, while opium still remained contraband Originally uninhabited, Hong Kong now became the home of numerous Chinese settlers, many of them outlaws who dared not live on the mainland: these became British subjects, and you gave the British flag to their junks, which were one day British and another Chinese, just as it suited their purpose, and out of this came the *Arrow* war, followed by new treaties, additional ports; legalised opium and fresh stipulations, in their turn, the cause of fresh troubles Your legalised opium has been a curse in every province it penetrated, and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to attempt a dangerous remedy; we have legalised native opium, not because we approve of it, but to compete with and drive out the foreign drug: and it is expelling it, and when we have only the native production to deal with, and thus have the business in our own hands, we hope to stop the habit in our own way!"*

It is difficult for those who only know the effects produced by opium in India to conceive of its effects upon the Chinese, in which country the habit of taking opium is far more wide-spread, and where the drug is usually consumed in the form which, as we have seen, the Indian witnesses before the Opium Commission universally recognised as vicious and debasing, that of opium smoking. A careful calculation by Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., dissentient member of the Opium Commission, shows that "the average quantity taken daily by each adult male consumer (in India) is about 20 grains," and that "in Assam, where the consumption of opium is largest, the quantity of opium issued is only sufficient to supply 20 grains daily to one person out of 52 of the entire population, while in the province of Madras, at the other end of the scale, the supply is only sufficient for one person out of 521 of the population." Taking the whole of British India together, without any deduction for medical and other legitimate uses of opium, the total issue would only suffice to supply one regular opium consumer out of 270 of the population, so that less than one half per cent. can be addicted to the habit. In China, the proportions are very different. Missionaries tell us that when they ask what proportion of the men in some Chinese city are opium smokers, a not uncommon answer is: "Eleven out of ten"—a Chinese mode of speech, signifying that practically all of them smoke. In many places, too, a considerable

* "These from the Land of Sinim," by Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G., p. 119.

percentage of women and children have acquired the habit. Thus, Consul Hosie, in a recent official report on the great Western Province of Ssuchuan, endeavouring to arrive at the total production of opium, states: "I am well within the mark when I say that in cities 50 per cent. of the males and 20 per cent. of the females smoke opium." He estimates the adult urban population at 4,800,000, of whom 1,200,000 men and 480,000 women are opium smokers. In the rural districts, where things are not so bad, he estimates the percentages as "not less than 15 and 5 per cent. respectively thus making a total of 2,800,000 smokers, or a little over 17 per cent. of adults, and 7 per cent. of the whole population of the province."

The evils produced by opium smoking in China are apparent even to Anglo-Indian officials, who have gone to that country full of prepossessions as to the innocuous character of the habit. The testimonies of two recent witnesses of this class are adduced by Mr. Rowntree. Captain Welby, author of "Through Unknown Thibet," thinks that it was "shown before the Opium Commission in 1894" that, in India "the good effects of the drug more than counterbalanced the evil effects." (For myself, having listened to the whole of the evidence, except when the Commission sat in two sections, I was convinced that opium, apart from the legitimate medical use, is as truly a curse in India as in China, though happily the extent of the evil is vastly less.) But Captain Welby's opinion on this point only adds weight to his statement that "there can be no mistake as to its being an unmitigated curse in China." He tells us that on reaching Northern China, his Hindoo servant summed up the Chinese in these words—"All the women are lame, and the men rotten with opium." Colonel Manifold, of the Indian Medical Service, after a visit to the province of Yunnan, which adjoins Ssuchuan, states that his Indian experience had led him "to believe it (opium) did little harm, and to be sceptical of the stories I heard of it in China. . . . In Yunnan, however, I saw practically the whole of the population given up to its abuse. The ravages it is making in men, women, and children are deplorable, and, though entirely out of sympathy with violent views of the faddists and the extreme measures they would resort to in India. . . . in Yunnan I felt any measures would be justified that would save an intelligent and civilised population from being wholly demoralised in physique and energy, and from being ultimately extirpated by the fatal abuse of a valuable drug."

What shall these measures be? How shall England carry out, as regards this matter, the admirable programme announced by the late Lord Salisbury in 1898: "If I am asked what our policy in China is, my answer is very simple—it is to maintain the Chinese Empire, to prevent it from

falling into ruins, to invite it into paths of reform By so doing we shall be aiding its cause and our own ? ” Some have urged that it is for the Chinese Government to take the initiative. The answer is clear, that England’s action in the past, in forcing the opium trade upon China, disentitles her now to claim that China shall take the first step in seeking to rid herself of this terrible incubus. By compelling China to admit Indian opium, we broke down the wise regulations of the Chinese Empire, which forbade alike the importation of opium from abroad and its production at home. As was pointed out by an ex-consul, of long experience in China, at a debate at the Society of Arts in London some years ago, it became impossible for the Chinese Government, after it had yielded to foreign pressure in admitting opium from abroad, to forbid its own people to produce the same article more cheaply at home. To do so would only have been to play into the hands of the Indian Government, by enabling it to obtain a monopoly price for its opium. Thus was the policy adopted, which Sir Robert Hart describes in the extract already quoted, and which had been predicted by Sir Rutherford Alcock long before.

Whilst writing this article, I have received a letter dealing with this point from the veteran missionary, Dr. Griffith John, who has just completed 50 years of service in China, and whose reputation stands high amongst all Europeans in that country, even those who are opposed to missionary work in general.

Dr. John says that he no longer feels confident, as he once did, and had good reasons for doing, that the Chinese Government would make an honest attempt to stop the native growth if the Indian trade were given up. “The conscience of China,” he says, “has been growing blun with regard to both the trade and the habit, and for this deterioration England is deeply responsible.” This judgment agrees with that quoted by Mr. Rowntree from Sir Robert Hart. “Just as one can paralyse the body or corrupt the soul of a human being, so too it is possible to outrage the spirit and antagonise the nature of a people; and it is something like this which the West has done in the case of China, of course unintentionally, but yet not the less effectually.”

May we, then, take advantage of our own wrong? If we have, by our action as a nation, paralysed China’s conscience and corrupted her Government, so that she no longer protests against the traffic, and has forgotten the virtue of that noble Chinese Emperor who, after the opium war of 1840, declared that though he might be powerless to stop the introduction of “the flowing poison,” he would “never consent to

derive a revenue from the vice and misery of his people,"—does this free us from responsibility, so that we may, with a good conscience, go on contributing to China's woes? Assuredly not. Our responsibility is only increased. So far from being relieved of our obligation to discontinue our traffic in China's vice, we are bound rather to take measures for arousing China from her lethargy, and helping her to put down this giant evil. That is, of course, Dr. John's view. His letter proceeds:—"On one point, however, my mind is perfectly clear. As long as the Indian trade in opium exists, the Chinese are powerless to deal with the evil. Their best attempts to suppress the trade and habit within their own borders would be useless. Stop the Indian trade, and the Chinese would have a chance of working out their own salvation. But the question is, really, not what the Chinese *might* do, but what we *ought* to do, and on this point I do not see how any enlightened follower of Jesus Christ can have two opinions. It is for us to repent and to cease to do this evil. This is the ground, and the only safe ground, for the [Anti-Opium] Society to take."

Dr. John, writing for professed Christians, appeals to the teaching of Christ, but I presume that there is no difference in this respect between the ethics of Christianity and those of Hinduism or Buddhism. Confucius himself laid down the rule that we must not do to others what we would not wish that they should do to us; and Mr. Rowntree points out, in his closing words, that England would indignantly repudiate the claim of any other country to decide as to her policy of keeping out an article which she deemed injurious to her people.

Mr. Rowntree devotes his last chapter but one to the example of Japan. Japan has been an anti-opium nation from the time when she opened her doors to the commerce of the West. She made it a stipulation of her treaties with Great Britain and other Powers that the import of opium should be prohibited, and she has enforced this prohibition by the severest measures. In the words of the Committee appointed by the American Administration of the Philippine Islands, which has presented its report since the first edition of this volume appeared:—"China's curse has been Japan's warning; and it has been a warning heeded. No surer testimony to the reality of the evil effects of opium can be found than the horror with which China's next door neighbour views it." Since their annexation of Formosa, the Japanese have set themselves to eradicate the opium habit, which they found established amongst the population of that island: and Mr. Rowntree quotes the reports of two British consuls, in 1902 and 1903, as

to the large measure of success that has attended their efforts. Emphatic testimony to the same effect has since been given by the American Committee, which has recommended similar measures for the suppression of the habit in the Philippine Islands; and these have now been brought into force. It is interesting to note that this Committee, composed of an officer of the United States army, the bishop of the Episcopal church in the Islands, and a Filipino Physician, has, after careful study of the question in the various opium-consuming countries of the Far East, unanimously come to conclusions contrary to those of the majority of our own Royal Commission, and confirmatory of those arrived at by Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P.

It remains to deal with one point of vital importance to India. How shall the deficiency in Indian finance be made up if the opium trade be discontinued? Personally, I do not believe that the opium revenue can be of any real benefit to the people of India. I should have to give up faith in a good and wise Governor of the universe, if I believed it to be any part of His ordering that China's vice could subserve India's happiness. I have met good men, alas! who defended the opium revenue, but I have never yet met with or heard of one who dared to pray God that the opium vice might be extended in China, in order that India might get more profit out of the traffic. Here, again, it is not specially to Christian ethics that we appeal, but to the sense of right to mankind. The honoured Parsee gentleman, whose words I have placed at the head of this article, proceeds, in the letter quoted, to express his conviction that the opium trade is not only "a sin on England's head," but also "a curse on India for her share in being the instrument." "India," he says, "shares the curse of the Chinese race. Had this cursed opium trade not existed, India's miseries would have much sooner come to the surface, and relief and redress would have come to her long ago; but this trade has prolonged the agonies of India." In the recent House of Commons debate, similar views were expressed by Sir Henry Cotton, speaking as the mouthpiece of intelligent Indian sentiment.

Whether the result has been brought about precisely in the way thus suggested, I do not pretend to decide. The late Sir Arthur Cotton, that true lover and friend of India, believed that, by way of retribution for the opium traffic, the rulers of India were afflicted with "judicial blindness," which prevented them from giving due attention to the irrigation works by which famines might have been averted. Longer ago still, another distinguished Anglo-Indian, Sir Herbert Edwardes, referred to the opium trade as one of the causes which had brought upon British rule, by the righteous judgment of God, the awful calamity of the Indian mutiny. It is certainly

a remarkable fact that the two wars by which we forced opium upon the Chinese synchronised, the one with the terrible disaster of the Khyber Pass, the other with the Mutiny. As I wrote some sixteen years ago : "The student of Indian finance cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable way in which the resources of the country are continually being exhausted by extraordinary and unforeseen demands, that seem ever destined to disappoint the expectations of those who observe the wonderful development of the agriculture, commerce, and general prosperity of the Queen's Indian Dominions. (I am not so clear now about this "general prosperity.") War, famine, frontier defence, depreciation of silver—these are the drawbacks that have successively appeared, and have prevented the steady increase of the revenue in all departments from producing its proper effect in repeated surpluses and consequent remission of taxation. We are persuaded that all this is no mere chance, and that a blight must be expected to rest on the hopes of Indian financiers so long as they cling to this evil revenue.' And still it is the same story: frontier wars, famines, and plague have come to frustrate the efforts of able administrators. With the poet Cowper, one is disposed to ask—

Is adverse Providence, when pondered well,
 So dimly writ and difficult to spell,
 Thou canst not read, with readiness and ease,
 Providence adverse in events like these ?

We recognise, however, that the Indian people, who are not responsible for our opium wars, and who have never been consulted as to the opium policy of the Indian Government, must not be called on to make up, by extra taxation, for the loss of the opium revenue. I had some share in ensuring, twenty years ago, when the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade was re-considering its position under a new arrangement with China, that a clause to this effect should be inserted in its programme. The same condition was contained in the resolution proposed in Parliament by Mr. Alfred Webb, on behalf of the Society, in 1893, with a view to give effect to the vote of the House of Commons two years before. Mr. Rowntree reaffirms this principle in the closing sentence of the following passage. "It would be folly to dilate here on the best means of meeting the deficit. This must be left to those who are competent to advise on Indian finance. That some change in the recent policy of the great Dependency might be attended with advantage, economic and otherwise, must have forced itself on the minds of many onlookers of late: but this country must first make up its mind on the main issue, and then

call in the best counsellors to advise as to the best means of giving effect to the same. *At first it would be only equitable that Great Britain should bear the lion's share of the loss.*"*

To these weighty words we need only add the assurance that the friends of China amongst the British people, those who are foremost in pressing the need for practical repentance of a national sin, are not less the friends of India. They will feel themselves bound, not only by a sense of honour, but also by genuine affection for the Indian people, to see to it that India shall not be the loser for a temporary sacrifice, which to Great Britain herself will be abundantly compensated by China's gratitude and goodwill, and by an enormous development in Chinese trade. Active repentance for Britain's sin against China must include the readiness to provide such temporary help to India's exchequer as may be found requisite and just, together with the determination—vastly more important to India in the long run—to ensure economy in her civil and especially her military expenditure, and a juster measure of participation in her own Government on the part of the Indian people.

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* I think it best to leave this passage practically as it was originally written. But I am glad to be able to supplement it by the observation that, in the recent House of Commons debate, the mover and seconder of the resolution, Mr. Theodore Taylor and Dr. Rutherford, and the Secretary of State for India, Mr. John Morley, all laid it down emphatically that under no circumstances must any additional taxation be imposed on India, in order to make good the loss of the Opium Revenue.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE PERMANENCE OF THE BRITISH INDIAN EMPIRE.

II.

THE sympathetic words of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Secretary of State for India, and their advice to Englishmen here and elsewhere to be sympathetic to the Indians, have struck a corresponding chord of sympathy in the hearts of the Indians, and they have also begun to think how they can be of any service to the Royal family of England not only in strengthening what they already possess, but in making it an ideal Government under the sun, having no equal either in ancient or modern times. We have been observing what the influence of our *Mother-Empress*, Queen Victoria, on our present King-Emperor has been, and how diligently His Majesty has applied himself to the solution of the question of the peace of the world. He has succeeded a good deal in influencing the Powers in this respect, but how long can the equilibrium on personal considerations last? The future Kings and Emperors of the world may not and are not likely to keep to this policy of peace. Under such circumstances, the best way to maintain the peace of the world is to identify the interests of the Indians with the British Empire and then raise them into a military power. The combination of the British and the Indian peoples would make the British Empire not only invincible but be the best guarantee of the peace of the world. We know our King-Emperor wants to see the world in peace and amity, but other sovereigns have been moving heaven and earth to increase their possessions at the cost of Britain and India. In matters of commerce and trade they have already got a footing in India. They think that

what they have already got is not enough for the large and increasing population of the countries they govern, and whereas it is in the interest of the British Empire that there should be peace, it is for the good of their Governments that the British Empire should be weakened and crippled as much as possible. What was the origin of the last Boer war and what were the plans of General Kuropatkin of Russia, three or four years ago? He had in his mind's eye, as everybody knows, the conquest of the whole of Asia in three years. Japan and China he had assumed to be his, after a trifling warfare lasting for a year or so; and then according to his programme, he was to come to India, which too, according to him, was to fall into his hands in a year or so. But man proposes and God disposes, and we have been seeing now what Russia had never expected. It is a country humiliated to the extent never yet imagined by any human being, every moment groaning under what may be called the horrors, real or supposed, of the incipient stage of a prolonged Civil War!

As peaceful and loyal subjects of the Indian Empire we are advised by some of our friends not to mix up with politics. We are not in favour of every man taking part in what we would call the aggressive form of politics, but when it comes to the question of defence by constitutional means, it would be simply hypocrisy and folly to suppress the real facts, and every sensible and well-informed man knows that the ventilation of opinions on the present politics of India owes its existence and continuance to the wisdom and foresight of Lord Dufferin, in whose opinion, the discussion of politics by educated Indians was the only means of strengthening the British Indian Empire. After him there has been a change in Viceroys, Governors, and local heads of the executive in whose case nature has not departed from following the truism "*As many men, so many minds.*" But could an honest Indian who has to serve his God, his sovereign and his country, change, like a weathercock, his political opinions with the change in the person of a Viceroy, a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor, or a Chief Commissioner, especially when his successor does not follow what his predecessor has done? Before the controversy connected with the Ilbert Bill began, very few Indians understood the value of the British constitution and the advantages it has conferred or is likely to confer on British

India. That is the reason why the present "Secretary of State has emphasised the necessity of remembering that finding fault with the members of the advanced school of politics in India is a mistake which should never be countenanced. People who have ever devoted their time, money and energy to the maintenance and strengthening of the British Indian Empire, according to their lights, at considerable sacrifice, certainly do not deserve remarks that can never please or console any sensible human being. Probed to the bottom, the whole unrest in India is due to the official element wishing to have its own way, and the people, who pay taxes and have a stake in the land, anxious to bring about reforms calculated to render them prosperous and happy under the protection of the King-Emperor and the British constitution. The progressive classes in India think that the official classes have enjoyed the advantages of what may be called the rule of "*benevolent, despotism*" for a long time, and they believe, and are right in believing, that it is very easy to become a despot but that it requires super-human courage to conquer oneself so as to be "*benevolent,*" and that the moment a man becomes "*benevolent*" he ceases to be a "*despot*" and cares more for his responsibility towards his Creator and his fellowmen than for indulging in the vanity of being or considered to be a superior being in his mundane affairs. The very expression "*benevolent despot*" on the practical side of administration is a paradox, and a rule over three hundred millions of God's helpless creatures, based on the paradox which can satisfy only the animalism of a despot in a highly spiritual country, is a thing which a just, honest and straightforward man cannot comprehend.

The official classes in India are extremely jealous of those who want to curtail their privileges ; according to the view of the members of the advanced school, the fight that has been going on is not a fight between the people and the sovereign, but a fight between the people and a peculiar set of administrators confined only to India who, having tasted the sweets of despotism, have not the courage to part with them even in the interests of humanity, their Sovereign, the laws and the constitution. Loyalty in India does not mean loyalty to the Sovereign whom they never see nor to the Constitution which prevails in the country in which he resides seven thousand miles away. But it means loyalty to the whims and

caprices of the Government officials who are apt to call every man who has the courage to differ from them, disloyal and dishonourable, however virtuous, loyal, faithful and law-abiding he may really be. We do not mean to say that there is a want of honesty, virtue and impartiality in our official classes. On the contrary, they may be called the best specimens of officialdom, and had it not been for their existence we should have gone to the wall by this time. Personally speaking, there is nothing against them. They are very good men and make excellent officers and probably officers of a type which no country in the world possesses. But is this sufficient? Can a man do anything which an institution alone can do, and can an institution do what can be done by man alone? We do not mean to say that the administration is imperfect because there are bad men in it. On the contrary, we say we have excellent men who do their best in spite of the absence of good institutions, but who would be the wonder and admiration of the world if they had institutions also to help them. But as soon as the institutions are introduced there will be some curtailment of official power, and this will add to the strength of the Empire and the people. What good we see now will increase in geometrical progression, and there will be contentment, harmony and peace. Therefore the official classes can, by foregoing some trifling privileges, immensely strengthen the resources of the Empire which is theirs after all. The more they will identify themselves with the interests of this country, the stronger will be the foundation of their Empire. Why should our own rulers show to the world beyond the limits of British India that her people are discontented and do not like the present official class, whereas there is nothing of the kind in existence? The differences between certain classes of people are not the differences between the rulers and the ruled, but their own differences. Some say that the Indians are aspiring after Home Rule. This is preposterous. They never think of anything of the sort. On the contrary, they admire no other constitution in the world but the British constitution, and why? Because it is an expansion of their own pristine institutions, modified and strengthened according to the growth of modern civilisation. The Indians like the British people—why? Because they believe that they belong to the same family as the

English people and possess nearly the same laws, customs and institutions, and even a separation of the two branches of the family for thousands of years have left many things that they have in common. They like the Government—why? Because it is an ideal Government under which there is every chance of their prospering, and as it is an impersonal Government there is every probability of their merits being recognised here as well as in England and throughout the British Dominions. They know their own people have entered the British Parliament. They also remember that able men like Lord Disraeli, though of foreign extraction, have risen to the highest offices in the British Empire. They further believe that as English is becoming the *lingua franca* of the world, their allegiance to the King-Emperor gives them an introduction to go and settle in any part of the world. They further see that with the exception of a slight friction of words that occurs between Indians and Anglo-Indians, now and then, there is no further difficulty, and they also know that a good deal of present differences is due more to the want of information of many things on the part of both parties, for which their mutual exclusiveness is responsible.

The more intelligent of them also know that unless unnecessary restrictions are placed on their rights and privileges, as in the Transvaal, there is every probability of the surplus population of India finding fresh fields of work in other parts of the world, under the Union Jack. They are likely, after some time when their social angularities are rounded off and a feeling of brotherhood prevails between the rulers and the ruled, to conquer the whole world for their King-Emperor, and this in a country like India containing 300,000,000 of people having a physique, similar to, if not better than, that of the Japanese, is not at all impossible. The warfare of modern times has really little to do with physical giants as in olden times when there were hand to hand fights only. It is more concerned with intelligence, bravery, courage and other moral qualities than physical strength, which more or less require better arrangements of Supply and Transport than physical constitutions. They like the administration, because its result has been the acquisition of many benefits by the Indians which could never have accrued to them otherwise. They know that under Russia, for instance, where the massacre and expulsion of the Jews is still going

on, they would not have got so many advantages. They admire Germany for its learning and science, inventions and designs, but they consider the people to be less generous than Englishmen and more averse from liberty of speech and the Press. France has had its good and bad days in India. They admire the past of Greece and Rome and pity them for their present degraded condition and are glad to see that they are still existing. Of the justice and sympathy of the Dutch they have been seeing a great deal in the Transvaal. The Danes and Portuguese had their days in India and they have with Spaniards served out their time. The Turks are good soldiers, capable of defending themselves and ready to take the field against one Power though not against a combination of Powers, but they are not, according to their opinion, fit to rule India on any account, so much so that even Indian Mahomedans who have tasted the sweets of freedom under the British administration would not like to have them in India. The Americans are the cousins of our rulers. There is practically no difference between their system of administration and that of the British, with this exception that the British system being a limited monarchy suits their traditions better than the purely republican one. Besides, the British system, they feel, has all the advantages of republicanism *minus* the terrors of despotism and a sovereign at its head, who, according to their religion and traditions, is God incarnate on earth for all purposes connected with the administration of their country, and they know that they cannot do without him on any account. They feel that it would be a very good thing if any member of the Royal family could be at the head of the British Indian Empire with a Council thoroughly representative of the interests of all the classes, creeds and guilds, whom they could offer homage in person. Whether that will ever happen, remains to be seen. If we could gain the confidence of the Government as regards the establishment of something like a militia or a body of volunteers, say, a million in number, officered by Indians and Englishmen—and I will suggest means to maintain it without causing the Government much expense, by which I mean without adding much to what is called military expenditure—then we would be able to show to the world that the defence of India is perfect and any nations having an eye on the British possessions or the British Indian Empire would have to pay the penalty of their insolence or greed by

losing their own Empires or Kingdoms as well as those of their unrighteous ally or allies. It is in human nature to over-rate the strength and wealth of others, and we feel constrained to say that while our rulers have entered into an alliance with Japan, they seem to have forgotten their own people in India who, I dare say, are not inferior in any way to any nation in the world.

So if it may please His Majesty the King-Emperor to allow us to be formed into a large body of volunteers or militia, the cost of it could be easily met, while a corps of volunteers formed from the well-to-do classes would cost next to nothing. Most of the agricultural classes would provide their own rifles, while the poorer ones living in the British territories and the Native States might be employed upon the Nepaulese system and get lands, say, 10 acres each in lieu of the feudal tenure. Even from among communities that are not considered war-like, if a volunteer police could be formed they would be fit to maintain internal order at least. The war-like races might fight outside the Indian territories, if necessary, but the maintenance of internal order is no small gain, and the system in some parts of India among the poorer classes would in most cases be liked by the people more than the costly unpopular police. While writing this article we received a copy of the paper read by Mr. Thorburn, I. C. S., and the proceedings of the meeting with an abstract of speeches of the members thereof, supporting the principle of militia and volunteering for the defence of the Indian Empire. We are very thankful to Sir Lepel Griffin and other gentlemen who have come to the conclusion that the question of India's defence can only be decided by the formation of militia and volunteer corps officered by English and Indian gentlemen. But as the paper relates to the formation of militia on the North-Western Frontier only, the scheme requires expansion so as to suit every part of the Empire, and might also, to a considerable extent, solve the much vexed question of Police, which does not appear to have been as yet properly threshed out.

There are large tracts of Government forest and waste land in India. A small Jagir of, say, ten acres to each member of the militia granted upon the principle followed by the Nepal Government would be enough to attract all able-bodied people who have no work to do or whose income from other sources is not enough to

support them. This would enable us to have at least three millions of members of the militia which, combined with three millions of volunteers, would make England the greatest Power in the world, if not the lord paramount of the whole world. With all respect for our opponents and without meaning the least offence to them, we may hazard the remark that they should give up the habit of unnecessarily opposing every measure proposed for the good of the Empire. We know what is what, and we can well understand what all the so-called discontent is due to. To be frank, it may be traced to many causes, the most important among which appears to be the following :—

1. The influential Anglo-Indians in India are birds of passage. When they live in India they do not think they are living in their own country. Their sense of duty to their country is worthy of admiration, and it is this and this alone that enables the official classes to pass their days in such an uncongenial climate and atmosphere for nearly the whole or the best part of their lives. But whatever may be the degree of self-sacrifice which is, as we all know, relative in this world, they cannot have a place in the hearts of the people till they show to them that they have adopted India as their home and that they are like their own kith and kin. The founders of the Empire had this advantage, and it was this that enabled England to conquer and annex the whole of India. Everybody knows that the acquisition of India is due more to the tact and ability of Englishmen of the last generation than to the *sword* as has become the fashion to say now. How could the doctrine of the sword be applied to those places which have been annexed by the Government at the instance of the influential classes of Indians themselves who wanted their Districts, Divisions or Provinces to be consolidated into the British Indian Empire and thus freed from the misrule and tyranny of some of the Indian despots who had their own way, for want of a good constitution? How could the Government have suppressed the mutiny of 1857 had it not been the wish of the people themselves that peace and order should be restored? There are some people who throw discredit on the Indians for the revolt of 1857, but who altogether ignore the fact that it was suppressed by the Indians and Indians only. They were the Gurkhas, Kumaonese, Sikhs and the people in the United Pro-

vinces, and Gwalior and Indore who suppressed the rebellion and are enjoying now the rewards for having rendered signal services during the mutiny. The whole of the Division of Kumaun, the Districts of Almora, Naini Tal and Garhwal have got the privilege on this account of carrying the *Gurkha Knife* which no other Indian can have, as the possession of it would bring him under the penal clauses of the Arms Act, and yet who are they? It is the Anglo-Indians of the class who had this kind of tact and ability—and that class exists even now, though not very popular in their own service—who are still ensuring the permanence of the British Empire. Mr. A. O. Hume, Sir William Wedderburn and Sir H. Cotton belong to this class. They know that to the enjoyment of every privilege or right there is a corresponding responsibility. Most of the present-day Englishmen seem to think that they can enjoy the privileges of their service without bearing its burden. There is the rub. It is a pity that they do not take a more logical view of the situation, and it is time that the successors of the old school should take a greater care of the legacy of the people's respect, confidence and loyalty bequeathed to them and cherish it as a great trust.

The reason why the British got India is the belief of the people that the English constitution is an *ideal* constitution and that it would be extended to India sooner or later. No doubt all Indians are not acquainted with its details; but they all know that *Farangika Raj* is an ideal *Raj* and the promises of 1833 and 1858 would never become a dead letter. Whether and when and to what extent will they be fulfilled in the future remains to be seen, but all well-wishers of the Empire, European and Indian, should try to bring about at least their partial fulfilment so as to inspire a great degree of confidence in all classes of people.

2. The more that Western education advances and the knowledge of the English language spreads among the people, the greater will be the demand on their part for appointments in the higher departments of the public service. Lord Bentinck inaugurated the policy of introducing English education upon this principle, and Lord Canning established the Universities with a full knowledge of the difficulties of the present situation which he must have foreseen. It would not be correct to suppose that brains were wanting in India. The people had their own education even before the introduction of

the British rule. But it was not an education which could enable them to understand the Europeans and their ways thoroughly, and it could not be had without a study of the English language which is in fact the *lingua franca* of the whole world now. To say that an educated Indian is not fit for the higher departments of the state *in India* would be wrong now. The passing of examinations in England, restrictions as to age, the residence in foreign countries and other considerations which have all contributed to limiting the number of Indians in the public service at present is no criterion of judging the ability or qualifications of the Indians. Remove these artificial restrictions, and what remains as the net result? It has been proved and proved to the hilt that an Indian can pass any examination and can learn anything, and that nature has put no limitations on his capabilities *first of all* as to passing of examinations and *secondly* of doing it in any particular country by living in which he is humiliated in the eyes of those countrymen of his who consider it beneath their dignity and position to take so much trouble to advance one's *material* welfare as distinguished from the *spiritual*. Everybody must admit that the examination which qualifies a candidate for the covenanted Civil Service in India is an excellent examination and ensures a very high degree of education and culture, but how is it that the same examination is not held for high administrative posts in England, Scotland and Ireland and for governorships and other posts in the colonies and dependencies? Is a Viceroy or a Chief Justice of a High Court in India a member of the Indian Civil Service? Are the Magistrates, the Judges, members of Parliament, the Cabinet and the Bar in England members of the Indian covenanted Civil Service? Is the administration in England less efficient because there is no such secular order as that of the Indian covenanted Civilians? Were the founders of the Indian Empire such Civilians? The answer would be in all cases "No." Then why this bugbear of such an examination to restrict the number of Indians? Are the Indians who have been occupying the offices of Judges in the High Court, the District Magistrates and Judges who have not passed the prescribed test unfit to hold the posts? How is it that the old class of military Commissioners and District Magistrates succeeded in doing their work to the entire satisfaction of all they came in contact with and in addition to this laid the foundation

of all that made the British Government so popular in their times ? Whoever heard of the Empire being in danger in those days ? Why ? Because military officers consider it a disgrace to make such admissions. So, if instead of saying that it is the examination and examination alone that stands in the way of the Indians, the British rulers would say " We occupy the position of the conquerors *now*, and Providence has made you the *ruled*, we will have so many and such posts anyhow and we *shall* give you so many only "—there would be an end of all discontent and unrest in this respect. But instead of saying so frankly, our rulers make the mistake of saying—India is for the Indians, we are mere strangers, and the moment you are qualified to rule, we will leave bag and baggage. Providence has reposed the sacred trust in us, and we have been simply discharging it. Now remarks like these breed suspicion and break the hearts of all duly qualified, honest and educated Indians of high character who think and feel that it would have been much better had such promises been formally withdrawn.

3. The most prominent feature of the present régime is and has been interfering with the effect of the former attitude of the British rulers ; and the love and attachment that had grown up between the founders of the Indian Empire and the people are, as has been most correctly observed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the wane, resulting in want of sympathy between the rulers and the ruled. During the last decade the policy unfortunately appears to have undergone a considerable change for the worse, manifesting itself in many things that showed to the people who had seen something of the previous régimes that a new era of administration had begun and that the confidence that had been reposed in the people was being withdrawn to a certain extent, as if the interests of the people and the European element in the service were not identical, and what is still worse, altogether conflicting.

Thus misunderstandings took the place of amity and friendliness, and fellowship in some cases became almost a thing of the past. Even old friendships began to be suspected, and most of the honest and loyal subjects were at their wits' end to find out what the real reason was. For months the tension went on till it was discovered from some of the first-class Anglo-Indian dailies that all the flutter and excitement in high official circles was due to some tree being be-

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smearred with mud. All this originated in the imaginary existence of a supposed organisation in India anxious to destroy the British supremacy ! The subject " mud-marking " was discussed with all the logic and acumen of distrust and suspicion till it was found, months after, that all the noise and hubbub was due to some buffaloes in the hot sun coming out of muddy pools and rubbing themselves against trees ! What a Parliament of buffaloes to guide the deliberations regarding the most momentous things concerning an Empire, when people, being distrusted, considered it safe to keep quiet for fear of being considered seditious, though loyal to the core both to the throne, the Government and the constitution. True, " Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations as strong as those of Holy Writ."

The reader might ask, what may all this be due to ? The reply is very simple : The official element in India is not like it is in England, and appears to be very fond of self-help even in cases requiring the co-operation of the people, and appears to believe that two or three lakhs of soldiers in the standing army, with all the important Government posts occupied by a certain class of Europeans educated in England, an uneducated police and absolute exclusiveness on the part of Europeans in dealing with the children of the soil, is enough to make the Indian Government an ideal Government under the sun. Hence all this misunderstanding, the details whereof need not be given, as we all know that if the principle is faulty the details cannot be otherwise. Under these circumstances we all must feel deeply grateful to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales who has found the true solution of the whole difficulty in the word " Sympathy " which being wisely enforced, the rest will take care of itself, but without which nothing else is likely to succeed. Why should not the interests of the Indians and the official element be considered as identical ? Are they not subjects of the same King-Emperor ? How could there be peace, contentment and prosperity till they are made to think and feel that they live under the same Sovereign, same laws and the same constitution, and that the happiness or misery of one is bound up with the happiness or misery of the other ? Why do not all of them think and act upon the principle that there is no difference between the Anglo-Indians and the Indians ? Would it be a mistake or a degradation to think, feel, or act thus ?

4. There is one thing which some of the Anglo-Indian papers should duly consider. It is this :—They should discontinue writing editorials about the Empire being in danger. It appears to be most ridiculous to harp upon topics of the kind, especially as we have the honour and blessing to be the subjects of the greatest Emperor that the world has ever seen. It can do nobody any good, and it brings discredit upon the Indian administration for nothing and makes the enemies of Great Britain rejoice over the weakness of its representatives in India or the Indian people in general. If the Empire be really in danger, show us our foes, let us make a common cause and fight them. What is the good of weeping thus like helpless widows and orphans? We are three hundred millions here, and even if our enemies are pelted with stones or brick-bats by us they will be nowhere in the field. Only set in right earnest the example of observing the rule about the identity of interest and unity of possession, at least so far as you can, and everything will go on quietly and smoothly.

Naini Tal.

JWALA DATT JOSHI.

A PEACE IN NATURE.

NOTES ON ONE BRANCH OF A WORLD-TRADITION.

. . . About them frisking played
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 His lithe proboscis.

—*Paradise Lost*, B. IV.

THE idea of a condition of existence in which all creatures are happy and at peace implies a protest against the most patent fact of life as we see it.

Western civilisation inherited from the Roman Empire the hardness of heart towards animals of which the popularity of beast-fights in the Arena was the characteristic sign. It was, however, a Roman poet who first pointed out, in philosophical language, that the sufferings of animals stand written in the great indictment against Nature no less than the sufferings of men. Not only man is born to sorrow, said Lucretius ; look at the cow whose calf bleeds before some lovely temple, while she wanders disconsolate over all the fields, lowing piteously, uncomforted by the image of other calves, because her own is not.

Eighteen hundred years later Schopenhauer said that by taking a very high standard it was possible to justify the sufferings of man but not those of animals. Darwin arrived at the same conclusion. "It has been imagined," he remarks, "that the sufferings of man tend to his moral improvement, but the number of men in the world is nothing compared with the number of other sentient beings which suffer greatly without moral improvement." To him, the man of the religious mind whom men lightly charged with irreligion, it was "an

intolerable thought" that after long ages of toil, all these sentient beings were doomed to complete annihilation.

Yes, and to the young conscience of mankind this was also an intolerable thought. And since it was intolerable, the human conscience in the strength of its youth shook it off, cast it aside, awoke from it as we awake from a nightmare.

Religion has been regarded too exclusively as a submission to nature. At times it is a revolt against nature, a repudiation of what our senses report to us, an assertion that things seen are illusions and that things unseen are real.

Religion is born of Doubt. The incredibility of the Known forced man to seek refuge in the Unknown. From that far region he brought back solutions, good or bad, sublime or trivial, to the manifold problems which beset man's soul.

A poet doomed to early death, the Adonais of our English literature, who looked into nature on a summer's day and could discern nothing but "an eternal fierce destruction," wrote, in his despair,

Things cannot to the will
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought.
 . . . It is a flaw
In happiness to see beyond our bourn
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the nightingale.

But when the world was young, things *could* be settled to the will. We are, of course, constantly regulating our impressions of phenomena by a standard of higher probability. If we see a ship upside down, we say, this is not a ship, it is a mirage. When the primitive man found himself face to face with seeming natural laws which offended his sense of inherent probability, he rejected the hypothesis that they were actual or permanent and supposed them to be either untrustworthy appearances or deviations from a larger plan.

Every primitive religion gave a large share of thought to animals. The explanation of the mystery of their existence contained in the great religious systems of India must not detain me now; its merits, from a humane point of view, have always received abundant recognition. In contrast to this, it was asserted by Schopenhauer,

and has been often repeated, that the Hebrew religion ignored the claims of animals altogether. I wish to show that no people can be called indifferent to those claims which believes in a Nature Peace.

Traces of such a belief are to be found sparsely scattered from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. The idea of Paradise is particularly well developed in Zoroastrian traditions which make the killing of a goat and eating animal food the signal of the Fall of man. But as Zoroaster taught that animals considered noxious were created by Ahriman, the Evil Principle in the Parsee dualism, we must infer that these were excluded from the advantages of a Nature Peace, if, indeed, they were not created after the Fall. Again, there is a glowing prediction of Peace in Nature in the Atharva-Veda, but vultures and jackals are excluded. The Hebrew Scriptures, on the other hand, declare that all species were good in the sight of their Maker. Every beast enjoyed perfect content according to the original scheme of the Creator. But man fell and all creation was involved in the consequences of his fall.

I remember seeing at the Hague an impressive painting by a little-known Italian artist,* which represents Adam about to take the apple from Eve while at their feet a tiger tenderly licks the wool of a lamb. Adam's face shows that he is yielding—yielding for no better reason than that he cannot say "No" to the beautiful woman at his side: and there, unconscious and happy, lie the innocent victims of his act: love to be turned to wrath, peace to war. The Nature Peace has been painted a hundred times, but never, I think, with such touching significance.

In an uncanonical version of Genesis which is preserved at Venice in an Armenian manuscript, a striking description is given of the manner in which the peace ended. When Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, they met a lion which attacked Adam. "Why," asked Adam, "do you attack me, when God ordered you and all the animals to obey me?" "You disobeyed God," replied the lion "and we are no longer bound to obey you." Saying which, the noble beast walked away without harming Adam. But war was declared.

War was declared and yet the scheme of the Creator could not be forever defeated. Man who had erred might hope—and how

* Cignani.

much more must there be hope for those creatures that had done no harm ?

When the Prophets spoke of a Peace in Nature in connection with that readjustment of the eternal scales which was meant by the coming of the Messiah, it cannot be doubted that they spoke of what was already a widely accepted tradition. But without their help, we should have known nothing of it and we are grateful to them.

Of all the radiant dreams with which man has comforted his heart, aching with realities, is there one to be compared with this ? It is of the earth earthly, and that is the beauty of it. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard lie down with the kid and the calf and the young lion together and a little child shall lead them ; the cow and the bear shall feed and their young ones lie down together and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

"For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord."

Is not this the best of promised lands, the kindest of elysiums, which leaves none out in the cold of cruelty and hatred ?

The importunate questioner may inquire : how can this primal and ultimate happiness compensate for the intervening ages of pain ?

About this, it may be observed that in religious matters people ought not to want to know too much. This is true of the faithful and even of the unfaithful.

Scientific researches in the great storehouse which contains the religions of the world are more aided by a certain reserve, a certain reverence, than by the insatiable curiosity of the scalpel. Religions sow abroad *idées mères* ; they tell some things, others they leave untold. They take us up into an Alpine height whence we see the broad configuration of the country and lose sight of the woods and the tortuous ravines among which we so often missed the track.

Now, from the Alpine height of faith, the idea of an original and final Nature Peace makes the intervening discord seem of no account—a false note between two harmonies.

In the early Christian folklore of the apocryphal Gospels the Child Jesus spread a Nature Peace wherever he goes. He is escorted into Egypt by troops of lions. These legends were the work of ignorant men in a hurry to prove the fulfilment of prophecy. But

there is strong reason to think that neo-Christians of a far higher order (especially those who were Pharisees) accepted as no allegory the grand conception of a final Peace. It is difficult to interpret in any other way the solemn statement of St. Paul, that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together *until now*—waiting for redemption ; or the beatific vision of Josephus: “The whole creation also will lift up a perpetual hymn. . . . and shall praise Him that made them together with the angels and spirits and men, now freed from all bondage.”

*Salo, Lago di Garza,
Italy.*

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO

STODGY FICTION.

I COMPLAINED lately to my baker that his bread was heavy and doughy, and he assured me that there was a particular demand for it. In the face of this curious fact, I complained no more. I had to stomach the popular stodgy article, in spite of unexpressed longings for the light, crisp, delectable bread of France, Germany and Belgium. Eventually, I consoled myself that stodgy bread was a kind of British Institution, which, when taken in conjunction with massive joints and heavy beer, may, for all I know to the contrary, have helped to form our stolid and solid character.

Why, however, the kneading of dough and the kneading of novels should have points of resemblance, is beyond my limited comprehension. Novels, fortunately or unfortunately for educational purposes, have become a common article of mental diet. Volumes of History, Science and Biography have their "few and fit" readers, but the increasing taste for novels strikes one with wonder. It is surprising, however, that with a few exceptions, modern works of fiction should be a compound of stodgy materials to bore the long suffering reader who seeks relaxation and recreation in them.

The stodginess sometimes is purely verbal. The language is diffuse, the expletives are almost countless: the sentences seem interminable; the relative pronouns, the conjunctions, the possessive cases, the prepositions and adverbs are so piled up, that the hard pressed reader has to study the sentences carefully in order to discover the author's meaning. The concentration of intelligence necessary to comprehend nine out of ten of these sentences can hardly be calculated.

No wonder reviewers get old and grey before their time. Now, if this perverted, cumbersome phraseology belonged to genius, or

expressed some great idea, new truth or suggestion, one could tolerate it ; but in nearly every instance the verbosity only reveals the obvious and the commonplace. The ideas are either attenuated or threadbare. If the aim and end of the novelist is to interest, to arrest, to delight, surely, this stodginess must only be a hindrance and a grievance.

Revision and repression now-a-days are entirely ignored by many it of fiction. To prune in order to impart vigour, to delete what only cumpers the sense, almost seems an impossibility. Thus the novelist is prolix instead of vivid and brilliant. The attention and interest are lost in a maze of copious phrasing. The element of stodginess drives one to shut the book in blank despair.

Now there are stodgy novels which are classical, whose verbiage drapes wise thought, splendid description, true character-study, clearly-wrought episodes, fantastic colouring or humourous interludes. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Currer Bell and others have often rich pages of verbosity. But the masters of fiction can afford to steep their thoughts in a wealth of diction. The mind that conceived "Waverley" must have a breadth of canvas for his human pictures and scenes ; the author of "Middlemarch" requires a large and diversified vocabulary to do justice to the scope of her mental survey. But when a modern two-hundred page book—probably a maiden effort of an ambitious idler—which is neither profound nor original, is packed with masses of verbiage, it merely suggests Pope's lines :—

Words are like leaves and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense is rare or seldom found.

One almost pities the writer who does not understand repression as well as expression, the reviewer who, in weariness of spirit, endeavours to form clear opinions upon different effects, and last of all, the deluded public who mistake words for ideas and ineptitudes for thought.

But the verbal stodginess of most novels is often matched by their stodgy ideas. These are nearly all trite, commonplace, ancient, and consequently make for dulness and apathy. No wonder books are skimmed and skipped when the reader at once recognises stale incident, thread-bare plot, the familiar scene, worn-out character, old motive and well-trodden landmarks of emotion

and passion. The novitiate, instead of studying the complex, wonderful life around him, seeks inspiration in the novels that have already startled the world. The new novelist never considers that there are more wonders and mysteries in every day happenings recounted in the newspapers than in any imagined incident. Longfellow advised the poet "to look into his heart and write." His advice, however, ought to have been more comprehensive. He ought to have bade him look into the world of newspapers and write.

It is generally asserted that there is nothing new under the sun—that emotions and passions that

Beleaguer the heart of man

have long ago exhausted themselves in fiction and song; that life's tragedy and comedy, its incidents, vagaries, complexities, hopes, fears, aspirations and trials have already many times been weaved into the stories of humanity. No one disputes this fact. But it must be remembered that imperfect or ordinary imaginative vision, with a limited range of what constitutes life's interest or significance, only reveals trite pictures and immature sketches; whilst true imagination, with its comprehensive outlook, its complete survey of the aspect of things, gives the world a great novel, and its *simulacra*—a stodgy one.

A favourite device of the prolix novelist is interminable descriptions of scenery. Perhaps a river scene has captivated his fancy which is pictured in every conceivable manner. The lime-light of the writer's fancy has suffused it with all imaginable adjuncts. The pearly dawn, the garish noon-day, the waning afternoon, the solemn evening, have all been enlisted in the service of that wonderful river! There is apparently no end to its chameleon changes, its gleaming aspects, its wanderings, its meanderings, its shades and suggestions. The sound of its waters, the beauties of its shores, the surrounding foliage are all commented on in diffuse language—every possible idea suggested by this marvel of rivers. There are at least two pages of this lamentable redundancy. At last the reader imagines that the description has exhausted itself and that the story will continue its normal course. But this is only a faint hope. The novelist has not depleted the store of his rhetorical display. The reader's patience is worn out, but the descriptive vocabulary is as copious as ever. And even when the story asserts itself, that

romantic river, like Charles the First in "David Copperfield," suddenly commences to flow again in verbal streams. It never occurs to the novelist that the finest river in the world can be represented to the ordinary intelligence in a few apt, cogent sentences.

Another favourite resort of the stodgy novelist is repetition. Ideas in one of the chapters are reiterated in those that follow. For instance, a train of reasoning is set forth, exonerating the foolish conduct of a weak or vacillating lover. The excellent logic satisfies the not too exacting reader. However, when it is least expected and is quite unnecessary, this incursion into the lover's nature creeps up again. The mind of that unhappy lover is turned inside out in tedious phrases. There is almost a solemn essay on his weakness. And all this is only a verbose repetition, to stultify the story.

Perhaps the novel deals with the past—in a remote village very favoured by the stodgy novelist, who describes the conditions of society in that lethargic spot at a certain period. The flowing sentences are seasoned with politics; there is an atmosphere of dull erudition in them. It is a prolix retrospect of what does not interest in the least. Thus the story is again retarded with the result of judicious skipping on the reader's part.

A novelist to be worthy of the name ought to create a character—a character that is so true to life in all its details, actions and speech as to root itself in the mind. It must have vitality, or else it is only one of the stodgy, unreal creatures abounding in modern fiction. Has the reader of this paper even a shadowy remembrance of the numerous characters that have flitted in the pages of his favourite modern novelist? Consider for a moment how a Colonel Newcombe, a Becky Sharp, a Jane Eyre, a Sam Weller, a Steerforth—and hundreds of other life-drawn characters stand out in the memory. These are not transient shadows of humanity, but almost real, actual beings, "to haunt, to startle, and waylay" the generations that have been, that are and that will be.

I think that the time has come when publishers, readers and book reviewers, instead of pandering to mistaken opinions, ought to estimate the novel's higher purpose and condemn without mercy the vast outpour of to-day's stodgy fiction—which only vitiates the taste and weakens the intelligence. Let them only praise a real human story and not the base imitation of it.

As a humble follower of the literary craft, with becoming diffidence, I must again assert that a description of a character or a scene can be more perfectly and thoughtfully conveyed to the reader in a few apt, pithy sentences than in pages of redundant paragraphs. I also maintain a true work of fiction must have its *fons et origo* in the wider vision and stronger grasp of imagination, which would at once reject the stodgy material which characterises much of the output of the present day.

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THE GOLDEN LEGEND OF INDIA.

THE story of Harishchandra, as rendered familiar to us by modern efforts to put it on the Indian stage, materially differs from the Vedic legend in which Harishchandra figures in the capacity of a pious king feeling in duty bound to sacrifice his only and dearly-loved son, Rohita. He resembles the patriarchal figure of Abraham in the Bible and the Qoran, but beyond the mere fact of his being called upon to sacrifice his son, the resemblance ceases. The motive of the two sacrifices was different and the Divine intervention in the two cases took different forms. In the case of Abraham there is a simple and direct interruption of the sacrifice caused by an Unseen hand, while in the Vedic story the salvation of the victim is effected by a long-continued exile and the subsequent purchase of a substitute acceptable in eyes Divine. The legend is, probably, the earliest Indian story which is not purely mythological. Max Müller refers to this legend as "full of genuine thought and feeling . . . and valuable as a picture of life and a record of early (Aryan) struggles." A metrical paraphrase of this beautiful story into English has been recently prepared by a profound student of ancient Indian literature, Mr. W. H. Robinson. While this work, the value of which is enhanced by carefully written marginal notes, and by a translation of the hymns of the Rig-veda connected with the legend, yet awaits publication, I have had the privilege of using the manuscript for the purposes of this article, in which I have tried not only to give a summary of this interesting legend, but to quote some of the most striking passages of the metrical translation.

The poem as translated is divided into seven cantos, the opening canto of which is devoted to the importance of a son in Hindu religious and social life, where Harishchandra "grieves forlorn" amid state and fame, as, being sonless, he was "debarred from rites divine." This feeling so deeply ingrained in the human mind has often caused surprise to the students of Hinduism in the West, but the Rishi Narada hits rightly on the idea of duty underlying the intense desire of the Hindu to have a son, in the dialogue he has on this point with King Harishchandra. He says :

" A father's holy debt is paid,
 To every past ancestor's shade ;
 And life immortal he has won,
 When he beholds a living son."

Looked at from the point of view of a sacred debt that is to be discharged, a solemn duty that is to be fulfilled, the great stress laid in the sacred books of Hinduism on sonship, at once assumes a lofty aspect, and the Hindu sentiment no longer appears in the light of a morbid anxiety as it is often considered to be. The holy bond of wedlock is to the Hindu philosopher an obligation, which both husband and wife share, of giving to the world a son, to guarantee the continuation of the chain of human vitality, and we are therefore told that "people upbraid those Devotees, who, misled by zeal, fail to wed and thus evade debts to ancestors." Similarly, the duty of the wife, as the custodian of the life of "fathers to come," is insisted on, in the following beautiful lines :—

" The wifhood, indeed, is this of a wife,
 That through her survive the ancestors past,
 And she bears of fathers to come the life,
 Concealing a germ that shall ever last;
 Connecting the worlds by a chain, never-ending,
 Past, Present and Future, mysteriously blending."

To return, however, to the story. Narada advises the King to pray to Lord Varuna for the gift of a son and to take a vow that if the prayer is answered, he will sacrifice the first-born. The King prays as advised, the prayer is accepted and a son is born, who is named Rohita. Varuna demands the sacrifice and the natural struggle between a father's love and his duty to God ensues. Nature asserts its full strength and we find Harishchandra asking for a postponement of the sacrifice time after time, on pleas based on five points of Hindu theology, which Varuna continues graciously to accept till the Prince reaches the age when he can perform the proud duty of a Kshatria and shine in the use of arms, and then Varuna finally demands the sacrifice. The father reluctantly yields. But this Hindu prototype of the son of Abraham does not submit to the parental will like his Israelite brother, and saying "No" to his father, turns and flies, and with a bow and forest gear, roams about the wood for a year. He is about to return to his father with "a contrite heart" and to submit to his fate, when on his way to a town, he meets Indra, disguised as a Brahmin, who advises him to travel longer. The resolve to return on his part is repeated for five successive years and the dissuasion on the part of Indra on the ground of the necessity of travelling for his development is also repeated every

year. This episode furnishes the occasion for a number of impressive passages on the advantages of "travel," which rather surprise one at first sight in a book dealing with Hindu life, as we have come to associate want of movement with a stay-at-home people like the Hindus. But passages like the following in the sacred books of the Hindus, show that in neglecting travel, as in so many other things, the modern Hindu has neglected his own traditions and the precepts of the Sages of antiquity. For instance, what could be stronger than the simple words that Indra addresses to Rohita :—

"No happiness can man untravelled win."

In another place he says :—

"For him who sits, his Fortune sits also,
And when he rises, Fortune rises too,
For him who sleeps, to sleep doth Fortune go,
But when he moves, it moves and gains ensue."

A still more remarkable passage occurs elsewhere, when the argument is drawn from the constant travelling of the sun :—

"Behold thy brilliant sire ! the Sun,
Who travelling never rests nor tires,
See, through these worlds, how ceaseless run
His glorious beams, his living fires :
Glory thus from travel springs,
Travel ! Seek it ! Son of Kings !"

Rohita faithfully acted on this wholesome advice, which he believed to be Divine guidance, coming as it did from a holy man, without suspecting the real character of the heavenly being in disguise. When he had finished his fifth year of wandering, Rohita found the saintly Brahmin, Ajigarta, whose son Sunahsepta was to furnish him with a substitute to be offered up in sacrifice in his stead. The Brahmin, his wife and his three sons were famished and in very poor circumstances when Rohita met them, and by offering them a handsome price for their second son, he wins their consent to the son being offered as a sacrifice to save them all from ruin and starvation. He comes with this glad news to his father, and the substitute being accepted by Varuna, the preparations for the sacrifice begin.

The pomp and grandeur of the ceremony as well as the details of the sacrificial ritual are described at length in Canto IV. Describing the worship of Agni in this connection, the translator tries to bring out its real significance, holding that heat, being the physical source of life, was adored as a symbol of the Great Unseen. This rational view is very well expressed in the stanza given below :—

“ The brilliant orb, that spreads through heaven its beams,
 Yet round this lowly world pours vital streams
 The fire that leaps from earth with flaming glare
 The lightning flash that darts through sky and air,
 The Rishi saw, as bright material signs,
 His emblems Whom no human thought confines.”

We have some highly interesting translations of ancient hymns to Agni and to Indra in the next Canto, while Canto VI. describes coronation rites, bringing in the holy Gayatri, the famous morning meditation of the Hindu, which, in its sweet brevity, sums up the essence of his faith. With his face directed towards the sun, with closed eyes, mouth and nostrils, “so as to shut out the world completely,” every pious Hindu reflects on the following beautiful words every morning:—“Aum; Let us meditate on the adorable light of the Divine Ruler. May it guide our minds aright.”

“Exaltation” is the subject of the last canto. The Brahman boy in the hour of his pain prayed to Heaven to be saved, and his prayer was heard and he became thenceforth Devarata, the son of Visvamitra. The name Devarata literally means “given by God,” and is equivalent to the Greek Theodotus. In the ode to Devarata he is addressed thus :

“ Devarata ! Devarata !
 Thou art India’s Polar-star
 Placed in our horizon far
 Northwards whence our fathers came
 Never-setting son of fame.”

Thus he was exalted to the rank of immortals, while his father was condemned to be an outcast for having offered to immolate a son for money, Visvamitra pronouncing the following sentence on him:—

“ A lawless taint to all your race will cling
 And tribes of lowest caste from you will spring.”

The translator has added an epitaph to the poem in which he rightly lays stress on the importance of the Western rulers of India acquiring an intimate knowledge of the ancient traditions of the country, as it is impossible, otherwise, to understand the people, who still cling to their old manners and customs and are proud of their sacred lore. He says:—

“ Ind’s reigning princes now are proud to trace
 Their lineage back to Harishchandra’s race,
 Still numerous lofty Brahman families claim
 Amongst their fathers, Devarata’s name ;
 * * * * *
 And India’s loving memory clings
 Still round her ancient bards and kings.”

EAST & WEST

The sentiment embodied in the above lines will find an echo in numerous Indian hearts, and in view of this sentiment one can hardly over-estimate the value of the service Mr. Robinson has rendered to the English-reading public by this translation in verse of "The Golden Legend of India."

ABDUL QADIR.

London.

PRISONED.

O wild fresh wind, let now thy beating wings
A moment pause in their unfettered flight,
And bear me with thee far into the night,
Far from the feverish tyranny of things
Of earth and sense, and the chill gloom which flings
Its pall o'er life and joy, and hides from sight
The beauty and the exquisite delight
Which shines in nature and in music sings.

Away, across the frothing fields of sea,
Away, above the cities' sullen roar,
Away, where storm-clouds gather, break, and flee,
Away, above the mountains grim and hoar,
Away, where all the starry splendours be—
Together, Wind, we'll wander and be free.

F JOSEPHINE WALLIS.

ABOUT MODERN KASHMIR.

Quæ loca fabulososus lambit Hydaspes.

THOSE (and they include most of the best and ablest people in the world) who have not seen Kashmir, find it hard to grasp the characteristic charm of the legendary Valley. It is only vaguely Paraisaical. But probably the truest charm here, that which holds the longest, is the outdoor life amid verdant surroundings,

As if life's business were a summer mood.

The wise Jehangir, though a drunkard, appreciated this ; and so have all who came to Kashmir from the burnt plains of India. That was true even when the pilgrims were Indians, to whom it came natural to sit on the ground. At present, during several months of each year the limited number of good camping places along the river offer a continual picnic to shifting groups of European visitors, who come with more or less apparatus. There are several distinct charms, or lives, in Kashmir. The charm of the distant mountains, though somewhat austere, is genuine, and has its votaries, who are apt to be dogmatic, and to look down, in either sense, upon those who prefer the more sensuous life of the river and the riverside. One need not speak here of the frivolous claim of sport and of fashion, of polo and of golf. This charm has nothing to do with the soil of Kashmir. Yet it keeps never less than 100 Europeans in that essentially unhealthy place, Srinagar, through the steamiest summer weather ; and gathers other hundreds, for the briefest of seasons, at Gulmerg, an infinitely bleak Simla, yet proud of standing some 2,000 feet higher. The charm of the river cannot well be separated from that of the riverside, and the enjoyment of the noble chunars, which are as much the characteristic trees of Kashmir, even in art, as the maple is of Japan and of Canada. There are misguided people who try to

stick, throughout a summer's day, inside a boat, which becomes like a furnace, particularly if roofed with wood. Then they join the ranks of the mountaineers, proclaiming that there is no living upon the river during the summer. By all means let them think so, since it leaves more room for those who think differently !

The charm of the river, which is the luxury of moving water, is capable of haunting one, until it becomes almost a mania, like motor-mania. The two motions indicated are, it may be said, at the opposite extremes of swiftness, and poky little Kashmir has not yet seen a motor ! The motion on the river is not much more than a drifting, or a sliding, since all the craft are flat-bottomed. Yet it is of the essence of lazy luxury, while not at all incompatible with the doing of good reading at the same time. During my first and shortest visit to Kashmir, I used to try and write while the boat was in motion ; but that is mere pedantry. There is a lordly delight, at least for its elect, in this idle inland navigation. I feel like a king when sitting on the verandah of my boat as it drifts with the stream, at the rate of, perhaps, two miles an hour. Yet in being towed up stream there is the additional delight of rippling sound, caused by the boat stemming the current, though the progress may be but a mile an hour. This sound of moving waters, which has always been esteemed in the East a luxury for monarchs, may, with care, often be attained in Kashmir. At such times it is impossible to keep out of one's mind a line of Mrs. Nicolson's, which has the very "music born of murmuring sound":

We heard the tireless river descending to the sea.

If one can manage to get moored upon a pebbly bottom against the stream, or, by special good luck, beside some actual temporary waterfall, this sound can be enjoyed for weeks. When moving up river, if the boat be small and the season clement, the boatpeople will often raise the most melodious singing, which echoes over the water with magic effect. The towing of a smaller habitable boat, a *donga*, is light and pleasant work. Children like to do it, it is so near to play. One picture comes back to my mind, of a brave little girl of eight, with the tow-rope about her shoulders, tramping through the shallow water of the lagoons for hours, pulling an entire boat behind her, including myself !

Yet one cannot always be on the move, even in these most mobile of dwellings. In the summer it is too hot to move about much, in the winter it is too cold. If you have a small boat, even the largest sort of doonga, it is jolly from the point of view of navigation, but not wholly roomy or comfortable. If you have a house boat, even of the smaller type, you are worse shut in than in any bungalow, and it at once becomes a literal taskwork to move you. This touches upon the very dreadful question of labour in Kashmir, which I wish to avoid, at least for the present. No one in Kashmir, much more than do the children, cares to work beyond the point at which it ceases to be amusing. For temperature, the spring and autumn are the best seasons in which to float about the lakes and rivers. Yet it takes much exertion to work up against the strong floods of spring-time, as also to get over the muddy reaches which are left in the low water of autumn and winter. The last is a point which a little dredging, a little elementary forethought, might so easily remedy, and which Major Lotbinière is now expected to do, among greater tasks. So all is not poetry in this most poetical land. Even the devotee of boat-life is glad to spend as many days in the year as possible under the noble plane, or chunar trees. Just as soon as the weather gets warm enough, though it may still be pleasant on the verandah of a boat, with the water rippling by, it is better yet upon the green sward. Even there, with good luck, one may still hear the rippling. But this is how the two lives, of navigation and of picnic, run into each other. During the summer, the picnic predominates. It is well to have a tent at one's elbow to sleep in, for the boat becomes close, even at night. Meals are best served in the deep green shade; as the summer advances, deep shade is limited in supply. It has got to be that of the broad trunk of the chunar tree, around which, if you are wise, you will move in a semi-circle through the day: the shade of the mere leaves is a delusion, and even dangerous. When you are well established under a favourite group of chunars, you must not lightly sail away upon a little excursion. If you do, your camping ground will be snatched away from you. For there is, and quite rightly, no reserving of places along the river.

This camp life, differing in so many respects from that of India, is the most genuine and characteristic charm of Kashmir. What it is

like I can best illustrate, for those who do not know it, by translating and abridging a few paragraphs from M. Frederic Masson's masterly little monograph on "Marie Walewska" (Librairie Borel). Madame Walewska was the favourite mistress of Napoleon, and save for Josephine, represented the strongest affection of his life. In the summer of 1814, in the uneasy pause of the eagle between Fontainebleau and the Hundred Days, she stopped over at Elba for a day or two, on her way to Naples, and asked to see the Emperor. "Since the 20th of August, he was installed in the Hermitage of the Madonna of Marciana. It was in a forest of chestnut trees a hundred years old, where the great heat had forced him to take refuge." He occupied a house of a single ground floor, in the cellar of which were the hermits, whom he had not wished to turn out. His few followers were accommodated in a large tent, beneath the chestnut trees,

"near a spring which was lost in a carpet of fresh moss all embalmed with lily of the valley, with heliotrope, and with violets. There was no cooking: the Emperor went down to dine at Marciana, where his mother was installed, and came up each evening to his hermitage." In the evening of September 1st, Madame Walewska, with her brother, her young sister, and her child, was brought up from the sea coast, at first in a carriage. Beyond a certain point, the party had to ride through the wonderful moonlight, the child being carried by an orderly officer. The Emperor met her with the words, "Madam, here is my palace." He gave up the little house to the ladies, and slept in the tent. The end of the night was stormy, with high wind and much rain. Early in the morning, the Emperor, who had not slept, learned from his valet, Marchand, that the Empress and the King of Rome were supposed to have come to him. Upon this report, Dr. Foureau had hastened to offer his services.

"The Emperor, dressed, came out of the tent. A fine sun, sifting through the thick shade of the chestnut trees, had already dried up the ground near by. In this landscape, gathering the mountain flowers, the mysterious child was playing." It was the Count, afterwards Duke, Walewski, who was prominent in the diplomatic history of half a century later, and who, though never much of a man, was interesting as the only blood-representative of Napoleon. The Emperor sat down on a chair, which Marchand brought, took his son on his knee, and sent for the doctor, who was walking around. "Well, Foureau, how do you find him?" "But, Sire," replied the doctor, "I find the King greatly grown." Napoleon

laughed heartily ; for the young Walewski was a year older than the King of Rome. The ladies came out. Madame Walewska had grown stouter since the romantic days at Warsaw, but her calm and open face was as attractive as ever. Her sister is described as having an angel's head. "The table was set under the chestnut trees: the breakfast came ready cooked from Marciana, and the meal was full of gaiety. Then the day was spent in conversations, and in walks in the neighbourhood." At dinner, the Emperor insisted on having his son beside him. When the child grew fractious, Napoleon told of the only time when he had been whipped, together with Pauline, by their mother. In the evening, he went down to the beach with his visitors, and was heard to murmur, as he embraced his son : " Adieu, dear child of my heart ! "

It is an idyllic glimpse, such as there is hardly another, of the great Emperor in relaxation, though in a *faux menage*. It also shows in detail, but for the absence of the river, much of what camp life in Kashmir is like. The life is one wholly outdoors, and is thus quite ideally healthy. Each little group here is self-contained and independent. We do not speak to each other unless introduced. It is better so: the ship-wrecked passengers who did speak to each other, in Gilbert's ballad, came to regret it. Yet the situation sometimes has its absurdity. For a week or two, last summer, three little self-contained groups, each with its separate chunar trees, tents, servants, boats, were situated about 100 yards, each from the other two, like A B C, at the corners of a triangle. Each group was plainly visible all day long to the other two, with very little inconvenience. A, the best equipped of all, was a European-trained Sirdar, calling himself a Prince, whom B had had to ask to get his servants' boat a little higher up ; C, a colonel's widow, was wild to get the place of ungallant B, who had greatly the best situation. It can be so genuinely hot in Kashmir, that unless a place is of the best, it is not possible to survive the summer in it. An all-important consideration, since it means quiet, is that a camping spot shall be sufficiently far away both from any native village, and from the public road. The villagers have to be taught not to bring their cattle and ponies' stumbling over one's tent ropes: some of the village, or rather jungle, dogs have to be shot, before one can sleep in peace, or even have one's cooked food unstolen. This Paradise is really somewhat shabby ; and happiness, as elsewhere, is delicately balanced. At some of the

most striking points along the four navigable Kashmir rivers (Jhelum, Veshau, Sind, and Lolab) are noble *baghs*, as they are called. These are by no means gardens, but are rather groves, or parks. They are said to be set aside by the kindly Maharaja for the use of visitors, and not of the villagers. Anyhow, the special and most delightful life in Kashmir would be impossible for Europeans without them.

About four years ago, when Sir Louis Dane was Resident here, a project was mooted which caused some alarm among impecunious subalterns. This was, that all Europeans camping in Kashmir should pay a yearly ground tax—15 rupees was the very low figure I heard mentioned. If the payment of a much larger sum would cover the use of all camping grounds, and give us a definite *locus standi* as against the troublesome villagers, it would be welcomed by all who prize this unique camp life. The Anglo-Indian has long been notorious for the amount of elbow-room he requires. He simply cannot live crowded. I do not know what he will do a generation or two hence. There is a genial lady in Kashmir who congratulates herself that she at least will not see the world quite so crowded as her children will. It was perfectly monstrous of Zola to assure his countrymen that the world could usefully hold *ten times* its present population. Others than Anglo-Indians now begin to feel crowded in England. A character sketch of Mr. Swinburne has revealed the pitiful fact that for many summers past such a lover of the sea, and of the beautiful, as he is, has had to go to the less attractive seaside places, because all the better resorts are so overcrowded. Even with the present awkward and expensive means of communication, Kashmir is fairly overflowed with visitors, though these probably number within 2,000 a year. The little country, too, is just as full up with natives as it can stand. One must remember that the area is not 1,900 square miles. There is no Indian rural district so small. Yet there are well over 1,000,000 Kashmiris, though not all of them in the Valley. There is evidence that in former times, 1,000 or more years ago, the population was even larger, necessitating still more careful irrigation. On the other hand, the Kashmiris were having their worst time, under the Afghans and the early Sikhs, near a century ago, when "Lalla Rookh" was being written. By the thirties of the nineteenth

century, the population had come down to 200,000. The huge recovery since then has been hardly more striking than in the case of British India.

Kashmir, "the land in the womb of Himalaya," has been described as an irregular oval plain, nowhere less than 5,000 feet above the sea. By road, it is not more than 70 miles from the entrance of the Valley to the upper end. Following the windings of the river, which also turns at nearly right angles in one place, the distance may be increased to barely 100 miles. It is a land so delicate and unique that unwise human agency might easily spoil it. If this once happened, all Asia could not furnish the equivalent again. Already, in some reaches, the Jhelum, which is here no more than an exquisite toy stream, is as choked with navigation of sorts as the Pool of London. The Government might surely be justified, if it ever seemed necessary, in taking special measures to prevent Kashmir from becoming a sort of Brighton or Bournemouth. The whole country is shown, as in a picture, in one of the most attractive of maps, giving every road and traveller's bungalow, which is in itself worth the price of the book with which it is published. This is the "Guide to Kashmir" (Thacker), by Colonel Duke, long Residency Surgeon here, which has definitely superseded all its predecessors.

From the point of view of camp life, there are perhaps three best places along the river. One of these is the grove above Vijbihara near the upper end of the Valley. Yet there are detractions here, among them being the people of the town which has been sacerdotal and insolent from an early period in recorded history. Little known is another place, Doggaon, at the angle where the Lolab joins the Jhelum, nearly at the lower end of the Valley. With its enchanting view up two valleys, it is truly delightful, at the chosen moments when it is not made impossible either by too high water or by too low water. I must not pause for details and reminiscences of these two places. Probably the place with fewest detractions is Gandarbal, about seven miles up the Sind, at the head of the navigable waters. Owing to its elevation, and to its waters, which come straight down from the snows, this is also the coolest place anywhere attainable by boat. I have spent the round year there, which few would care to do. But in the summer, Gandarbal is much sought after, and its better locations

are keenly competed. for. It is a favourite with two of those who know Kashmir most lovingly, from the scholarly and the spectacular points of view respectively. Dr. Stein, of whom I must not here speak, often camps there : it was there that he gave the last touches to his twelve-years' task, which has made the long past of Hindu Kashmir an open book to us. Colonel Strahan, too, by far the best of the many clever artists who delight to paint Kashmir, seems to find Gandarbal specially rich in those colour effects for which the whole Valley is famous. Kashmir, happily, has not the tropical splendour of a Malabar. It is rather exquisitely toned and tinted, but never in reality very bright. Those who know, say that there is some special spectacular quality in the air here. Certainly, in few other spots of earth are there so many pictures, small and great, always being formed for the delight of the eye. The youthful Tennyson once conquered his shyness so far as to call upon a Himalayan traveller who could tell him of such effects as are an everyday matter in Kashmir. The sunset not only glows rosy upon the opposite mountain snows, but when it is almost dark one may still see a way-side puddle made beautiful with the colour flung down from some chance little pink cloud overhead. These are the gracious touches of a land where nature is entirely gracious. Colonel Strahan has rendered them all with charm and with precision, as also with a brightness of colouring which most do not see in Kashmir, but which probably adds to the effect of his canvas. His paintings may be examined where they are kept for sale, at an institution which deserves encouragement, Mrs. Winter's floating Picture Gallery in Srinagar.

So it is not merely, in the flippant eighteenth century phrase, "for climate and the affections," that many continue to live in Kashmir, despite discouragements. There is also the continual delight of the eye. This can be taken in even while working. Indeed, noble literature seldom tastes so well as when read outdoors in Kashmir. The country is indeed fortunate. By all rights, there ought to be fever, even at this elevation, where there is so much rice cultivation. Even the famous lakes of Kashmir, one of them, the Wular, the largest in India, have been called mere swamps. Yet with so many swamps, there is no malaria to fear. Even the mosquitos are not a serious trouble, apart from the lakes, which are utterly infamous

and impossible in the summer. There is a great general healthiness here: stone is specially rare. The most obvious danger would seem to be the catching of a feverish chill from trying to sit outdoors too late in the year. This is possible, on the whole, for less than one half of the 12 months. In 1904, I managed to live upon the ground for quite seven months, though not without risk. But in 1905, which was a cooler year, the period was hardly five months. Even early in September, after the abnormal floods, a chill had set in. The winter of 1905-1906 was one of the longest possible in this climate, which is never severe. "I did not know that Kashmir could be quite so grey," said one of those who has the best right to judge. Beyond a certain point in the autumn, or in the temperature, one has to take to the sheltered life of the bungalow or the house-boat. It becomes a luxury to pile the logs upon the fire. There is more or less snow for several months. And for a longer time than that, the sun, of which one gets so sickeningly too much in India, is almost completely hidden. This is essentially the winter life of Europe. It has its own pleasantness, a much greater homeliness than is possible outdoors. But there is nothing about it specially characteristic of Kashmir. Since the two great floods of the last three years, house-boats have come to be preferred to masonry houses for winter life. They are actually warmer, as being less damp. But there is the serious detriment that house-boats can hardly, with any exertion, be kept quite clean, at least while the white ash from the open fire-places is flying abroad like snow flakes.

It is less pleasant to come to speak of the Kashmiris, and of their characteristic city, Srinagar. From the earliest times, they have called this the City, *shahur*, or *nagar*, with all the assurance, but with nothing of the justification, of the ancient Romans. Surely, the most important product of a land is its human fruit, its inhabitants. Generally, the finest country produces the finest people, as in England. The Kashmiris are a fine race physically. Having to live among them, one cannot be enough thankful that they are not negritic, or even black, or grotesque of countenance like their Mongolian neighbours. Their comely, straight noses bespeak them of the inner Aryan race. *Usko nak nahin barabar*, I have heard a Kashmiri say of the Ladakhis, who live not a great distance beyond the

Sind Valley, under the same Maharaja. The Kashmiris are all right physically, though their loveliest women probably offer a less distinguished type of beauty than do certain high castes in India. Dr. Stein speaks of the Kashmiris having been long ago called *gens religiosissima*, and says that to this day they are far more superstitious than are most Indian peoples. I would have not supposed it myself, though the Kashmiri Mohammedans have some disgusting caste notions, in addition to the narrowness of their own faith. Most of the people have been Mohammedans since 1339. Yet it is a mere fact that one seldom sees anyone going through the gymnastics towards the West. It is not thinkable that anyone should ever be murdered in Kashmir, as was poor Captain Bowring at Sarawakai in the autumn of 1904, because of sleeping with his feet pointed towards Mecca. The one eminent virtue which all gladly admit in the Kashmiris, cheerfulness, is hardly consistent with such tension of spirit, or with what a recent writer has spoken of as the Moslem "sourness of Northern India."

Every year a certain number of visitors leave Kashmir in disgust, vowing never to return, or not until there is British administration. When I first entered Kashmir, an officer in the bungalow at Baramula quoted to me, with endorsement, the Indian proverb which says that if you see a snake you may kill it or not, but that if you see a Kashmiri you must, by all means, kill him! I was merely shocked at the indiscriminating cruelty of such a judgment. But I can understand it now; and people tell me that I may yet come to adopt it. Few can know Kashmir better than Dr. Duke. Yet he has a dreadful sentence of condemnation, summing up how the legacy of Afghan rule, and "unnatural vices," help to make the Kashmiri, straight down from Gilgit to Jammu, "a poor creature." He quotes a Persian proverb, to the effect that the man who gives his friendship to a Kashmiri is as if suspending a serpent over his doorway. Most painful of all is the fact that it is generally only the griffins in Kashmir who attempt to deny such statements, while those who have been longest in the country, confirm them. Happily, there are few visitors who are not attached to a zealous boat-man servant, or to a Kashmiri of some sort. Yet it is said to be always dangerous. The Kashmiris say bad enough things about themselves. Their idleness and cowardice there is no denying.

They say that if they are invited even to a feast, they cannot get started unless they are compelled. About the most elementary repairs to the dykes, for the protection of their own rice fields, Sir Walter Lawrence says they will answer that they do not want money, they want *zulum*, compulsion. Yet there are few Kashmiris who do not want money ; and compulsion is no longer very possible. It is only morally that the Kashmiri is all wrong. He has intellect, and to spare. His shameless cadging has the less excuse since there is really no poverty in Kashmir. My boatman usually has rice stored up for a year to come. He says that if a Kashmiri is excessively poor, he has still a week's food ahead ; while he has heard that in India there are people who do not know where the next day's food is coming from.

Moreover, my boatman says that foreigners who have lived here too long, half a life-time or more, become altogether like the Kashmiris, even morally. Though he does not know it, this is confirmed by history. So the " forty-years in the country, knows the language, man," whom Lord Palmerston always distrusted, is specially to be deprecated here. Schools are one of the many weak points in modern Kashmir, notwithstanding the scholarly traditions of the Land of Sarada. Even the phrase, which was once famous throughout India, is no longer recognised. The new College, which is being started at Jammu, will be indefinitely unconnected and remote from Kashmir. On the private road to Jammu, the milestones still record : So many miles to the Frontier, meaning to the beginning of Indian territory. The fact is eloquent of Kashmir's position beyond the Pale. It is, of course, our happiness to be beyond the Indian climate. The latitude of Srinagar, 34 degrees, is roughly that of Tokio or of Jerusalem. But, with the added elevation, the climate is a good deal cooler. In mean, it rather resembles that of Southern England, though with greater extremes. Srinagar itself is a relaxing place, from which doctors are always glad to send away patients. It is an infinitely tawdry Venice of the East, with wood instead of stone. It holds some 120,000 people, or not far from an eighth part of all Kashmiris. In Srinagar are some tens of thousands of Brahmans, of a specially exclusive and helpless kind. Europeans, except for Dr. Stein, know little of these Pandits, as they are all called. They believe that they are the only *pukka* Hindus, while the quarter of a billion or so

in India are merely *kutchas*. Nothing can ever teach an untravelled Kashmiri the true relation of his tiny Alpine land to the world outside. The wholly disproportionate amount of attention which Kashmir has always received, even from the days of the Chinese pilgrims, and of Alberuni, helps to foster this obstinate conceit. The Pandits of Kashmir believe themselves far superior to the Moslem populace. Much ability is running to waste amongst them, amid childish superstitions. Through long centuries they held a parasitic position, as the officials of the country. Until quite lately they were supported from the public stores of rice—a dole which is still renewed in years of scarcity. Now they suffer such straits as a merely clerking race must experience in degenerate times, when a single newspaper column may contain advertisements for a clerk, knowing several languages, at 10 to 12 rupees a month, and for an ayah at 20 to 30 rupees.

At any season of the year, upon any excuse, it is well to go away from Srinagar. Its advantages, as a place to leave, cannot be enough extolled. It has a false repute for certain industries. Some of its hardware work may have a minor merit. But its cloth production, of every kind, is shoddy, like the character of the people. Really nothing can be bought here which the same money will not buy to much greater satisfaction, in an establishment even like Whiteaway's. It becomes one of the miseries of life that there is no such establishment here—that it is hardly possible to buy a tie or a pair of socks. An institution of public utility here, so good that it ought to be greatly enlarged, is the Kashmir General Agency. It is at their risk that Europeans sometimes neglect this European establishment, and resort to the native merchants who batten upon them. Of these merchants, these "madmen" as Prince Louis of Orleans calls them, move heaven and earth in order to get possession of a Sahib's banking account, or even to make a paltry sale. Too many visitors, like the Prince, on finding that neither oaths nor blows have any effect, are weak enough to yield and buy. The merchants will even meet incoming youngsters at Baramula with illicit temptations. The same youngster may sometimes be seen, a few months later, clearing out of Kashmir, without luggage, in shabby clothes, in the tonga which is put at his disposal on such occasions, much as at Monte Carlo. Truly, no city that was half well administered, would

tolerate the foul solicitation from the native merchants which, during half the year, makes the camping places and the waters about Srinagar a mere pandemonium. Dr. and Mrs. Workman, among others, have spoken strongly on this point. Kashmir needs a European Head of Police. In particular, there should be some sort of River Police, such as it was reported would be introduced with the season of 1906.

Yet Srinagar has its points, at least as a Winter City. Most permanent and satisfying of these, spectacularly, is the Gopa Hill, or the Takht-i-Suliman as it is now called, the thimble-like temple upon whose summit has little to do with the structure raised by King Gopaditya a dozen odd centuries ago. There are two excellent, though small, libraries. The hotel, which cost a lakh and a quarter, is the largest pile in Kashmir. But the political economy of the State, with its monopolies to publicans and to contractors, is Elizabethan rather than Victorian. Perhaps the next most imposing building is the Mission Hospital, which dominates the entire quarter assigned to the joyous bachelors, the Chunar Bagh, and which is said to have cost a lakh. Less strikingly, though excellently, seated on the left river bank, is the State Hospital. Here all applicants are cared for with skill and kindness, "without money and without price." It is not their moral worth that is regarded, but only their need. Noblest of all the institutions of Srinagar is surely the handsome little Residency. It is a feat of engineering more wonderful than any of Major Lotbinière's, by which British influence, which means essentially justice, is brought across hundreds of miles of snowy mountains. The Residency has denied that its function is quite so wide as to introduce here the actual security of British India. But it will, as I must gratefully admit, protect Europeans against the obscure workings alike of corruption and of fanaticism. There have been all sorts of Residents in the last 20 years—none more honourably remembered than Sir Harold Deane, none, apparently, more genially popular than Colonel Pears.

Travellers have already noted that, while conversions to Islam are still frequent in Kashmir, there are no conversions to Christianity. This may possibly be due to a peculiar tradition of missionary work. In that large and curious volume, "Irene Petrie, Missionary to Kashmir," towards the end, in the account of Miss Petrie's "Last

Winter in Srinagar," one may read her pathetic aspiration in regard to those Europeans of whom the missionaries disapprove: "I wish they might be packed off to Antarctica!" Unhappily, this cannot be. The Residency is considered to be well-nigh omnipotent here; yet I have been officially told that it is not obliged, in all respects, to do as the missionaries wish. But the missionaries seem to cherish a tradition which can only hurt their own cause, which in India is so largely connected with the cause of goodness. For instance, on Easter Sunday, 1903, a European visitor, suffering from one of the slight stomach troubles which are a nuisance at such elevations as that even of Kashmir, was ignominiously refused assistance at the Islamabad branch hospital of the C. M. S. "Yes, we can refuse you a bottle of medicine; and there's the door!" were the chief words of the senior missionary, the Rev. Hinton Knowles, followed by a promise to pray for the man he disapproved of. The entire dialogue, pungent in its brevity, could be given, if desired. The applicant a week later, was much relieved to be told by the Acting Resident that there was also a secular dispensary in remote Islamabad, a State establishment where his servants have since benefited free. It must be remembered that medical aid is somewhat infrequent in Kashmir. All kinds of people contribute to the C. M. S. Hospital, which in Srinagar flies the Red Cross flag. Such contributors should at least know that its aid is given, not to all in need, but apparently to those believed to be more or less righteous. The missionaries, so far from denying the fact, would probably take their stand upon it. But they cannot justify themselves by abusing the plaintiff. If he had been the greatest criminal in India, even a prisoner in clanking chains, some would hold that he still had a right to that bottle of medicine. This is a question, not of personality, but of principle.

It takes all sorts of people to make up even the missionary world, of which, as a whole, I wish to speak only with respect. European Society in Kashmir is perhaps specially miscellaneous, where it is not parochial. A permanent chaplaincy has lately been established in Srinagar, which, if it can be kept up, will help to give a more urbane tone to Church things. Meanwhile, people must live and let live. Kashmir contains some wealthy Europeans, and more who, "on perilous seas long wont to roam," have here

found a gracious port of refuge. Kashmir is, for many things, singularly unlike its repute. Thus, I am inclined to pronounce the famous flowers of Kashmir a fraud. My boatman's little girl has long drawn a salary of one rupee per month for keeping my table supplied with flowers. Yet with all good will, she cannot often furnish them, because they hardly exist outside a few private gardens in Srinagar. There is not that boon of so many desolate Indian stations, a Government Garden. For some weeks in the spring, many fields are aglow with blue and with white iris, and with mustard, which shines, reflected in the water, in burnished sheets of gold. The autumn, too, brings its sticky water-lilies, the everlasting lotus of the Sanskrit poets. But all these flowers are better at a little distance, and are hardly fitted for picking. Fountains, too, of which one reads so much, with "the love-lighted eyes that hang over the wave," are somewhat to seek. Yet Kashmir has, as Taine says of England, "all the beauties of a well-watered land." For those who wish to, or who must, live within the Indian Empire, yet who cannot stand the Indian climate, it offers a retreat so unique as almost to seem Providential. The better one knows Kashmir, the more one comes to appreciate the miracle of intuition by which Thomas Moore rendered, or anticipated, so many of its present aspects. It is no longer a Paradise of cheapness. Prices are rising maddeningly. In some cases they have risen two or four times in as many years past. Yet when the worst is done, one can live here almost in luxury, at a rate which would seem derisory in Europe. Much futility has been written this year about the Kashmir Railway. Nobody here believes in its near advent, or much cares about it, though it would have its conveniences. The money has not yet been raised; and capitalists are not going to finance Kashmir because of its beauty. Major Lotbinière will probably have finished his harnessing of the Jhelum, and other great works, before it gets started. At the best, it may arrive in half a dozen years. The older Europeans here do not expect to see it. The railway is a detail, though it is foolish to talk of its hurting the landscape. The important thing is to enjoy that landscape, with the mountains which so kindly encircle Kashmir. Long may they continue to encircle us!

H. BRUCE.

Kashmir.

THE WAY OF LIFE.*

PROBABLY you could not have selected an unletter person than myself to preside this evening and deliver your annual address. I have studied some of the best examples, and I am filled with humility. I know that I am incapable by temperament, and want of the requisite ability, of turning out anything even tolerable, on the standard pattern. Everything which conceivably ought to be said at an annual meeting of a Students' brotherhood has been said so often and so well, has been said with such authority and wealth of illustrative erudition that I am in despair. Am I to tread that well worn path again, and tread it with feeble trembling feet? It is useless and worse than useless to seek to interest you by a repetition of elementary maxims: I will abandon all originality and try to put one or two things at any-rate, before you in a new light. A new light that is to say to some of the older members of this gathering; all that is youngest is pretty sure to have already anticipated my belated effort. On your part you will be generous, you will make allowances; remember that old age is proverbially garrulous, and that however strongly you may be disposed to turn contemptuously away to-day from its well meant encroachments upon the gaiety and irresponsibility of youth, the time must sooner or later come when each of you will be in the like melancholy case as myself, reviving by a momentary association with Telemachus and his brotherhood the exuberant vitality of your own distant days of studentship. Constitutionally I shrink from the role of Mentor, with its implications of aloofness from all that is rosy, fresh, tempting, alive, in life. I do not know why, yet, I should be singled out to be the oracle of winter, speaking chillingly to early spring. And I am still more astonished at the weakness which caused me to yield to an importunacy which has proved as embarrassing as at first sight it was certainly flattering. The Students, I was assured, wished to hear me, and this, for the best of all possible

* The Presidential address delivered at the 12th annual meeting of the Students' Brotherhood on 21st July, 1906.

reasons, that they had never heard me before. That I could understand and sympathise with. It is so long since I was a student, that I fear I must have lost touch with the species ; I own that I regard it with a certain amount of awe, and I can now only trust that being embarked on this venture I shall not have to pay too dearly for my good intentions and temerity.

Take the creature in its completeness, and there is hardly anything so unlike itself as a Man. The full grown Man if he is an honest and a competent observer and analyst, will sorrowfully confess that he is much more like a monkey than a Baby. Midway between these poles stands the incomprehensible Student, whom I am called on to address, to speak to, out of the fulness of my heart, and ripened experience, upon high and inspiring themes. Is it surprising that I do not know how or where to begin ? I am ambitious as I have already said of presenting one or two things in a new light ; but it is an ambition which may topple me over in irredeemable disaster. On the beaten track I should, I know, be perfectly safe, and perfectly dull. In the new by-paths I want to explore with you, I am not likely to be safe and I may be incomprehensible, which is much the same if not worse than being intelligibly dull. Nothing irritates more than novelty. The sheet anchor of all lecturers and preachers, should be a decent originality, a parade of respectable and well warranted truisms. I might for example begin and end by saying to you with pregnant impressiveness, Be good and you will be happy. In effect I expect that is what I shall have said to you, but not quite in that plain simple way. Else I should be putting myself in competition with your accredited Pastors and Masters, a thing I have no intention of doing. You must try to believe, it will sometimes be difficult, that notwithstanding the elusive vagueness and want of method, your trained young faculties will immediately detect and deride, that I have a purpose and a definite meaning of my own, and that if it escapes you, it will probably be because, while I am clearly enough conscious of it myself, I have not the professorial gift of imparting ideas to large bodies of critical young men and women of whose prepossessions I know nothing.

Here I should like to enter a preliminary disclaimer. In what follows it is possible that you may catch the echo of some familiar thought, and with the fatal modern instinct of pinning everything down, following everything to its source I already see you in imagination eagerly pulling out your note books bent on verifying later. And when you have verified, and revealed the thought—perhaps the precise words you have heard me utter—on the page of an ancient writer, it would be

asking too much of human nature that you should not instantly charge me at the bar of your consciences, if not in the columns of the daily press with impudent plagiarism. I beg you to refrain. I will disarm that criticism, by a full and frank confession. I am not ashamed of owing my thoughts to other thinkers; perhaps ninety-nine per cent. of my mental stock is borrowed, and I am not sure that I do not wish the missing one per cent. were borrowed too. Roaming the rich domain of noble thought stored up for us in the masterpieces of the world's literature I have tried to carry away as much of its sweetness, goodness, inspiration, as I could bear, and to diffuse it in my humble way, either of talk or writing in the small circles in which I move. This is no robbery; the wares are meant to be used, and they are like the widow's cruse, the most you can take from them will not diminish their perennial supply. But I cannot always be stopping to observe, "Not mine you know, Mr. So and So's." I rather glory in appropriating and offering undetected some rare shy lurking flower, that I have come across in my strays hither and thither; and I detest the *Scarabaeus criticus*, who a month later, having hunted all the libraries of the earth, discovers whence I took my treasure and denounces me as a thief. I am indeed humble enough to feel the great thinkers and writers of the world from Plato to Maeterlinck have expressed beautiful and valuable truth as well as I could have done myself, and I therefore excuse myself generally to you on this ground if I sometimes reproduce the fruit of other minds without labelling it every time.

All minds quote. Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. And so there may be no pure originality. Certainly I lay claim to none, or rather to all; but then originality is of double meaning and, as I understand it, connotes primal truth, the common property of all thinking men, beginning with man's thought and so truly and literally original. In the ordinary sense of being wholly new, don't expect original thought and be lenient in your criticism, should you find all that I have to offer you very old. Quoting without assimilating, without appropriating, is an acknowledgment of inferiority, a parasitic symptom. As men scour the earth to see fashionable sunrises and sunsets without any quiet appreciation of their own, so the avowed quoter, a mere tramp of literature, stands aloof from the intimate society of those he draws upon. He would quote the Sun and the Stars, and have no personal share in them. I pounce on what is mine; do you the like, take all knowledge for your province.

I make no doubt you have been consistently taught, very likely have committed to memory, the authorised poem containing the line, "Life is real, Life is earnest." And modelling yourselves, as young plastic temperaments will too readily do, upon the words of wisdom listened to in the lecture room and enshrined in selected gems of poetry, have acquired a correspondingly serious and earnest outlook on life. As a simple statement of fact, I am not going to dispute the proposition. Life often is real and earnest; life indeed is always real, but the implications of that word are varied as the temperaments to which it may be addressed. There is the realism of horror and the realism of beauty; a cancer is as real as a sunset; and the mysterious laws of affinity, draw certain classes as surely to the gutter as others to the skies. But the business of a poet is not to present you with bald statements; and those who go to poetry for inspiration have a right to expect more of it than they could obtain from dictionaries. The poet as the maker not only gives us a simple truth, but an organic and possibly an idealised truth; else there is no art in his output. We seek to extract from his words derivative ideas, suggestions, sudden expansions, and broadenings of our mental and emotional horizon. And because the utterances of the great world-poets have this effect, there is a very natural tendency to overweigh the authority of anything that comes to us under a recognised poetic *imprimatus*. When the same rule is enforced by the sage and the moralist, it would indeed be surprising were it not unquestioningly accepted as of paramount authority. So that I expect ninety-nine per cent. of our students early conceive a very exaggerated idea of what they prefigure to themselves as the earnestness and the reality of life. And this is too likely to lead them to overlook the distinction, a distinction which widening experience brings out often enough into too staring prominence between what is and what ought to be. It is just that distinction which the true poet instinctively keeps in mind and emphasises. Just at the true artist in colours and form, fixes on those elements which, while true enough in themselves, even from the most sordid realist's point of view, require grouping, harmonising, some touch of imaginative genius to convey the peculiar lesson of artistic perfection which is in the artist's mind. You see what I mean, the moment you compare the work of a great painter with that of the Kodak. The latter is much more real, in the common acceptation of the word, and it is certainly more earnest. Not always what the thing in fact is, represents its highest æsthetic value, but what it can be made to represent; what, even if only by contrast, can be drawn from it in the shape of a profitable idea or spring

of conduct. Thus, while dwelling on the reality and the earnestness of life may tinge your mental atmosphere with blues and browns and greys, I would have you believe that the literal application of his proposition is atrophying, dangerous, sterile. For whether life is in fact a dull, leaden, earnest reality or not, I am quite sure that it ought not to be, and that starting with that conviction rooted in your minds is the very best way of ensuring that your life's voyage will be through troubled seas, to some dismal shipwreck. Life is one long play of imagination, one splendid kaleidoscopic panorama, if you would have it so. It is an endless series of glowing glorious ideals: and in the jargon of the schools you will have learnt to think that there is an irreconcilable antinomy between the ideal and the real. Life is infinitely gay; it is not earnest, it is pre-eminently joyous, frivolous, irresponsible. All that is really valuable and pleasant in it, is utterly irrational. There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; there's sun, moon and stars, all sweet things, likewise there's a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die. Some bright spirit—I wonder who?—once flung this little gem of thought into the world, it is a comely fashion to be glad, joy is the grace we say to God. There you have a much wholesomer, saner, profounder philosophy than Life is real, life is earnest. There is nothing we meet in nature, nothing that revolves about us in the vast scheme of the Universe, the flowing seas, the burning sands, the tranquil stars, the whispers of the winds, the murmurings of forests, the concourse of great cities, the responsive thrilling of great thought to great thought, that is not instinct with a gaiety of its own. There is an exultation of the open road, the illimitable desert, there is a choral song ever being sung about the turning worlds, if we would only listen, if we would only be less real, less earnest. "Alloas after the great companions, and to belong to them? They too are on the road—they are the swift and majestic men, they are the greatest women—Journeyers as with companions, namely their own diverse phases, Forth-steppers from the latest unrealised baby days, Journeyers gaily with their own youth, Journeyers with their bearded and well grained manhood or womanhood. Old age, calm expanded, broad with the haughty breadth of the universe, that my friends, young and old is the way to take life's journey, reflecting in yourself, in your every mood, the frolic welcome awaiting you at every step, every stage, if only you will temper your spirit to the abounding gladness and loveliness of the world about you. Your main purpose did you ask "To gather the minds of men out of their brains, as you encounter them, to gather the love out of their hearts, to take your lovers on the road with

you for all that you leave them behind you." For the entire Universe is designed to be the grand road for the progress of souls. A holiday of riotous excitement, of triumphant ecstasy, "For I know that they go toward the best, toward something great." It is quite impossible for you to realise yourselves, to attain your full development if you will allow your minds to be warped by the false belief that life is a business. Life is a game, and the finest of all games because the rules are so elastic, and it is dominated by such a simple and intelligible principle. Joy is the grace we say to God. The attitude which I am combating produces a large crop of baneful errors any one of which might serve me for the text of a leviathan sermon, did I desire to sermonise or my mood allow me to confine myself to a text. To go on further than what is implied in the realistic view of life, that everything is just what it seems to be, will you not allow on a moment's reflection that this is utterly untrue, that the very reverse of it is true, that nothing is in the least like what it seems to be. Everything is what it seems to us, as far as we are concerned. We extract the sweet or the bitter from everything we encounter on the road, and if we are resolved to look for the sores, the warts, the deformities, assuredly we shall find them in profusion, and the morbid appetite will grow with what it feeds on till we shall reach the terrible belief, that life is very real, very earnest, very dreadful, the greatest of all evils. Conceive how impossible it must be with that deep rooted and paralysing conviction to make anything worth having out of life. But you will demur. Facts are facts, and it is childish or disingenuous to pretend that white is black. Are facts facts? And how would you set about proving that trite and dark saying? I suppose most of us who are not atrabilious or glutted to satiety, allow that the Sun is a splendid golden fact, but what if you will insist upon looking at it through green glasses, or worse, hiding your heads in dark caves and refusing to see it at all? It is the fashion to say that facts are stubborn things; facts are really the most pliable, agreeable things, if you know how to deal with them. In that respect they faintly resemble statistics, which as we all know can be made by skilful manipulation to prove anything. But even if you don't yet see your way to transmuting facts, by the subtle alchemy of the mind, into precisely the material you may be in want of, you won't deny that there is a large and varied assortment of facts, and that there is no fetter upon the selective power. And my present point is that to make the most of yourselves, to render yourselves as serviceable as possible to the scheme of the Cosmos to which you belong, your wisest plan is to select the facts which conduce to gaiety and a joyous estimate of the

possibilities of life. The deliberately cultivated, earnest attitude, leads to the most demoralising habits of introspection and remorse. Most of your spare time will be spent in pin-pricking, and then you will contemplate yourselves with a pathetic surprise at being so sore and peevish and generally ineffective. There is no indulgence worse than that of remorse. The habitual penitent is more unutterably lost than the habitual drunkard. And he is infinitely more miserable. No one yet was ever the better for scourging and lacerating himself on account of past peccadillos. No healthy animal ever repents. If it is caught it pays the penalty on the spot, as sooner or later we all have to do ; but if it is not caught it goes on its way rejoicing, and never allows the thought of how very wicked it was yesterday to pollute the sunshine of to-day. To Man alone out of all creation. Man, who looks before and after, and pines for what is not, has been reserved this poignant self-torture. It is a weed and one of the worst weeds that springs from the soil of the earnest, the sad, the pessimistic view of life. If you would realise once and for all, that no amount of repentance, no agonies of regret will atone by the smallest fraction for the sin once committed, you might better fit yourselves for the work yet appointed you to do, and be strong in the resolution to sin no more. "Our Acts our Angels are for good or ill, our fatal shadows that walk by us still," sang the poet, and lied. They need only walk by us as long as they are companionable, as long as we desire that they should. The worst of them, are those we are in the habit of hugging closest to our lacerated and bleeding hearts, in the paroxysms of remorse. And their fatal poison infiltrates every fibre of our moral being till life indeed becomes deadly earnest and there is no health in us. That so awful a result, so utterly opposed to any possibility of benevolent superintending power, so destructive of every natural and wholesome energy should be possible at all, is largely due to the perverted opinion of the seriousness, the joylessness of life. I am not of course recommending you to set out on your voyage as the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, chartered libertines bent on the commission of every deadly sin, with the single exception of the deadliest, that of being found out. My purpose is altogether different. There are inexorable and immutable laws of cold impartial justice under which, be sure, you will be brought to book for every transgression. But you will not evade the payment of the debts you have incurred by snivelling ; by mawkish repentance ; by unfitting yourselves to do better in what space of time and activity is still allotted to you. And the more you allow your moral faculties to be clouded and clogged by the putrescence of dead and buried sins, the more firmly

will you be persuaded that this is a very horrible world, and that it was really a cruel injustice that you were ever born into it. The past hangs like an iron chain about the necks of too many of us. I don't want it to hang about the necks of any of you who are yet so young that the past is still prismatic with the radiance of irresponsible infancy, the soft influences of the pitying heavens. And that is why I say, Remember life is a splendid wholesome gay holiday ; full of the richest, most satisfying, ennobling potentialities. It is a garden of fruit and flowers ; you have only to enter it in the right glad spirit, to find it so, and never be troubled by the occasional weeds and nettles that lurk in the bypaths. But then you must hold your heads high, looking always upwards, to take into your vision the serenity and the majesty of the sweet sanative breath of the air off the loftiest hills. We must early make ourselves immune to the noxious vapours and influences here and there awaiting us ; but not, mark you, in the clumsy scientific way. To get the flower and essence of life's effervescent joy, you must not inoculate yourself first with every depressing and degrading influence. As a preparation to gay living and high thinking do not by way of guarding against the encroachments of pessimism, start with a course of the earnestness and the reality of life. For if you do you are likely to carry the consequences of the treatment, ineradicably operating on your enfeebled capacities, with you to the grave. The mere faults of the past, the sins which bulk so large on the horizon of every tender sensitive conscience, are in reality nothing, not worth considering. They are bogies and tyrants of our own creation, and we voluntarily submit ourselves to their hideous despotism. But it is otherwise with the habits of the past, the deliberate assumption of the garb we mean to wear, throughout the journey. These, and not our acts, our Angels are for good or ill, our fatal shadows that walk by us still. The habit of gloominess early becomes incurable. It is the natural result of taking life and ourselves much too seriously from the beginning. The best intentioned, the highest principled, the most richly gifted man in the world, who envelopes himself in an atmosphere of sorrow, or tragedy, or even earnestness, is little better in the race, than, were it a race for the fleetest of foot, the one-legged man would be. Of that I am certain, and I hope that when you have thought over the subject for yourselves, you will be as certain as I am. The gay, the joyous, the humble outlook on life will have nothing to do with remorse ; if the past is smirched and blotted, it resolutely turns its back upon it ; but it is quiveringly, passionately alive to the possibilities of the future. Yesterday, my friends, was an abominable day ; rain, hail, thunder, mud,

slush; what of it? To-morrow is a new day. That is what we are looking forward to; in full confidence that to-morrow the Sun will be shining, do not you even now, as the evening sets in, catch faint suggestions of the rainbow? we will brush off the mud and the stains of yesterday, and prepare for long beautiful hours in flowery meadow lands, holidays palpitating with light and colour, the songs of birds, the exquisite delight of life. He must indeed be far on the decline who each morning waking does not feel that the unfolding day has for him some brighter, purer, more auroral hour, than any that has gone before. In that spirit, the only true good worthy spirit, we shall soon learn to convert the past from a nightmare into a soothing and wise friend. It is in the power of each one of us, to mould his past as he will. I do not mean of course to alter the record. That no one may ever hope to do. The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your pity and wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it. Perfectly true, though the resonant note of anguish, and remorse too plainly indicates precisely the wrong spirit. You cannot obliterate one letter of the scroll; not one act done, can you ever undo. To that extent the past is irrevocable; but just because it is irrevocable, because it is out of your reach now to mend or mar, you waste your time in bathing its contents with idle tears. But regarded practically as a force re-acting upon your character and effectiveness as a moral agent, you are perfectly at liberty to use it or abuse it. Those who allow it to overwhelm them with its angry or sad reproaches, give it a license it is soon certain to abuse. There is a better way. The past, if it is suffered to become your master, will immediately become your tyrant, and a domineering, exacting, blustering bully. But make it first your slave; make it understand that you are not in the least afraid of it; that it cannot produce out of its most abysmal depths, a single monster, which shall make you lower your eyes, or abase your haughty head, and it will assume a totally different attitude. No longer full of menace, it comes to your bidding a docile sage counsellor; here and there, its most awful phantoms are dimly discernible, but only as terrible guardians of some abyss, to warn you should your feet again stray in that dangerous way. For the rest it is a storehouse of experience, from which you are to cull that which is most useful, most educative, most encouraging. And that discipline applied to the past, is the natural outcome of the sunny habit of looking on life, for it is inconceivable that any one who determined to find in every opening dawn new stores of hitherto untasted joy, should allow the sins and errors of the past to arise and bar the way. It is not remorse for

the committed sin, that has the least efficacy, but the deliberate progress onward and upward to a higher level, looking down from which we can calmly and without disturbing emotion review our former deeds, and know that we are now incapable of repeating them. Then and then only do they serve their useful purpose, of landmarks on the road ; measures of the progress we have made, ministers to the purification of each succeeding frolic mood, by supplying without alarm the contrast between what we were and what we are. Is not this something appreciably different from the weak and puling remorse which prostrates us on our faces ; we who should ever walk proudly erect fronting the stars, and the thunderbolts, propitiating we know not what, in the base and cowardly hope of being excused the payment of our just debts. There is something drably comic in the earnest, if I may say so, the corrective view of life. How sad, how very sad, a business it all is ! Such folk will say, here is A. cut off in the prime of his youth ; B. is down with an incurable and painful sickness ; C. has lost all his money and must now take to the broom at a crossing ; D.'s wife has run away,—was ever such an awful world ? As though the incidents in the lives of A.B.C.D. and the underlying but prompting fear, lest the like might not overtake the earnest speaker, had anything to do with the broad and exhilarating truth of the vitality and superb splendour of the Universe, of life. And the resultant mood, as of one on guard with an umbrella to protect himself against a thunderbolt, the stern determination to walk warily, to at least merit none of the calamities, with which his experience is profusely stored. Comic I say, because first of its baffling want of all humour and all proportion, next because of the tacit assumption that each of us has a life to himself, a piece of work to be solemnly and conscientiously done under the eye of a rigorous taskmaster, who will use the rod, instead of producing the money bag if there is the least remissness on the workman's part. It is likening Life to a bit of cobbling or gardening given to some poor fellow who has to earn his living that way ; he will cobble the shoe, or hoe the potato patch with a frenzied admirable zeal, and when it is done, he will straighten his bowed back, rub his dimmed eyes, and apply straightway for his wage. All the while, the world has been laughing and singing as gaily as you please about him, but he has missed the song and the laughter. He had his wages to earn, his tiny shoe to mend, his few potatoes to plant, and he is pleased and proud and satisfied that he has done it all so well. But I say we cannot occlude ourselves thus from life in the aggregate. We flow in the full stream, the motions of the planets, the tides of the oceans, the whirling star-dust in the highest heaven, or

part of the intoxicating, ecstasy of irresponsible irrational joy, the life of the world, our life, so long as we realise that we are it, and that it is pulsing furiously through our veins identifying us with the enduring mirth of the rejoicing Universe.

You do not consciously and of set purpose school yourselves into the joyous receptive mood; it is generated at once and permanently by a sense of harmony with the larger more exuberant gaieties of Nature; the moment you think about happiness as something outside yourselves to be pursued, you may be sure you have it not, and that it will in all likelihood always elude you. It is the same, it is not, with physical health. No man in perfect health talks or thinks about it; but the moment it is lost we are untiring in search of it. I would have you believe, then, that the first essential condition of the well lived life, is an invincible exultation, a steadily increasing joy in living simply, living with all else that is beautiful, gay and truly alive. I fancy I hear of some of you saying with that grave academic distrust of anything that savours however remotely of being mystical, that all this is fine and well sounding, but is it true, can it be proved, will it pass the laboratory tests? No, there is no test known to the Scientist which can be applied. There is no truth worthy the name which can be proved. We hear a great deal of the conflict between Science and Religion. We hear a great deal of the superiority of Science to Metaphysics. We hear a great deal of the bigotry of Religion; of the unconvincingness of the Metaphysics; and the claim which crude Scientists too often make for Science, that it is so much surer ground; that what it states it proves, what falls within its sphere it explains thoroughly. All this is of course untrue. Science, in the first place never attempts to explain anything. All that it does is to observe carefully and record the results of experience and observation. It is no more capable of proving ultimates, than the most transcendental mystic. It will demonstrate where its materials are sufficient, the normal results, as they are loosely called of recurring sequences; but ultimately it has to fall back on the pure reason, as helplessly as the metaphysician or the mystic—Reason, here in the largest and loosest sense, comprising all the mental, emotional, imaginative equipment of man. If you want an illustration ask any Scientist to prove to you the fundamental proposition, that matter is indestructible. No proof is possible that does not beg the question and rely finally on the unthinkableness of the opposite. In its own small domain Science is incredibly diligent, careful, in a word earnest; but the domain is so small, and the achievements, of which the fame is sent noisily reverberating round the globe so insignificant

after all. These are what most people understand by the realities of life, the concomitants of its earnestness. We have dinned into our ears day and night, the inestimable blessings which Science has conferred on the world; it is said to have made life so much easier, pleasanter, happier. And it proudly challenges on this most debatable ground the claims of all rivals and competitors. I think the challenge is easily met. If we dissociate physical comfort, mere convenience, from happiness, as in judging this cause, we are bound to do, I should unhesitatingly decide that a few splendid idle words spoken by a wandering Teacher, centuries ago, have contributed infinitely more to the sum of all human happiness, from that time and onward, than all the achievements discoveries, and inventions of Science put together. In the conduct of life one great thought, one high principle is worth more than a hundred steam engines, one illuminating revelation, than a thousand formulae. The intellect, although an admirable thing enough, and especially flattered and belauded at your time of life, is not, please recollect, the whole of our constitution, nor even perhaps the most important member of that complex body. There is always a risk, most marked perhaps in the days of Studentship, where the Intellectual faculty, while abnormally developed, is not of the finest quality, to ascribe to it a pre-eminence to which it really has no claim. In comparison with the emotional imaginative faculties, it is cold, colourless, attenuated. In comparison with the will, it is perceptibly but a humble subordinate. Unchecked by higher related powers, it is purely selfish, and makes at once for disintegration. The nation which is ruled by the intellect alone, is bound in a short time to fall in the scale, if it does not wholly disappear. Intellectual pride is the besetting sin of youth; its arrogant restrictions clip the wings of fancy, scale the eye of imagination, cripple the development of all the finer, more mysterious instincts. It needs to be early taught its limitations and kept strictly within them. But it must not be encouraged to intrude impudently and insubordinately upon domains and kingdoms greater than its own. The proof of the larger moral and spiritual truths is not to be sought or expected of the Intellect. No professor can demonstrate to you, so as to convince your reason, that it is better to love than to hate, better to take life as a joyous glorious gift, than as a lingering long-drawn-out penance.

Nor is any proof required. For if you resolve to take life in one or two other ways so it will prove Not a question, you say, of how better to regard it, but of what it really is; a blessing or a curse? Well of that again no proof can be given, for the simple reason, that it rests with you to make it the one or other for yourself; and the sure way to

make it a blessing is to start with the unalterable conviction, that it is essentially a wholesome, festive, merry, good thing. Avoid the crude rationalising habit, avoid submitting to unsuitable and inadequate tests, your finest intuitions, your most triumphant convictions. All that is best and most valuable in our lives, is essentially irrational, owes it special value to being irrational. The pre-eminent virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, these are all irrational. and if you would attempt to rationalise them you rob them at once of all spiritual efficacy. Whatever our reason may say to the contrary, we persist in acting upon our beliefs. You may prove to me by the most irrefutable logic that there is no such thing as the freedom of the will, that it is utterly inconceivable that there should be, and immediately you and I will go about our business basing all our calculations and acts upon the confident assumption that the will is free. It is impossible for you to prove to me that I exist outside your consciousness. I accept the validity of the intellectual argument, and acknowledge that it applies *mutatis mutandis*, but we shall both go our ways as firmly believing as ever in our separate existences. I shall continue to act as though you, you will continue to act as though I really had an existence of our own. These are the veriest commonplaces of thought yet they may serve to free you if ever so little from the despotism of the intellect. If our lives were to be limited to what, in terms of the intellect, we know, and of which we have proof, it were indeed hardly worth living at all. You cannot rationalise the highest ethics, much less any form of energising religious emotion, without destroying it; you cannot rationalise anything that in the narrow view of the schools needs rationalising, without taking all the beauty out of it, any more than you can rub the butterfly's radiant wing without effacing its perfectly harmonised colouring. The primitive conception of the Skies and all the heavenly host, that they were arrayed there to be glorious lights by day and night for the service of man, has been of course rationalised into modern astronomy; but I do not think that the substituted knowledge, such as it is, has added to the beauty or from the human point of view the ennobling dignity of the savage's belief. The result of converting Man's splendid lamps into vast revolving worlds has reduced man to a point of inconceivable insignificance. From being Lord and owner of the earth and the skies, with the Sun, Moon and Stars, he is revealed as little better than an invisible insect on an invisible dot, whirling through space in the train of immeasurably vaster worlds. And yet Man goes his way, head erect as ever, his reason perhaps convinced, but his truer self undaunted, in his innermost heart believing that however vast the universe about him, he is

of kin to that which is vaster, more permanent still. And that conviction precious and inspiring as it is, stands beyond the reach of all rationalising assaults. Man is the weakest thing in Nature; he is less able than almost any other animal to protect and support himself; nature may crush him in a thousand ways; yet he is stronger and greater than nature. Man is a reed, but a reed that thinks; and while the mighty, blind, dumb, resistless, elemental forces destroy him, in the moment of his destruction he knows that he is the mightiest, for that which slays knows nothing, that which is slain knows that it is slain and how. Looked at in the narrow cold focus of Reason alone Man appears to be the smallest, the most contemptible thing; and if you give too much authority to the reason, and adopt that conclusion, it is likely that in a very short time you will be living down to it, and in fact become mean and utterly contemptible. But the faith which is in him tells Man that he is not so despicable, that he has in him sparks of the Divine, germs of the Infinite, and in proportion as that aspect of his complex nature prevails, he grows gigantic towards the stars; his purposes are noble and only to be accomplished by noble thoughts words and deeds. There is not a day or an hour, as I have already said, in which we do not calmly set aside the judgments of the Reason, and act upon our instinctive beliefs. There is probably not a person in this room, who does not believe, that on leaving it he will be able to choose whether he will return to his home by this road or that, whether to-morrow he will not have the choice of eating this or that food, whether if he pleased he might not pick up a stone in the street and throw it at the first passer-by, whether in a word he is not in every particular a free agent. Yet there is probably hardly a person in this room whose reason could not easily be convinced, and would then assure him that we have no freedom whatever, that we are nothing but a moving row of shadow shapes that come and go, round by the sun-illumined lantern held at midnight by the Master of the Show. I expect that we all believe that we see horses, and birds and men in motion, yet if you appeal to the reason it will tell you that it is impossible to see motion, and that is more than doubtful whether motion exists. We all believe and act practically on the belief that Achilles would overtake the tortoise, yet for centuries the Reason has boggled over the problem, and on the whole has been inclined to give the race to the Tortoise. In every detail of our lives we are, happily for ourselves, thoroughly irrational; the beliefs, the instincts by which we are guided, are vivid and dominant; the verdicts of reason are dim and remote. Thus we have long ago consented, to avoid the trouble of further idle discussion, to

accept the roundness of the world. But I doubt whether there is one in a thousand who ever really thinks of himself, much less believes in himself walking about his daily work head downwards. The reason gives us the law of gravity, we accept it without enthusiasm; but we do not understand it, nor is it at all likely that we ever shall. Bodies may fall according to the formula, and as far as our experience has yet gone, they do; but why they do, is a question which Science and Reason cannot answer. Our belief in the law of gravity, which reason and the collective experience of the race approve, is not half so strong and operative as our belief in our neighbour, which all reason and experience emphatically denies. If then in all the small and insignificant acts of living we are willingly swayed by faith, in preference to Reason, why may we not gladly accept the same guidance in higher things, in more exalted spheres, wherein Reason at the best has but a restricted jurisdiction. But our pyrrhonic Sceptics are in the habit of replying in a fine frenzy of righteous indignation "belief is desecrated when given to unproved and unquestioned statements for the solace and private pleasure of the believers. Who would deserve well of his fellows in this matter will guard the purity of his belief with a very fanaticism of jealous care, lest at any time it should rest on an unworthy object, and catch a stain which can never be wiped away . . . it is wrong always, everywhere, and for every one to believe anything upon insufficient evidence." Now that may strike you as very fine and healthy and unanswerable. But I should be sorry indeed to think that it was. There is a good deal of will in every prevalent belief, and in this connection will is made up of a number of factors, hope, fear, prejudice, passion, imitation, partisanship, all the influences which Mr. Balfour groups under the term Authority, and which set us believing, we hardly know how or why. I should not be in the least surprised to hear that ninety-nine per cent of those who are here to-night, believe in molecules, the conservation of energy, and necessary progress; and I am quite certain that they could not support those beliefs by any reasons worthy the name. After all, the great Scientist whose protest against unreasoned belief I have quoted to you, would undoubtedly have pledged himself to a belief in Truth itself; that there is a truth, and that our minds and it are made for each other. Yet what is this, asks Professor James, but a passionate affirmation of desire in which our social system backs us up? There is no criterion of absolute truth; reason can never decide positively that this is unshakably, unalterably, eternally true. Ponder a little over this, "Evidently then our non-intellectual nature does influence our convictions. There are passional tendencies,

and volitions which run before and others which come after belief, and it is only the latter that are too late for the fair; and they are not too late when the previous passional work has been already in their own direction." And this is the main thesis which is always worth considering namely, "Our passional nature not only lawfully may, but must decide an option between propositions, whenever it is a genuine option that cannot by its nature be decided on intellectual grounds; for to say, under such circumstances, do not decide but leave the question open, is itself a passional decision just like deciding yes or no, and is attended with the same risk of losing the truth." Let me also remind you that the most confirmed empiricists are only empiricists on reflection; left to their own instincts they dogmatise like infallible Popes, or the youngest Students. When they reject honoured and inspiring beliefs on the ground of the evidence being insufficient, they do not mean that there is really no question of insufficiency of evidence with them; they mean that the evidence on the other side is completely sufficient, which it never is and they would be sorely pressed to make good. And the point to which I am bringing you, if you have rightly followed me, is this, that in hundreds of matters, belief is utterly indifferent; it cannot really matter whether you believe this or that theory of Radium and its action, this or that theory of light transference. In a word, over the whole field of science where the final beliefs are not forced upon us, it is the business of every one to reject that which is not supported, if not by absolutely convincing, at least by the best evidence. The scientist is a recorder first, and it is not till he hopes to become an inventor that he has to theorise at all. But in morals it is different. Some opinions are not forced upon us, others are. Moral questions, as I indicated at the beginning of my remarks on the earnest conception of life, are not so much questions of what sensibly does exist, but of what ought to exist, of what would be good if it did exist. The Will, and the Will alone decides whether we are to have moral beliefs or not. The intellect has nothing to say to this. "If your heart does not want a world of moral reality, assuredly your head will never make you believe in one." The heart, as Pascal said, has its reasons, and the sphere, they are the determining reasons. If I had time I think I could prove to your satisfaction that not infrequently faith in a fact can help create that fact, and where that is so, and the fact is consonant with our passional desires, it would be the worst form of logic to say that faith running ahead of scientific evidence is immoral. The agnostic's rule of thinking which has always carried so much more weight than it deserved is manifestly an irrational

rule, and so from his point of view, at once ruled out. It amounts to this that he would preclude me from accepting certain kinds of possible truths, which may turn out to be really and actually true, not only true but of the most vital importance. He prefers the risk of losing essential truth, to the risk of error; I don't. In both cases we make our decision; in both cases we play our stake, he backs the field against Religion, I back religion against the field. What is the difference? Certainly I do not see that he has the least right to vaunt any superiority. Suppose you wish to marry, but put off asking the lady for ever because you are not certain that she will prove the angel you have imagined her; do not you effectually shut yourself off from the angel possibility? True when you had married her she might prove a vixen; but she might prove an angel, and if you won't make up your mind to risk the vixen, you certainly can't win the angel. Wherever in vital matters there is a living hypothesis, a hypothesis that is at least alive for you, then you have a forced option, if I may use that paradoxical phrase. I mean that you have an option, and that you must make it. You must either believe or refuse to believe. Do not confound this with attempting to revive a dead hypothesis; that is quite impossible; certain ancient and well accredited hypothesis are now as dead as Julius Cæsar, and it would be the most fantastic folly to attempt to resuscitate them. But do not at the same time fall into the opposite vulgar error of defining faith, as pretending to believe in that which we know not to be true. If we know a thing not to be true, it is dead for us; but there are other things which while wholly alive are in the domain of faith still, and the true function of faith is believing in those things which we hope may ultimately prove to be true, and which if true will yield the supremest satisfactions to the best and noblest parts of our nature. In advocating the worth, the efficacy, even the necessity of faith, we must never confound Faith with superstition, or credulity. It is right and wholesome to believe that we have a spark of Divinity in us, making us of kin to the Eternal Perfection; but it is wrong to believe that the two rival churches or monasteries each contain the skull of a departed saint, or to accept the explanation that one was his skull when he was a boy. It is right and wholesome to believe that the soul is immortal, but it is wrong to believe that anointing with holy oil confers any specially kingly qualities. These distinctions are obvious, and I should not have stated them, but for the fact that it is precisely the obvious that is most often over-looked. Just as the most uncommon sense, is that which we mean by common sense. The foregoing remarks have been made on the

understanding that the objects of this society are to place life on the highest level, and to fit its members to do it and themselves the amplest justice. I have tried to indicate some points of view from which the consideration of those objects may I think be profitably approached. Every ethical association, and this I suppose is mainly an ethical association, aims principally at improving not only the lives of those who belong to it, but the lives of all those with whom they may come in contact. And this implies higher ideals, the finest and largest conception of life for the individual and the community. That is why, not perhaps without circumlocution and ambiguity, I have presented the central idea of a great universal joy, as the mainspring of all healthy natural life and next the desirability of supplementing that basic conception with a series of inspiring, unprovable, irrational beliefs. The cardinal initial mistake of most reformers is that they assume life to be on the whole a very bad thing and themselves the appointed instruments of improving it. Whereas life is a very good thing and our true aim should be to live up to its full potentialities.

The modern attitude towards this and most other really important things is deplorable. It is a thin shallow cynicism. It professes to disregard precisely what ought to be most regarded while it fritters itself away on trifles. It is a common everyday experience to hear some one say in fashionable circles, that life is not worth living, and the observation passes unchallenged, as though it were the merest truism, on the same level as stating that it is a fine day. No one believes the speaker, least of all does he believe himself. If there were any truth in the trite and mischievous words, if that truth really had a hold of the minds of any large number of us, surely we should reverse every one of our habits, and concentrate ourselves upon getting rid with the least possible delay of such a disagreeable thing as life. But it is all part of a fashionable pose, which pretends to think that it matters a good deal what a man thinks of anything in particular, but that it does not matter at all what he thinks of everything. This is the reverse of the keynote of all the great periods in which men lived strongly, hilariously, and happily, in the plenitude of healthy vigour; when they were not ashamed to be natural, and were as sentimental and irrational, as exuberant children. Then it mattered so much what one thought of everything, that because two philosophers differed about their view of the Universe the stronger burnt the weaker at Smithfield. This was perhaps carrying exuberance too far; but it stands out in refreshing contrast with the flabby anaemic silly indifferentism of the modern decadents. Truly it matters nothing

or next to nothing what you may think of this book or that painter, of this or that food, or scientific discovery ; but it matters much what you think of the Universe. Before we can hope to live life well, and help others to live it well, we must have a clear idea of what life at the best, is. It is a feast we are sharing with the gods. Our place at the banquet table may at present be lowly, but that is no reason why we should fly to the kitchen to sit at the top of the scullions' board. We need the highest ideals, the most inspiring beliefs, to attract and satisfy our expanding natures. It is impossible yet to say whether they will turn out to be true or false. It is as impossible to say whether our lowest and most degrading ideals and beliefs will finally prove to be true or false ; but should it turn out to be all delusion it is surely better to have mistaken oneself for a god than an ape. And there can, I suppose, be no serious question of the immediate influence for good upon character and conduct of steadfastly trying to live up to our noblest conceptions. If they correspond to no other reality, they correspond at least to the reality of some internal vision of our own. The natural product of this acceptance of life is a gay, sanguine exuberance which makes itself felt in every company. Realising the majestic splendours and infinite gladnesses of that endless life stream to which you belong, daily strengthening your sense of identity with it, you must acquire the serene, tranquil fearlessness, which is a condition of all marked spiritual or moral growth. In this mood it becomes daily safer to be thoroughly natural. The hollowness of fashionable self-repression, which has of late dominated England, stands exposed for what it is, a silly sham. One of our most popular fetiches, has now for some years been the strong silent man. But while all history is ablaze with the feats of the noisy sentimental man, not one page has yet been adorned by the Strong and Silent One. This like the rest of its contemporary Shibboleths, is the mark and badge of decadence. It is a result of that gloomy outlook on life, which again is sure to accompany the sceptical spirit. As soon as you find yourself talking always about your health you may be sure you are no longer healthy ; as soon as you are always talking about efficiency, you have ceased to be effective. With the negation of all belief, all religion, and therefore all exuberant joy, comes the day of the strong and silent man. He is the type of that concentrated selfish egotism which is the precise opposite of that diffused confident joyousness, indispensable to a correct understanding appreciation, and therefore living, of life. The strong and silent man can only be idolised by a generation in which the majority of men are weak and the majority of talkers babblers of vain things. I am not advocating empty

loquacity ; nothing is more weakening, or wearisome, than the flow of speech to no definite purpose. But between this extreme and that affectation of a grim silence as a cloke of some mysterious reserve of strength, there is ample space. I would have the man who rightly values himself, who rightly understands the rich life of which he is a part, spontaneously communicative ; as naturally surcharged with the sympathy, the humour, the gaiety of the world, and as naturally ready to impart it, as the sun its daily radiance.

I suppose that this society, like the rest of the civilised world is to a greater or less extent infected with the idea that this is pre-eminently an age of progress, and that among its chief objects should be that of strenuously assisting the stately march of progress. Well I should heartily applaud that sentiment were I quite sure that we were agreed upon the meaning of progress. In an age of scepticism and negation it ought to be obvious that progress is out of the question, unless indeed it be wholly unconscious, automatic, evolutionary progress. For until we have made up our minds about the direction we are to take, progress is a word of doubtful import. Some one has very truly said that no one ought to advocate progress unless he is next to infallible, and has at least a cast iron creed. Then right or wrong he knows his own mind, and when he talks of progress, he speaks with no uncertain sound. Others may differ from him about the value of the direction. He may maintain that he is progressing towards God, and they that he is progressing towards Devil but both are equally clear about the main direction, though they may not be so certain about what is awaiting them at the end. Where, however, the age really has no convictions of any sort, where it disputes about the need of moving in this way at all, it is as idle to talk of progress being consciously and beneficially directed as it would be to stir up an ant's nest, and then point to the circling hordes as an example of busy useful progress. If we are really sensibly to progress, we ought to be agreed upon our goal. And that is the difficulty of the present day, that most of those who talk most and loudest of progress are at loggerheads as to what they respectively mean. A society of this kind, however, while no doubt it would wish to combine practical work with its ethical aims, should be ruled chiefly by broad principles. It ought, I think, to make the formation and cultivation of high character, its first object. When the members have carefully trained their minds to noble thoughts, their impulses to noble deeds, their aspirations to noble accomplishments, they may safely be trusted to display their activities on appropriate occasions each according

to his nature, and his standards of right and wrong. Conduct is a reflection of character, and in its turn re-acts upon character. But the formation of character, proceeding synchronously with external conduct, does not depend on that alone. It is nurtured rather by invisible but unintermittent thought processes. The habit of adapting the mind to the reception of fine, noble, pure thought, and the rejection of contaminating, debasing, coarse thought ; and next to receiving only the best quality of thought, is the leading process in character building. And therefore I would suggest to this brotherhood to purposefully practise high thinking, as a mental exercise, in order that by degrees their characters and also their conduct and example may become habitually as beautiful and ennobling as the thoughts they have taught themselves to welcome.

The law of attraction probably holds good in the realms of thought as well as in the physical world. Like to like. And so by cultivating the best thoughts you will attract to yourselves all the best thoughts of others, and by persevering and co-operating along this line, may hope in time to create about you a mental climate that will do for sick hearts and cankered souls, what the pure air of high mountains does for the fever-worn sufferer.

I think I was candid enough at the commencement of this address to warn you not to expect an orthodox sermon ; or indeed anything like a connected discourse. I should have liked to methodise what I had to say to you a little more ; but you must recollect that I have little leisure, and that I have to snatch what spare moments I can for throwing together thoughts such as those I have been offering you this evening. I feel that they are mere strays, that some main thread connecting them together should have been more clearly perceptible than it is ; and that, maybe, some of you will be disappointed at the absence of anything like practical advice. It would, believe me, have been very easy to take some current events for my text and to have lectured to you in the usual didactic way about what good boys do and what bad boys do, in those circumstances. But I have tried to pay you a better compliment than that. I have tried to give you something to think about for yourselves. I have touched many controversial questions of the first magnitude, appropriate, I think, to the needs of a society of Student Brethren. And if I have avoided preaching to you on common everyday lines, recommending you this or that line of conduct, it is because I want you to shape your conduct not upon the admonition of a lecturer, but upon the solid basis of principle which you have thought out and deliberately approved for yourselves. If you accept my view of life and

the best way of living it, if you accept my view of the value of ennobling beliefs and lofty ideals, if you accept my view of the potency of deliberately trained thought, and if you thereupon set yourselves to lay down a set of principles for yourselves, by which, when an emergency arises, you will regulate your conduct, I for one have no fear that you will not act rightly, honestly, wisely. The practical application is however of comparatively little importance. What is of the greatest importance is to have a correct and clear understanding of the goodness, the splendour, the glory and the gladness of life, and to set ourselves about living it accordingly, in a spirit of happy gratitude. Be happy and assuredly you will be good.

Bombay.

F. C. O. BEAMAN.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Mr. Morley's Optimism.

It is improbable that any Cabinet will place at the head of the India Office a Secretary of State who believes that the country under his charge is going from bad to worse. If such be the faith that is in him, he may expect to be told by his countrymen that he had better make room for others. Mr. Morley, however, in presenting the Indian Budget to the House of Commons, protested that he viewed the "real issues" raised by the figures with an impartial and independent eye. And we believe him. We might challenge some of his conclusions or suggest qualifications, but his sincerity is transparent, and his reasons are intelligible. Mr. Morley does not deny that India is a poor country, and that the distribution of wealth is unequal, but he sees signs of improvement among the diverse populations of India and in the material resources of the country as a whole. Epigram betrayed him into an inaccuracy, when he said: "That India is a poor country I do not deny; that the system of Government is costly I know; that it is extravagant I suspect. But there is not one of those three things I could not say of my own country." We doubt if the Secretary of State intended to say that his own country was poor: we rather think he meant that there was poverty in the United Kingdom as there is in India—which is quite a different statement—and that the poverty problem is one which every country has to solve. We have no quarrel with Mr. Morley because he remembered his own poor countrymen. Let poverty disappear from all lands, if possible. What did the figures indicate about our country? The picture drawn by him has been distorted by some of his critics, and he has been taken to task as if he regarded railways and foreign commerce as, in themselves, the

most important signs of improvement. Mr. Morley's argument was different : his statements seriatim were as follow :—

1. The land revenue has gone up by £1,500,000, because the productive value of the land has gone up and more land is brought under cultivation.

2. The excise has increased by £1,500,000—partly due, no doubt, to higher duties, but due also to increased consumption.

3. Customs have risen, because more manufactured goods of particular kinds have been bought.

4. The most important tributary of the stream so copiously fed from so many affluents is the railways. The economic effects of their great beneficent action must be pretty obvious, as for example, in connection with the transportation of produce to districts afflicted with scarcity and famine from districts which are more prosperous, in connection with the inland migration, which is of peculiar importance in India where some districts are very poor and others worse than poor, and *also* in connection with the rapid and satisfactory increase in commerce, which would have been impossible but for this development of railway communication.

5. Ten years ago the value of Indian merchandise and produce exported was £73,000,000; last year it was £105,500,000—an increase of 44½ per cent. Ten years ago the value of imported merchandise into India was £46,250,000; last year it was £68,750,000—an increase of 48½ per cent.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Morley has not placed railways and foreign trade in the forefront of the evidences of improvement. He begins with the development of cultivation, notices what he regards as the signs of increasing purchasing power, points out the value of railways in the internal economy of the country, and lastly refers to foreign commerce. This is a different picture from what we have seen attributed to him by some of his critics. Mr. Morley viewed independently and impartially as many figures as the House had the patience to listen to. He has no doubt examined and pondered over more. Let us call attention to some to which we attach a considerable degree of importance. It is true that more land is brought under cultivation; but has this advance, and particularly the advance in the actual yield of the land, kept pace with the increase of population? Let us take a dozen years, ending 1903-4, and compare the average acreage under food-grains in the first six years with that in the next half of the period. The average area under food-grains

during the first half of the period was 176 million acres, during the latter half 179 million acres. This gives an increase of less than 3 per cent. in ten years. The population multiplies at a higher rate. Taking two of the principal crops, of which the annual yield is estimated, we find that the average area under rice during the first half of the period was 68·2 million acres, during the second half 71·4 million acres—an increase of 4·7 per cent. This is not altogether unsatisfactory. The average estimated yield, however, was 427 million cwts. during the first half and 443 million cwts. during the second half of the period—an increase of 3·7 per cent., which is not commensurate with the increase in the area under the particular crop. The explanation may lie partly in the character of the seasons, but it is also probable that the land that is newly brought under cultivation is not as good as the old land. The average area under wheat declined from 20·1 to 19·7 million acres. Though the difference may seem small, and may be attributable to some peculiar features of the particular years which have been selected for comparison, yet the absence of increase is noticeable. It appears, however, that the average yield rose from 6·6 to 7·1 million tons—an increase of 7·5 per cent., which is not unsatisfactory, if we assume that the estimates were uniformly reliable. We are not inclined to raise the alarm that the yield of food-grains lags much behind the advance of population, but we have no hesitation in saying that an increase in the mere area under cultivation should not make us rejoice. There are certain signs which require to be carefully watched. While the area under food-grains is increasing, that under fibres is increasing still more rapidly, and this tendency is particularly pronounced in Bengal, as will be seen from the following figures, which represent millions of acres:—

	All India.		Bengal.	
	Food-grains.	Fibres.	Food-grains.	Fibres.
1899-1900...	164·8	10·8	51·7	2·2
1900-01 ...	182·0	12·2	48·8	2·3
1901-02 ..	176·9	13·1	48·4	2·5
1902-03 ...	183·7	13·8	49·5	2·3
1903-04 ...	187·5	15·0	47·7	2·6

We have spoken of the significance of these figures only as a tendency. It is a tendency which cannot be ignored, because there

is a growing desire in England to promote by every possible means the growth of cotton and jute in India for the benefit of British manufacturers, though Indian manufacturers too will share the benefit. The local Governments do not provide any artificial encouragement to cotton and jute, to the detriment of the food-grains. The tendency, to which we refer, is not attributable to any active measures adopted by Government, but to the economic contact of India with the rest of the world. Whatever the causes may be, a set-back to the increase in the yield of food-grains would be deplorable. The question is not whether there is "enough of food" grown in the country: we have also to consider the effect which a contraction of the yield would produce on the prices, as the population multiplies.

What is the effect of railways on the distribution of food-grains? Mr. Morley values railways primarily for the facilities which they afford for the internal distribution of food-supply. He does not, however, forget that the articles of food leave the country in somewhat large quantities and the railways promote the drain. The relative part played by the railways in internal distribution and in the drain of food-supplies to foreign countries is difficult to determine. The comparative utility, moreover, must differ with the particular article of export. Thus, in 1905, the railways carried about 68 million cwts. of rice in all India: excluding Burma, the quantity carried was 52.6 millions. The quantity exported from India in 1904-5 was 48.8 million cwts.; excluding Burma it was perhaps about 17 millions. Thus in the case of rice the specific utility of railways for internal distribution may roughly be stated to be at least twice its utility in helping the export to foreign countries, assuming that the exported rice was all brought to the ports by railways, in the whole of India *minus* Burma. The total quantity of wheat carried by the railways in 1904 was 73 million cwts., while the quantity exported in 1904-5 was 43 million cwts. Assuming that the exported wheat was all brought to the ports by the railways, we might say that the railways were more useful to the exporter than for the internal distribution of the grain. As to the economic effects of this drain, the average annual yield of rice during the twelve years' period above referred to was 435 million cwts.; the average quantity exported was 30 million cwts. The first year of the period was a particularly bad one for export. It

may be said that about 75 per cent. of the estimated yield of rice is exported. Nearly two-thirds of this quantity comes from Burma. Remembering that all the rice exported is not carried by railways, and the export is not from the same area for which the yield is estimated, we may perhaps conclude that the railways help in the depletion of about 2 per cent. of the estimated produce in the part of India outside Burma. The same percentage in the case of wheat would seem to work out at a little less than 10, which we are not disposed to regard as a negligible proportion. The drain must have an effect on the prices, and if India had real fiscal independence we suspect that it would have been minimised by a heavy export duty on the food-grains. It may be too much to expect Mr. Morley, in the circumstances in which his party was returned to power, to check the natural course of trade by fiscal devices.

Yet it is worth while reminding British statesmen that the circumstances of India are entirely different from those of the United Kingdom. Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals wrecked his party, because they were understood to involve the taxation of food, which would make bread dearer. Here if the prices of food-grains rise, the Government is unable to stir its little finger: it has to sing the pæans of Free Trade, because it has served the purposes of English manufacturers. We are not quite sure if Mr. Chamberlain's reforms would have resulted in the utter rout of his party if he had proposed to cheapen food by some device or other. Here, whether food gets cheaper or dearer, the natural course of trade cannot be interfered with. It is felt everywhere that living is getting dearer, the national temper is thereby becoming more and more irritable, with a constant tendency to hold the foreigner responsible for the poverty of the country, and strikes among the working classes are becoming more and more frequent. Of course the "agitator" is abroad, but he does not scatter the seed on barren soil. We write by the yard on the evils of the "drain," but the only proposals to stop it, which are put forward, are those which would impede the free circulation of the commodities within the country itself. You stop bleeding by stopping the circulation of blood. Mr. Morley was right in emphasising the value of railways in distributing the produce within the country, where some districts are poor and others worse than poor. When they serve to deplete the country of the food which is in consequence

becoming dearer, though not absolutely scarce, we have to think of a remedy which will minimise the evil without affecting the good. The subject is not free from difficulties, but a discussion will be daily becoming more and more imperative. The efforts made by the new party in the National Congress to awaken among the working classes a desire to improve their lot must sooner or later bring to the front the question of cheapening food by those fiscal methods which are resorted to in other countries.

It was from considerations of convenience, rather than from fear of subjecting Indian affairs to careful scrutiny, that Mr. Morley objected to the periodical appointment of a Committee or Commission to travel over the whole field of Indian Government and report upon it. If separate important questions are investigated and discussed in Parliament from time to time, it is difficult to see what special purpose is served by an omnibus inquiry once in twenty years. We may have smaller inquiries at shorter intervals, as occasion arises. Mr. Morley himself suggested the discussion of education and the apportionment of the cost of military operations between India and England. He has evidently some new ideas on these subjects, and it will be interesting to know them. In the course of the debate which followed Mr. Morley's speech the incidence of taxation in India was much commented on. Sir Henry Fowler maintained that the land tax was really not a tax, and that the real taxation bore less oppressively on the people here than the taxation of any other country in the world. The income of the people was also referred to. It is desirable that these questions should be thoroughly threshed out. It may be no fault of Government that the country is poor. Mr. Morley once remarked that if there are educated men in India who can discuss European politics as well as any Englishman, there are also tribes which are as ignorant and backward as the dark races of Central Africa. This remark has particular application to the economic condition of the people. The average income is obtained by dividing the total income by a number which includes people in a very backward state of civilisation. Education has yet to spread among the masses, and new and more profitable methods of extracting wealth from Mother Earth have yet to be taught. Until recently the accepted doctrine of political wisdom was *laissez faire*: the function of the Government was supposed to

be mainly to maintain peace and to promote public health and public convenience. It was supposed that industrial advancement was to be achieved by private enterprise, with very little aid from the State. In these circumstances the slow advancement of the country in material prosperity causes no surprise. The taxes to be paid by a country depend upon the particular needs of that country. A comparative study of taxation in the various countries of the world does not help us in determining what would be equitable for our own purposes and to meet our own peculiar obligations. Yet evidently our introduction to civilisation should not impose upon us an administration which is more costly than we can afford to pay for. Hence an authoritative discussion of the incidence of taxation, as compared with the income, is eminently desirable to determine the scale of expenditure, and if possible to reduce the pressure of taxation. Sir Henry Fowler is anxious to exclude the land revenue from the category of taxes, perhaps because if it was regarded as a tax, its incidence would have to be considerably reduced, so that it might appear equitable in comparison with other taxes. Granting that the agricultural industry may be more heavily taxed than other forms of industry, partly because it is a monopoly and partly because it is less precarious and requires less skill, we have yet to know what part of the gross produce is appropriated by the State, and how such appropriation affects the people who live upon the land. The Government of India, in its Resolution of January 1902, has maintained, in reply to Mr. Dutt and others, that the assessment is generally less than a fifth of the gross produce, and we are also told how it varies from district to district and from province to province. This kind of information does not enable us to understand the requirements and resources of the taxpayer, and how the tax, collected in the orthodox manner, affects his well-being. In fact, the inquiry demanded by the Famine Union, and supported among others by Lord Ripon, who is now in the Cabinet, may well be undertaken in Mr. Morley's time. We have now emerged from the succession of particularly bad years which might have vitiated the inquiry. We are not now passing through a period of special distress, and the conclusions arrived at in the fairly good seasons that we are likely to have when the inquiry proceeds would not be misleading.

CURRENT EVENTS,

The full text of Mr. Morley's speech on the Indian Budget was received in India in the second week of last month. His firm attitude in regard to the partition of Bengal and his optimism regarding the material condition of the people of this country have made him somewhat unpopular. But his open-minded sincerity and his expressed sympathy with the Congress and the aspirations of the educated classes have on the whole acquired for him an amount of goodwill and esteem which few other British statesmen would have found it easy to secure at the present moment. His exhortation to the House not to be frightened by the ebb and flow of feeling in countries where there is any political life was evidently intended as an answer to Mr. O'Donnell, whose amendment—unfortunately closed out—on the partition of Bengal conveyed a veiled threat touching the loyalty of the Bengalis if the partition was not revoked or modified. The Prime Minister's reply to Mr. O'Donnell that his honourable colleague would be prepared to reconsider the question, if substantial grounds were shown for such step, has been understood by some in India that there is still a ray of hope for the anti-partitionists. The general opinion, however, is that all the grounds which could be advanced have already been submitted to the Secretary of State, and it is not possible now to go in search of anything more substantial. The agitation against the measure is continued by some, though Sir Bampfylde Fuller's resignation has deprived it of much of the support which it used to derive from the concurrent agitation against what was taking place in his province. The usual form which the agitation has assumed is the preaching of the Svadeshi creed. It remains to be seen whether the extension of the Svadeshi movement will be regarded by Mr. Morley as a substantial

ground for yielding. The Svadeshi doctrine seems to be preached independently also of the anti-partition agitation, as the only possible remedy for the impoverishing drain which is said to be taking place in consequence of the foreign trade and foreign enterprise in India. It has now become difficult to separate the more comprehensive movement in Bengal in favour of what is called national self-help from the anti-partition agitation. The result of the confluent streams is sufficiently plain. A recent meeting of leading Hindus and Muhammadans at Dacca referred regretfully to incidents in which "disgusting and insulting behaviour was offered to individuals of different sections of the community, including ladies, while using the public thoroughfares of the town." A vigilance committee was accordingly formed to take steps to prevent a recurrence of such incidents. The leading members of the Native communities will be more useful and successful in dealing with the situation than the police and the magistracy, whose interference, without popular approval and support, must necessarily exasperate, instead of either conciliating or suppressing.



One result of the agitation, as much in favour of self-help as against the partition, has been the frequency of strikes among railway servants. These are taught, in imitation of approved Western methods, to form themselves into Unions, to press their demands against the employers in collective and organised fashion, and to control the actions of the individual operatives in obedience to the resolutions of the Unions. This is essentially an industrial, rather than a political movement. It is engineered by educated men, who are not always justly dubbed "agitators," and the success of the movement will no doubt depend upon the intelligence and staying power of the workmen, on the one hand, and the attitude of the employers, on the other. The strike at Jamalpur appears to have collapsed. However, the particular kind of activity and patriotism which underlies this feature of public life in Bengal promises to out-live the anti-partition agitation.



The resignation of Sir Bampfylde Fuller was followed by several meetings of protest by Muhammadans in different parts of India. The retiring Lieutenant-Governor himself lent countenance to what

appeared to be a deep resentment by Muhammadans of a weak concession to Hindu agitators, and in replying to a farewell address he told the community, whose interests he claimed specially to have advanced, that they cannot always look to Government for an impartial promotion of their interests unless they worked for their own good.

While it is true that the British administrator cannot ignore the incompatibilities of aim and interest between Hindus and Mahammadans, nothing is more inexpedient, and sometimes more dangerous, than to exaggerate racial prejudices and to appear to take advantage of them. It certainly is not statesmanship of a high order, and it is not likely that the policy of countenancing racial jealousies will ever be acknowledged by the generality of British administrators. The Dacca meeting, above referred to, seems to show that under the new ruler there are already forces at work which will unite the two sections of the population, instead of widening the gulf between them.



In accordance with Mr. Morley's announcement, a Committee of the Governor-General's Council has already been formed to consider the three questions which had been pressed upon his attention by the National Congress—the extension of the time given for the discussion of the Budget in Calcutta, the moving of amendments to “the proposals of the Viceroy and his advisers,” and the expansion of the representative element in the Legislative Council. All these are moderate reforms, involving no startling or violent departures. They may be expected to give a moderate amount of satisfaction. What can it cost Government to give a little more time for the discussion of the Budget, or to allow non-official members to move amendments, if the Government has the majority on its side and the amendments can be easily thrown out if the Government members do not approve of them? To throw out non-official suggestions, not by assertion of authority, but by a pretended majority, is a formal imitation of the Parliamentary procedure, without the reality which underlies it. The Government here does not represent the majority of the people: it overrides the proposals of the non-official members, because it is the responsible Government. The method employed is purely artificial: it consists in withdrawing a number of officials from the duties for which they are paid and pro-

ducing them before, the Council for voting purposes. The official members who are selected from the provinces cannot undertake to represent even the Governments of the provinces from which they hail. The utmost they can do is to contradict the non-official members if they are in a position to do so. It is quite open to the Local Governments to repudiate their views. The strongest objection to the system is not that it is a sham : it is worse, for it prevents the expansion of the non-official representation of the people, whether by election or by selection. Sooner or later it must be perceived that the non-official vote should stand apart, and that the Government must over-rule because it is Government. That is the fact, and no system can last long which is based on a fiction. The emancipation of the non-official vote will pave the way to a free expansion of representation : it will be the first step in the evolution of a constitution, similar, as far as circumstances permit, to what is generally adopted in all civilised countries.



There was a cryptic sentence in Mr. Morley's speech, which has given rise to much speculation. He said that he sometimes thought "we made a mistake in not attaching the weight we ought to these powerful Princes, as standing forces in India." It has been surmised that the Secretary of State wishes to revive the Council of the Empire, which enjoyed a paper existence in the time of Lord Lytton. Perhaps Mr. Morley was referring only to some scheme of making the Protected Princes contribute to the defence of the Empire. Whether Mr. Morley's reforms of the constitution prove illusory or beneficial, what India needs most is timely rains. For the present we rejoice to think that in the year which brought the visit of the Prince of Wales to a close, the gods have generously opened the gates of the Region of the Waters.

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A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND (1815—1823).

DURING the White Terror a youth of fifteen was hurried off to England, the following eight years being spent by him in our midst.

Son of a *conventionnel* and ex-priest, married to a Dutch Protestant, boy although he was Philarète Chasles had just endured a month's horrible imprisonment in the Conciergerie. The period was one of fabricated plots and sedulously nursed suspicions. That the lad had been apprenticed to a printer of republican antecedents did duty for a conviction. "All of us have been more or less in prison," he wrote jestingly years later. "Such an experience has happened to yourself, to me, to everybody. A very commonplace renown that!" But when in 1831 he revisited the Conciergerie, no longer the dark, damp, loathsome place he remembered, every familiar horror came back. Once more he fancied himself a prisoner breathing a fetid atmosphere, tossing on a filthy bed, barely kept alive by black bread and water, worse still, thrown among degraded criminals of the worst type and of both sexes.

Young Chasles' education had been liberal and his bringing-up refined, but the old *conventionnel* held that every individual, no matter his means and position, ought in case of necessity to be independent of circumstances, hence his son's apprenticeship to a trade. Unfortunately we have only scattered notes of these English years, a series of elegantly written episodes without dates or connecting links. We learn that letters of introduction procured him much kindness and hospitality and, as we shall see later on, the acquaintance of Coleridge, Jeremy Bentham and other leading figures of the epoch. If such experiences were not memorialised in a work of enduring fame, if Philarète Chasles' sketches of English life and literature have been superseded, nevertheless who can say? May

not the lesser writer have inspired the greater? May not the youthful auditor of Coleridge and Bentham, the passionate enthusiast for Shakespeare and Wordsworth, have had some share in Time's monumental labours?

And that even in the year of Waterloo a young Frenchman's impressions of English Society and character were highly appreciative is not only a fact remarkable in itself, but forms the keynote to his career. The interpretation of insular modes of thought and literature occupied his life. "I found myself," he wrote, "in a society less brilliant, less gifted, less mentally alert than that of France, but fortified by profound convictions, resolute in its defence of liberty, respecting religion and rendered powerful through faith in itself." In later years he held the same views. To the last he remained almost one of ourselves, an Anglo-Français.

A prolonged spell of London fogs, perhaps also, a natural fit of home-sickness induced physical and mental depression. By the advice of the lady to whose care he had been confided, he was sent to a village on the Northumbrian coast, there boarding with a Methodist family.

Might not the lady in question have been Hannah More? Certain particulars almost warrant such a suggestion. Young Chasles' protectress was a person of evangelical principles, the authoress of educational and other works and moved in distinguished literary circles, but is never mentioned by name.

Among these austere fisher-folk, "a survival of the covenanters," he calls them, the fastidious, cultured young Parisian fell under the influences of Puritanism.

"Here," he wrote, "instead of a bedizened and theatrical nature, sophisticated devotion and frivolous passions, I found the sublimest conditions the world can show, nature in all its grandeur, faith in all its sincerity, passion in all its profundity. From that time arose within me a horror of falsehood, a horror increasing as life wore on."

One might well have expected a quite contrary result and that he would have rebelled against such surroundings. The patriarchal routine was severe in the extreme. By five o'clock the household would be astir, an entire house being devoted to devotional exercises, from which however the visitor was at liberty to absent himself.

At the hours of eight, two and seven the board was spread with homely, abundant, but never varying fare. Left to his own resources the youth spent his time out of doors, in his solitary wanderings along the shore or on the cliffs, often reiterating to himself, "Yes, the beautiful exists! Nature with its wealth attests the ideal, the need of loveliness independent of mere material wants. The faith of my childhood that had been sterilised by my environment in France now made itself felt again, welled up in my heart as from a living source."

These hardy Northumbrians of just upon a century ago struck Philarète Chasles as a strange compound of brutality and tenderness, now despoiling the ship-wrecked mariner: now risking their lives to rescue a comrade. "A mixture of barbarism and pity, of crime and self-sacrifice, all inextricably woven together, such is man." He wrote, "now for the first time I understood Shakespeare. I re-read Macbeth with comprehension."

Oddly enough no attempts were made by his hosts to convert their young Frenchman. On taking leave, however, his hand was warmly pressed by the patriarch, the Ezekiel of his narrative, who bade him avoid the world as the fiery furnace consuming Korah, Dathan and Abiram, adding—"If ever you find yourself drawn towards that furnace remember my house as a Noah's Ark in which you will ever find harbourage." Two years later when Philarète Chasles re-visited his much-loved land he found the Noah's Ark swept away by a veritable deluge of domestic troubles. But these early memories ever remained dear.

"To that humble village by the sea," he wrote years after, "I owe a lesson far more precious than any acquirable from books. I realised the profound interest attached to humanity in the lowliest walks. I learned how superior is experience to speculation when we set to work upon the study of mankind." Elsewhere with the customary self-depreciation of his country people he added—"I was saddened by the contrast between these austere, energetic lives and the vapid scepticism reigning in France. It humiliated me to see how religious fervour had here elevated and strengthened an entire race." The next few years were spent in London, where he had the good fortune to meet Coleridge, Bentham, Leigh Hunt, Cobbett, Godwin, Hazlitt and other historic personages.

His first visit to Coleridge is thus described years later :—

“We reached Coleridge’s elegant little house about eight o’clock in the evening and were ushered into a small drawing-room upholstered in blue where a company of about thirty persons had already assembled. No one paid the slightest attention to us and we took our seats in silence. Coleridge was speaking. As he stood with his back to the fire, his head raised, his gaze fixed upon vacancy, his arms folded, he soliloquised rather than discoursed. Inspiration held him fast, impelling rapid utterance. His voice was flexible, vibrant, deep ; his features were regular ; his lofty forehead, sensitive mouth, subdued fire of glance and marked lines recalled the physiognomy of Fox with more calm, of Mirabeau also and in after life of M. Berryer, although Berryer had not the same dreaminess. In learned and poetic strains he analysed the Greek dramatists, dilating on the pathos of Euripides, the divine harmonies of Sophocles, the sombre eloquence of Æschylus. For ten minutes he commented upon the Prometheus Bound, as he gradually lifted the veil shrouding this allegory, his eyes shone, his speech became more impassioned, a living reality now became to us the chained, tortured innovator as he hurled defiance to the elements, sublime embodiment of the antique belief in fatality. Next he showed how mythology gave way to the Christian religion and in a bold, brilliant survey propounded the various metaphysical solutions of the supreme riddle, the enigma of life.”

In what his youthful listener afterwards described as a vaporous labyrinth Coleridge then passed from Hartley and Berkeley to Malebranche, “exposing the system of Cudworth, the theories of the fanciful Duchess of Newcastle, citing Tillotson, Clarke and other writers of that school, finally reaching Leibnitz and Spinoza, in fervid language setting forth the pantheism that lends the world a soul without according a body, imparting to an unreal universe a non-existent motivity, then, having reached an uppermost pinnacle of speculation, he descended to earth, closing with musical mystic citations from Dante.”

Well might Philarète Chasles quit the house lost in admiration !

In that little read but entertaining book “The Doctor,” Southey makes merry over the lady mentioned in the foregoing bevy of philosophers. “That fantastic and yet most likeable person

Margaret Duchess of Newcastle," he wrote, "in discoursing upon Fate and Chance had thought just enough about the matter to imagine that she had a meaning, and if she had thought a little more would have discovered that she had none." The beautiful dabbler in poetry, physics and philosophy died in 1674 and was buried in the Abbey.

"Three days later," adds Philarète Chasles, "I called upon Coleridge, who took the trouble to initiate me into his philosophic system, a system in which Christianity was accepted as conformable to reason, experience and history." About the same time, 1818—1819, the young Frenchman was received with a friend by Jeremy Bentham at that time occupying a house on the site of Milton's dwelling in Westminster. The visit is thus described: "On arriving we were immediately invited to stroll in the garden; as we walked the old man descanted enthusiastically on his projects for the benefit of coming generations. He rather ran than walked, speaking incessantly in a sharp, quick voice. Pausing before two magnificent trees he bade me read an inscription on the adjoining wall. It was as follows: 'To the prince of poets.'

"My young friend," he said, "I think of cutting down these trees and transforming a place which was the cradle of Paradise Lost into a school for the study of utilitarian theories. Are you still under the spell of poetic ideals? If so, so much the worse for you."

"Reading my thoughts, Bentham added—

"I am far from despising Milton but he belongs to the past and the past serves us not."

"Despite the mild benevolence of his manner I was far from feeling at ease. What interest could this pedantic materialist feel in myself? None whatever. He preferred a syllogism to humanity, thirty thousand men were of less account to him than a single axiom. Nevertheless he seemed quite free from annoyance and misanthropy. His personal appearance was neglected and his costume partly that of a bygone epoch.

"I could well wish," he said at parting, "that each year remaining to me might be relegated to the end of as many consecutive centuries following my decease. I should then be in a position to compute the influence of my works on posterity."

His French visitor was far from appreciating the thinker who

in the words of James Mill, found the philosophy of law a chaos and left it a science. "Will Bentham's works long survive him?" wrote Philarette Chasles years later. "No, algebraist of social science, taking no account of human weaknesses and vagaries! The first loafer met with better understands mankind than do you!" Twenty years later, now an acknowledged *litterateur* in Paris, and not for the first time Chasles revisited our shores. On account of his familiarity with English and perhaps distinguished bearing, he was attached to the suite of Marshal Soult who represented Louis Philippe's government at the coronation of Queen Victoria. The fact that these English experiences were jotted down from memory in after life and put together by a friend for posthumous publication, accounts for an odd mistake. A second glimpse of Coleridge is described as occurring on this visit which must have taken place years before. Coleridge died in 1834. In 1825 Philarette Chasles returned to France carrying back a positive veneration for England, "my ideal," he wrote, "of established liberty and well regulated order." He felt, he said, dishabituated, out of place, an exile.

The award of an academy prize in 1827 threw wide the avenues of journalism and literature, also the best literary salons. Henceforth a contributor to the *Débats*, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and the *Revue Britannique*, ten years later he was named librarian of the great Mazarin library and lecturer on English and German literature at the College de France. This chair he held till within a short time of his death which occurred at Venice in 1873.

The two volumes of Memoirs from which these notes are taken (Charpentier 1876, 1877) contain many striking sketches. "One writer and one only," he writes "has mastered the secret, no matter how tediously set forth, of the great comedy called our own epoch. Like Dante, Honoré de Balzac has comprehended the immense drama of humanity and has endeavoured to portray the actors. But whilst Dante draws the distinction between good and evil, Balzac comprises them; his work is a mixture of Rabelais and Marivaux, the utmost conceivable coarseness and the utmost conceivable subtilty, materialism and refinement are here in close alliance.

"I used often to meet Balzac at the house of the Duchesse de Castries. The unsymmetrical lines of his unwieldly figure, the flashes of his small, yellowish eyes, the extraordinary mobility of his

facial muscles, the countless curves of his intellectual and quickly lighted-up physiognomy, contrasted with the heaviness of his lips, their perpetual Bacchic parting and with his straight thick locks falling on either cheek. There was something of the woman and the child about him ; a corpulent monk he might have passed for ; one could understand him indulging in a bath room constructed of marble and building his house at Meudon without a staircase !”

Théophile Gautier is thus described :—“The Danton of the literary revolt, the Paul Veronese of the pen, Théophile the Southerner was at once acknowledged, classed, labelled, as the exponent of colour and effect, the champion of ornateness and display. Tall of stature, strikingly handsome, he resembled a sculptor’s Neptune, his kind, semi-sensual, semi-oriental features nevertheless lighted up with penetrating intelligence and artistic comprehension. Frankly materialist, caring only for art as he understood it, he jested alike at protestants, purists, philosophers and all seekers after truth. In his *Capitaine Fracasse* and *Voyages* he was superb.” Of Taine who so successfully worked in the field he had himself opened, Chasles wrote in most generous terms ; never did any writer more magnanimously acclaim the supersession of his own efforts by another. Himself the author of a work on England he wrote of Taine’s great work : “Our young philosopher’s work throws strong light on many characteristics of English life and literature, their connection and harmony. He therefore takes a leading part in the supreme crusade, the crusade whose play is the first of all, in other words, the championship of truth.”

Equally interesting are his notices of Gustave Planche, the horny critic, *le critique osser*, of his friend Saint-Beuve, who in his celebrated *Causeries* “caresses antiquity, flirts with the present, never contradicts himself, yet perpetually modifies his opinion, now indulges in brilliant sallies, now penetrates depths of thought, hurrying from one subject to another, only brought to a stand by some partially effaced inscription or printer’s error.”

Other historic figures here introduced are, Thiers, Victor Hugo, Berryer, Victor Cousin, Villemain, but I will now pass on to a highly dramatic incident recorded in the second volume.

Libri’s trial, or rather, trials of two generations ago are now for-

gotten but at the time occasioned hardly less excitement throughout France than the two *causes célèbres* of our own day. Here is the story in a few words.

In 1830 an Italian mathematician named Libri, who had been compromised in political movement at home, fled to France, obtained naturalisation, and through the benevolent and ill-repaid offices of the scientist, Arago, a professorship at the Sorbonne. Later Guizot appointed him inspector of public instruction and superintendent of state libraries. The last-named post gave him command of provincial as well as of the Paris collections, which were visited on official errands.

These bibliographical peregrinations soon gave rise to sinister reports. Just as thirty years later the devastations of the phylloxera were now noted in one direction, now in another, traces of havoc ere long being visible all over the country, so the state emissary left a tell-tale track behind him. The truth was that all this time Libri was not only amassing a magnificent library for himself but traffick-ing in priceless books and manuscripts with foreign collectors. Public feeling being aroused he was brought to trial, but owing to the powerful protection of Guizot and others the initiatory proceedings fell through, to be resumed in 1848. This final trial lasted for two years, France being divided into two camps. It was a case of Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards, and political bias entered largely into the acrimonious spirit displayed. Libri, who had fled to England, was sentenced in default to ten years' solitary confinement (*réclusion*). To what pitch passions had been aroused may be gathered from the following fact. In 1852 Prosper Mérimée underwent a fortnight's imprisonment on account of a polemical letter published by him in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. That one state library after another could be thus pillaged might well stir up popular resentment. Libri died at Fiesole, and here I again quote Philarète Chasles, his first and last coming in contact with this extraordinary thief being striking in themselves and strikingly told.

"One day" (presumably about 1832, but our author is provokingly remiss with regard to dates), "Libri presented himself at the Bibliothèque Mazarine bringing an introductory letter from Guizot. Plump, polished, amiable, astute, Italian of the Italians, was this man. His object in coming was to invite me—the two hundredth

guest—to a dinner of celebrities, one and all being the most influential and energetic contemporary writers. He was about to begin his crowning Zazzia on our great libraries and naturally wanted the suffrages of the press. Buloz (founder of the *Revue des deux Mondes*), Girardin, all our principal leaders became his partisans.

“ Since his flight to England before the final trial I had heard nothing of him except that he was living in Florence, and, as he gave out, in great penury.

“ It was in 1869 that, after visiting Venice, Padua, Pisa and Ravenna, I halted at Florence. I wished to see the last home of the great Galileo, the villa in which Milton, then in the flower of his youth, visited him, little dreaming that his own declining years would be clouded by the same infirmity.

“ On a hot September morning I climbed the dusty, rose-bordered road, leading to Fiesole, black-eyed beggar children holding up bunches of flowers.

“ The cathedral reached, I walked straight to the chief altar in order to inspect the statues. A coffin, unlidded after Italian fashion, barred my way. As I glanced at the face of the dead, I recognised Libri.”

Philarète Chasles was not only what our friends call *un écrivain de race*, wedded to the best traditions of French literature, but a fine personality, a man who carried out in daily life the high moral and intellectual standards he had set before him.

Such a figure has seemed to me worth recalling at the present time. In more senses than one he may be regarded as a precursor of the Entente Cordiale, the convictions of old age corresponding with the impressions of youth. “ In your person,” wrote his friend Saint-Beuve, “ the year 1826 brought us a critic acclaiming no new French school, no national routine, instead one who had communed with Shakespeare and Johnson, who had intellectually bridged over the *Manche*.

“ At the present time you are in your proper place (I do not here allude to your official position), acknowledged on all sides to be a large and liberal mind, sowing more ideas broadcast than any of

us and not all on the point of coming to a standstill. You belong to the critics of to-morrow and these you have anticipated."

In Philarète Chasles' case as in that of many another, he sowed harvests that he was not destined to reap.

Hastings.

M. BETHAM EDWARDS

NIGHT DAWN.

Stray lights in the valley ;
 Gray owls in the trees :
 Asleep I companion
 The Form my dream sees
 Along untrodden shores by strange desolate seas.

Soft mists on the mountain :
 White dew on the rose :
 I waken—I lose Her
 In dreams that re-close
 At the break of the Dawn and the end of Repose.

H. CAMPBEL

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AURANGZEB.

SOME of the Mogul Emperors, like Baber and Jehangir, with their own pen wrote the history of their times: Akbar and Shah Jehan found splendid contemporary historians, but Aurangzeb neither wrote an autobiography nor allowed any contemporary writer to publicly preserve the records of his reign. This unfortunate defect in the history of the Mogul Empire is, however, remedied by a number of other circumstances, like the secretly written history of Khafi Khan, the interesting records of Bernier and other European travellers, and to some extent by the Emperor's own letters and notes. His restless energy, his complete distrust of all his subordinates, and his inordinate anxiety to keep himself informed of every little detail in the administration of his vast Empire, made him issue a number of orders, and write with his own hand a series of letters, which go to make up an instructive record of his doings. It is proposed to take up in this article one such collection of his correspondence. I need hardly say, that even to the most superficial student of the life and reign of this monarch, the knowledge of what an important part these letters play therein, must have come home on the threshold of his study, and an effort to understand them in their true bearings would not be considered useless.

There are several compilations of these letters, notes and orders. Elphinstone mentions three, Elliot four, and on close examination, one finds that these compilations themselves have several variants. These separate collections are denominated, *Adab-e-Alamgiri*, *Kalamat-e-tayyabat*, *Rakayim-e-Karayim*, *Ruka'at-e-Alamgiri* and *Dastur-ul-'Amal-e-Agahi*. The confusive nature of these denominations is shewn by one compilation being indifferently known by the name of the other, *e. g.*, the *Kalamat*

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is at times called the *Ruka'at*, or at others, these two are covered under the name of the *Rakayim*. Dr. Ethé's Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the Library of the India Office (Vol. I. Ed. 1903, Cols. 139-143, Nos. 370-385), at a glance shows the confusion that reigns in this matter, and it is further illustrated by the compilation itself—viz., the *Ruka'at-e-Alamgiri*—which it is proposed to deal with in this article. The exordium which is translated by Elliot, but which is neither close nor very accurate, says, "that in this compilation, named *Ruka'at-e-Alamgiri* (and) intituled *Kalamat-e-Tayyabat* compiled from the *Rakayim-e-Karayim* of the just Emperor," &c., rolling up all the three compositions into one; while the colophon rests content with mentioning only the fact that, the *Ruka'at-e-Alamgiri* (is) intituled the *Kalamat-e-Tayyabat* (Cawnpore Ed. 1901, published by Munshi Naval Kishore). Riou notices this confusion and so does Ethé,* and to add to it, it might be noticed that the beginning lines of neither No. 373 nor 379 correspond with those of the present edition of the *Ruka'at*.

The present collection consists of 181 letters, of varying importance. It does not contain, however, the letters seen and noticed by Khafi Khan (Vol. II., pp. 101-106 Muntakhab-al-hubàb, Bibliotheca Indica Series, Calcutta Ed. 1874), nor the one seen by Bernier, nor even those whose copies Colonel Tod of "Rajasthan" fame possessed. Elliot has translated only one of the three letters from Khafi Khan, but the remaining two are well worth translating.

Looking to the size of the collection and the limits of a magazine article, it is not possible to notice each and every letter of the *Ruka'at*, but of this I feel convinced, that if it be properly edited, translated and annotated, it is capable of throwing a deal of light on the life and life-work of Aurangzeb. The complaint about his letters is thus summed up by Elphinstone: "They are without dates or order, and are often obscure, from their brevity and our ignorance of the subjects alluded to." Every word of this complaint is true, but if, as a result of about six months' study, made intermittently, in moments snatched at long intervals from an otherwise unliterary business, it has been possible to find out their dates, dispel their obscurity, expand their brevity, and get some knowledge of the subjects treated of in them, with more time and materials at

* Vide Nos. 373 and 379 of Ethé's Catalogue.

one's command, one need not despair of doing more. A close study of contemporary chronicles (for the present only Khafi Khan and Bernier and a little of the *Masir-e-Alumgir* have been consulted), in the original, side by side with the letters, for a man of unfettered leisure, is not a heavy task, and it will considerably facilitate the work of editing, should any scholar feel inclined that way. It is intended (by this article) to shew by referring to several specimen letters, that the brevity and the obscurity felt by Elphinstone can be effectively tackled. "The private life and sentiments" of the Emperor are also laid bare in these letters, and they must excite some interest for this reason, at least, if for no other, because the tit-bits of the private life of a great man have from time immemorial proved a perennial source of enjoyment to the world.

These letters profess to have been addressed to various personages, the sons and grandsons of the Emperor, and his chief ministers and nobles, like Asad Khan, Feroz Jung, Nusrat Jung, Mirza Baksh; Safavi, Tarbujat Khan, Mir Atash, and Hamid-ud-din Khan. The one abiding impression which a study of them leaves on the mind, is that the Emperor himself was a great opponent of *Zoolum*, and always stood in dread of the answer he would have to give to his Creator on the Final Day of his doings in this world, an opinion and an apprehension which he unfailingly impressed on his sons and subordinates. Historians do not deny this fact, but explain it away by saying that the sentiment was hypocritical, but some letters shew that even where there was no reason or room for the practice of hypocrisy, the Emperor has been persistently dissuading his addressees from being unjust or unfair. The contents of the other letters cannot conveniently be summarised, but they do shew that in political matters he tried to keep himself so thoroughly informed of all that happened over the vast Indian continent, that he could well repeat the words of Lord Curzon that not a swallow could chirp at Peshavah without the Supreme Government knowing of it. Some of them read as if they were copies of modern Government Gazettes containing the appointments and transfers of different *Subas* and *Fojdars* to different provinces, some embody the precepts and anecdotes of Shah Jehan, about whom Aurangzeb always speaks reverentially, some shew his method of granting *Jagirs* and rewards, some portray the system of espionage so invariably followed by him,

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in some he justifies the Mogul custom of confiscating the effects of a deceased *Amir* for the benefit of the Public Treasury,* some contain directions for fortifications of castles, as if he were an engineer, some refer in pathetic terms to the neglected repairs and preservation of public buildings at Delhi, as if he were another Lord Curzon, and some are his last messages to his sons. In this whole mass, however, he scattered a number of letters throwing light on his domestic life and sentiments, and an attempt has been made to group them together.

Aurangzeb is reported to have been very austere, almost spartan in his habit of life. It is said for some days he existed on merely *Bajri* cakes, the food of the poor. Yet, here, we find he was as fond of good cheer and good fare as any of us. In a letter (No. 9) to his son Mo'azam, he says, "The basket of mangoes sent by you for the palate (taste) of your aged father is very sweet. You have asked for a name to be given to these mangoes, but, my son, you are intelligent enough, why do you trouble your old father? However, I will name them *Sudharas* and *Rusnavilas*." In the very next one, he addresses him as follows: "The flavour of your *Biryani Khichadi* haunts me in winter. Really, the *Kabuli* [a kind of food resembling *khichadi*, in which rice and grain are the main ingredients] of Islam Khan cannot match it. I had a mind to take away Suleman, the *Biryani* cook, from you, but my feelings as a parent did not allow me to do so, but if any of his subordinates is clever in this art, I should like to have him. If not, happy the day, when you would come here, eat it and make (me) eat it." In yet another letter (57) to him he expresses his sense of gratefulness for a parcel of good mangoes "The palatable mangoes you sent are much appreciated by your aged father. May the wealth and happiness of my son increase!" He also seems to have been a bit of a Virtuoso and curio collector: Letter No. 21 refers to "a present of a nice patterned Chinese water jug, which in spite of great inquiries he had failed to secure, and which was brought to him as a *Nuzur*, along with a tortoise-shell chair," and both of which he gave away to Prince Mo'azam. He also reminds him here to send a basket of mangoes. He was very particular about horses, too. The Prince had made

Though the letter quoted by Bernier shews to the contrary

him the present of a horse and his reply is (No. 8), "I am greatly pleased with riding the swift horse that you have sent for me, this time. It reminds me of how my son sympathises with me, his old father. With great joy, it is named *Khush Kharam* (Well-walking). But as you have a perfect aptitude for naming things according to their characteristics, you must send to me the names to be given to each of my special horses, whose list you will receive from the head stable keeper (Akhte Beg), stating their colour and parentage." Another letter (No. 42) says, "The Falwadi horse, called *Gulshan Rawan* (garden-walker) which you sent for my riding suits me very well. Its walk, mane and beauty have all got equine characteristics. I hope you are pleased with the horses *Nilufar* and *Chuva Chandan* which you ride so often. I wanted to send you two Turkish horses called *Khush Kharam* and *Salia Raftar*, a present from Amenat Khan, and trained by Alla Yarkhan, but my miserly head stable-keeper shed tears and said, Why do you give away good animals? Still, under any circumstances, I will send them."

In matters of dress, he affected great simplicity, and the sartorial etiquette that he enforced in his Court must have displeased many of the *Durbaris* who were used to the gorgeous raiments and ornaments of Shah Jehan's reign. In one letter (6) he disapproves completely of his son having appeared in the Durbar with saffron-coloured turban and *Pelwani* dress. One nobleman, Marha nat Khan, had appeared in the Durbar (vide No. 147) in pompous clothes, and the skirt of his robe was so long that it covered his foot. Seeing this, the Emperor asked another nobleman, Mujaran Khan, to raise the skirt to the extent of two knots, and remove it. He told him also to keep the length of the skirt only to the extent sanctioned by the Durbar custom, or else never to come to the *Ghusal Khana*. "A man must put on a dress, which is simple and is as much as is wanted. Putting on beautiful things is the specialty of women, and it suits them too." He also gave him a number of words bearing this tenor. About the putting on of the jewelled *Sirpech* he had a strict rule, and he orders one of his sons to have it observed strictly. He asks him to see (No. 175) that every Amir to whom a gem-set *Sirpech* had been given should not put it on excepting on Sundays, and also

that he should rest content with the one presented to him and not privately prepare another.

He was strictly religious, no doubt, almost a fanatic Musalman, but he was not blind to the shortcomings of his co-religionists. He had a supreme contempt for false Fakirs. Two letters (107 and 169) testify to this. In the first he records his opinion of a Fakir called Shabniyeh, as being void of any knowledge, and a "dry" ascetic, a hypocrite, speaking and doing things contrary to religion (shar'a). The second is addressed to Inayat-ulla-khan, and narrates the incident of a Fakir having come to the Emperor abegging. He was a simple-hearted *Darwesh* who begged something for his family, and the Emperor asked him what had he to do with the world? He should be a person, with his "heart cut and garment torn. People talk of Fakirs, but they do not know who a Fakir is, and what is the meaning of the word." Then he illustrates the meaning by means of certain verses.

He was, no doubt, a great opponent of pagan customs. In a letter (6) to Prince Mo'azam, he takes him severely to task for having celebrated the *Navroz* festival "according to the custom of the Persians." He asks him to follow his own faith properly, and not introduce innovations. For this particular one, he thinks an Arab, calling himself a Sayad, has misled the Prince. He strictly enjoins him thereafter neither to celebrate the *Navroz*, a feast of the Magis, nor the "day of ascension to the Gadi of accursed Vikramajit, and the new year's day of the Hindus." In sharp contrast with this attitude is his sanction for the observance of several Indian superstitious customs. This letter (78) is addressed to his grandson, Bahadar Shah. "For the removal of bodily ailments and the injury done by magic, prayers which meet with a Divine response are a good remedy. All the great men are unanimous about the effect of blowing the *Sura-e-Ekhhlas* and the *Sura-e-Faleheh* on water and drinking it off, and although the weighing of the body with gold, silver, copper, grain, oil, and other things is not customary in *Vilayat* (our country) nor with Musalmans of that place, but still, as the liberality of the act reaches the needy and the poor, His Highness (Shah Jehan) weighed his holy body twice during the year, and distributed the contents (of the scales) amongst the poor. If the apple of my

eye (the Prince) also, therefore, weighs himself twice every year, and at each time, seven times with the different articles mentioned above, and distributes them amongst the poor, it will do good to his mental and bodily ailments."

With all the unmeasured condemnations that have been heaped upon him, as to his sticking at nothing to serve his own purpose, it must be confessed, that he did relent at times and had a soft corner in his heart. Khan Firoz Jang was ill, and Aurangzeb writes to him to say (Letter No. 157) that he himself desired to call on him to see how he was, but he felt he would not have courage and heart enough to see him in that state, so he sent Sa'adat Khan as his deputy, "to see the patient with his (Aurangzeb's) eyes and tell him what was passing in his mind." The new fruit of the season available was grapes, but the Yunani physicians had pronounced the fruit to be injurious to such patients, therefore he himself vowed to forego its use, till the patient was able to recover, and they were both in a position to partake of it together.

An instance may now be given to show how it is possible to remedy the defects of brevity and absence of dates to which Elphinstone refers. One of his letters (125) runs thus: "Sayad Sa'ad-ullah has often sent me letters containing many things, *e.g.*, that the (official) news-writer of Surat should not be transferred, that the son of Hakim Ashraf should be appointed to the Hospital with a daily allowance. It should be notified to the Sayad, that hereafter he should not interfere in the affairs of Government servants. If they are oppressive, they injure their own interests." Now Khafi Khan refers at length to this incident. This part does not appear in Elliot's translation, so it is quoted in full here. The incident happened in 1103 A. H. After referring to the great independence enjoyed by Mirza Yar Ali, the Daroga of the Dak, and the presumptuous conduct of the news-writers who aspired to share with the Subadars and the Fojdars, their offices, Khafi Khan says that Muhamed Bukar, the news-writer of Surat, was transferred on account of some fault of his. His Holiness Sayad Sa'adulla, who was a pious man known all over the world, and whose letters carried full weight with the Emperor, and who replied to him always in his own hand, at times made bold to recommend needy persons to His Majesty. He therefore wrote to him to confirm Mahammed Bukar, and

also a physician of the hospital who had been removed. Although on account of his letter, he did confirm both of them, this time, contrary to all previous practice, a letter (not in his own hand) was despatched to this effect, "although in accordance with the letter of His Holiness we have confirmed both of them, still, you who are a learned and a pious man should write about learned and pious men only. These men have been oppressing people. What concern have they with you? The Koran says, to assist the tyrannical is tantamount to taking part in the tyranny. Why should you do so?"

Just as these *Ruka'at* are able to throw some light on the character and history of the Emperor, the other collections might, if treated in the same fashion as this, yield good fruits. The labour in collating and editing them would not be amiss.

Much cannot be said as to the literary character of these missives. They lack correct grammar even, so to expect finish of any kind in them is absurd. The language is of that hybrid type, which a long residence in India has engrafted upon the style of such known writers as *Firashtah* and *Khafi Khan*. The quotations from the Koran and in verse are numerous enough, but at the same time very hackneyed. But it must be said in their favour that these letters were never intended for any literary purpose. They were intended to convey in a practical way what the Emperor meant, and that purpose they serve fully, if not admirably. It many times happens that he directly goes to the point and says what he has to say straightway, but in several places he makes a great show of giving advice only, in terms which read as if they were a part and parcel of such ethical treatises as the *Akhlak-e-Nasari* and the *Akhlak-e-Jalali*, while he really means to convey a mandate which must be obeyed.

†

Bombay.

KRISHNALAL M. JHAVERI.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SOME critics say that readers of poetry, properly so called, are divided into two classes; those who worship Robert Browning and those who abhor him, and that there are no intermediate circles, so far as he is concerned.

It is true that no discriminating admirer of Browning stops short of whole-hearted devotion to him; equally true that, to those who do not appreciate him, much of his poetry must be odious; but the influence of his personality expressed by his writings is too penetrating to leave untouched the great mass of readers lying between the poles of worship and insensibility.

For instance there are numbers of people who quote from his poems in ignorance of the authorship of the words; and numbers, who are stirred by quotations that answer doubts, check despondency, satisfy a craving, quite unconscious that the prophet is the author of "Sordello" and other obscurities.

We cannot say how many times we have been asked who wrote the words:

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear

Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love;
but our answer has been met by an incredulous "Is *that* Browning's?" and we doubt whether the enquirers braced themselves to the effort of reading "A Death in the Desert" from beginning to end.

We said that no discriminating admirer of Browning stops short of whole-hearted devotion; for we wished to exclude those devotees who worship every defect and blemish and transgression, as if they were signs of their Master's peculiar genius, instead of being proofs of imperfection; flaws the more regrettable in that they deter many

from reading his poems who would enjoy their beauties. And these indiscriminating admirers also have done much to hinder recognition of his worth, by their blind cult of what is unworthy of homage.

The true lovers of Browning are no blind followers of the leaders of craze ; no unbalanced seekers after poetical eccentricities ; no weak-eyed critics who mistake obscurity for depth, and clumsy language for occult wisdom. They are those whose sympathy invests them with enough poetic faculty to enable them to pierce the crust of his heavy sentences ; to thread their way through tortuous passages ; to unlock the meaning of cryptic allusions and reach the poet's heart whence issued the life that gives Robert Browning's poems their great power. From that point, from that source from which the stream of his poetry issued, can we alone take a fair survey of the relative proportion of the blemishes to the beauties, the virtues to the vices (poetically speaking) of his work ; and perceive how subordinate and unimportant are the faults of form and expression in comparison with the aim and scope of his poetry as a whole.

What has made Browning's power triumph over the obstacles, which he himself put in the way of his appreciation by the multitude in addition to—must we say the word?—their natural stupidity and dislike of brain trouble ?

What wrings unwilling homage from the lovers of melodious verse and wins acceptance for his more sonorous music ? Is it not the fact that the pulse that beats through his work is that which his own heart sets in motion, not the rhythmic throb of an emotion responding to some force outside himself ?

We are speaking of those poems which are poems indeed, not the intellectual disquisitions and mental problems long drawn out, which would have been better dressed in prose language, could Browning have persuaded himself to present in prosaic form many of the thoughts of his later years. This may seem rank heresy to his uncritical worshippers ; but we venture to think that there would be more true worship at his shrine had much that he wrote towards the close of his life appeared as prose, and had some of his poems, notably the " Ring and the Book " been shorn of redundancy.

We do not, however, wish to touch upon the " inert mass "

unquickened by the life-blood of his poet-heart, but to indicate those poems, so instinct with his vitality, that they quicken us in our slackness and brace the muscles of our mind to fresh endeavour or stouter endurance.

And, if we deprecate the mistake which Browning's indiscriminate admirers make in regarding his want of lucidity and grace of expression as signs of his peculiar greatness, we protest, on the other hand, against the ignorant belief of his non-admirers that his poems are devoid of picturesqueness, melody and lyric beauty; on the contrary, we doubt if any pretty melodious versifier could produce such gems as are scattered thickly over his work. Let us sit "Among the Rocks" with James Lee's wife and look and listen:

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
 This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
 Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
 The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

And is not this a picture?—

The grey sea and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

(From "Meeting at Night.")

And this:

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.

("Parting at Morning.")

Now take "a turn and we stand in the heart of things."

"Oh the sense of the yellow mountain flowers,
 And thorny balls, each three in one,
 The chestnuts throw on our path in showers!
 For the drop of the woodland fruit's begun,
 These early November hours,
 That crimson the creeper's leaf across

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Like a splash of blood, intense, abrupt,
O'er a shield else gold from rim to boss,
And lay it for show on the fairy-cupped
Elf-needed mat of moss.

(From "By the Fireside.")

Now follow the course of the Mayne a little way :

Where the glossy kingfisher
Flutters when noon heats are near,
Glad the shelving banks to shun
Red and steaming in the sun,
Where the shrew-mouse with pale throat
Burrows, and the speckled stoat,
Where the quick sandpipers flit
In and out the marl and grit
That seems to breed them, brown as they :
Naught disturbs its quiet way,
Save some lazy stork that springs,
Trailing it with legs and wings,
Whom the shy fox from the hill
Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.

(From "Paracelsus.")

We cannot refrain from quoting three lines that exercise a potent charm over ourselves from "Rudel, to the Lady of Tripoli" :

Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look
Across the waters to this twilight nook
—The far, sad waters, Angel, to this nook.

And, literally, "One Word More" :

But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent, silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

We think these quotations have supported our assertion that Browning lacks neither musical nor descriptive grace ; but it is open to anyone to ask why, if he can be graceful, he is not so habitually ? Is it sheer insolence that makes him thrust his thoughts out upon us sometimes with word-clothing huddled upon them like a man kicked out of doors half-dressed ?

Or did he have fits of incapability to express himself clearly and rhythmically ?

Browning was too true a man to be insolent, too conscious of the dignity of a poet's calling to juggle with words in order to tease his readers.

The reason is, we think, that the essence of Poetry was more to him than form, in spite of his musician's ear and science. And life was "more to him than raiment." He wrote of Men and Women, as he himself said. Yes, the life of men and women, showing itself in the development of character and effect on their actions and circumstances. His own keen interest in the events and histories connected with his characters compels sympathetic readers to be interested in them too, but these circumstances and activities, in relation to the persons themselves, are but as clothing and furniture; the expressions of reality, not reality itself; the unseen mainspring of action is the reality. This seems to be the reason why Browning, truly a dramatic poet, did not produce plays that secured interest when put on the stage. It also explains the violence with which he plunges his readers into the thick of a story without preamble or explanation. The story itself will reveal what he was stirred to write about; it does not concern him to write picturesque labels, such as float from the mouths of the old old Masters' Men and Women.

Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we !

Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face !

God is soul, souls I and thou : with souls should souls have place !

(From "Ferishtah's Fancies.")

Herein, too, lies the explanation of his optimism.

If Browning's vitality and dramatic energy give him potent influence over those in sympathy with him, it is his optimism which gives him power over a wider world, including people who are unconscious of being swayed by him. It is an optimism peculiar to himself and to men like-minded to him.

It is not the closing of the eyes to avert evils, not refusal to believe that the world has hidden sores; not the setting up of theories to combat or remedy facts, and the shouting down the cry of sorrow by a systematic shout of cheerfulness; it is simply a realisation of the proper place and proportion of evil, and the relation of this present aeon, this world, this order of things, to the universe of Infinity. Browning sees the infirmity and unsoundness of the world,

its hidden maladies as well as surface wounds ; he perceives symptoms of decrepitude and decay in this stage of man's being, just as he sees faults in individuals, notes failures and shortcomings, witnesses tragedies, and hears the wail of sorrow and impotence. What prevents him from being hopeless or, at any rate, downcast ? This :

I say that man was made to grow, not stop ;
 That help, he needed once, and needs no more,
 Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn ;
 For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
 This imports solely, man should mount on each
 New height in view ; the help whereby he mounts,
 The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
 Since all things suffer change save GOD the Truth.

(From "A Death in the Desert.")

We never find Browning wallowing in the ghastly mire that the pessimist discloses by scraping away the surface of decency, but he does not always lead us along the sunny side of the road or keep us from hearing sobs and sighs, or from seeing tragic and pitiful sights. Here is force of contrast :

It was roses, roses all the way,
 * * *

The air broke into a mist with bells.

Then

'This very day, now a year is run . . .
 I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind :
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

(From "The Patriot.")

Here is the pathos of triumph in tragedy :

'Then off there flung in smiling joy
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy . . .
 "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !"

'The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye

When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, Sire ! " And, his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

(From " Incident in the French Camp.")

Here, pathos conveyed by a humour irresistibly moving—at least to us. As we follow the Corregida in

His very serviceable suit of black

An old dog, bald and blindish, at his heels ;

or watch him as he sits :

Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's back,

Playing a decent cribbage with his maid

. . . . o'er the cheese

And fruit, three red halves of starved winter pears,

Or treat of radishes in April ;

we confess to a feeling in our throat as of one of those starved pears sticking in it. And when we know that

the day was won, relieved at once !

No further show or need for that old coat,

the throat difficulty causes a watering of the eyes until we are pulled up by a brisk :—

Bless us, all the while

How sprucely we are dressed out, you and I !

A second, and the angels alter that.

(From " How it strikes a Contemporary.")

You will say, doubtless, that in these examples of pathos there is no element of the horrible. We are not shocked ; our spirits are merely " touched to fine issues " of emotion. True. But might not these same episodes and scenes be put before us in such a way that, instead of being kindled by the pathos and the heroism of them, we might have been sickened and depressed by the " pity o' it " ?

Now let us turn to the grovelling passion of a spiteful mind by stepping into the garden of the Spanish Cloister wherein the evil-minded monk spits out his venom in soliloquy. He might as well have been put into the *Inferno* at once, for even Browning's optimism cannot find a suggestion of light in his black soul.

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence !

Water your damned flower-pots, do !

If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
 God's blood, would not mine kill you !

Now to priestly treachery, as we listen to the outpouring of a girl's
 broken heart in *The Confessional* :

I told the father all his schemes,
 Who were his comrades, what their dreams. . . .

I went forth with a strength new born,
 The Church was empty ; something drew
 My steps into the street
 Where, lo, on high, the father's face !
 That horrible black scaffold dressed,
 That stapled block—God sink the rest.

Now to murder. Murder!—what a word to whisper in presence
 of this delicately beautiful great lady and the venerable alchemist !
 Yet she is stretching out her jewelled hand for the drop that shall

say " no "

To that pulse's magnificent come and go.

Not that I bid you spare her the pain ;
 Let death be felt and the proof remain :
 Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
 He is sure to remember her dying face !

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill
 You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will !
 But brush this dust off me lest horror it brings
 Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's !

As much wickedness is condensed in this compact little poem as
 poison is in the " drop " the Court lady carries away for her rival.

Elaboration, on the contrary, is the feature of " A Forgiveness,"
 where the monk, as confessor, has to listen to a minute revelation of
 his own transgression.

Immersed

↓ In thought so deeply, Father ? Sad, perhaps ?
 For whose sake—hers or mine or his who wraps
 —Still plain I seem to see ! about his head
 The idle cloak,—about his heart (instead
 Of cuirass) some fond hope he may elude

My vengeance in the cloister's solitude ?
 Hardly, I think ! As little helped his brow
 The cloak then, Father—as your grate helps now !

Was ever a threat more poignant, yet more subtly sheathed ?

These few instances serve to show that there is no shirking of sin or sorrow in Browning. But in laying bare the sins, he does not throw them in a heap, so to speak, on the sinner, and show the impossibility of his rising from under the weight of them. We are greater than the selves, that act and move ; and, above, and around, and beyond us, is something greater than we are, or ever shall be. If it were not so, we might wail in our misery as the man did when told :

Thou art shut
 Out of the heaven of spirit, glut
 Thy sense upon the world. It is thine
 For ever—take it !

and he cried

Be all the earth a wilderness
 Only let me go on, go on,
 Still hoping ever and anon
 To reach one eve the Better Land.

(From "Easter Day.")

No, we accept Rabbi ben Ezra's creed as our own :

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast.

Herein is the very essence of Browning's optimism ;

Welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go !"

The same trumpet blast is sounded in "James Lee's Wife ;"

Rejoice that man is hurled
 From change to change unceasingly,
 His soul's wings never furled.

Who would not be nerved to the battle by

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

(“ Epilogue to *Asolando*.”)

Who would not wish when reading “ *Prospice* ” to make these words
 his own ?

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last !

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forebore,

And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers

The heroes of old.

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears

Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave

The black minute's at end,

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave

Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,

O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,

And with God be the rest.

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

ANANDA MOHAN BOSE.

THE death of Ananda Mohan Bose removes a unique figure from our midst. Among the contemporaries and colleagues of Bose there were many able men, some of whom preceded him in death while there are a few yet left to us as the last representatives of a memorable epoch. Some of this glorious company might have been more widely known or might have rendered greater services in particular fields of work ; but Ananda Mohan Bose stands unique as the completest ideal of an all-round character and manhood among his contemporaries. Great in intellect, great in heart, great in actual services to his country, and above all, great in what has always constituted India's glory viz., spirituality, Ananda Mohan Bose may well be called the realised ideal of modern India. His mighty genius was not confined to any special field of national activity. No one else among his contemporaries had such a clear and comprehensive grasp of the complicated problems of national progress. Rising clear above all narrow sectional partisan prejudices and predilections, his lofty spirit beheld, as it were, in one sweep of vision the entire panorama of the national life, and thence flowed down unobtrusively in silent influence and substantial work along every channel of national activity. Patriot, educationist, reformer, religious leader—it is difficult to decide in what sphere he excelled most or to what branch of the national life his services were most valuable and substantial. A fervent and most active patriot as he was, the work of social and religious reform was to him not a matter of secondary and subsidiary importance, beneath the attention of his superior genius. Mingling actively and whole-heartedly in the whirlpool of contemporary political and popular activities, he never strayed away from the sanctuary of inward spiritual life, where he seemed to hold constant living

communion alone with the Alone. In him we had the completest example of the all-round and harmonious development of the manhood of awakened India.

Born in a small village, Jaysidhi, in the district of Mymensing, he was blessed with every facility for the unfolding of his latent manhood. His father was a man of intelligence, who had made his way up in life through his own unaided exertions. His mother was a woman of great piety and, what is rare, unusual force of will. The father died while Ananda Mohan was still a boy, and the education of the sons was left to be directed by the mother, who performed the duty with an ability and judiciousness seldom equalled even by men of culture and experience. Ananda Mohan held the memory of his mother in deepest reverence and used to attribute all his advancement to her influence. An orthodox and devout Hindu widow as she was, she would never pass by the tomb of even a Mohamedan Saint in any conveyance but would get down and walk several yards in front of the tomb out of regard for the earthly remains of a good man, though of a different faith. This catholicity of heart found further illustration when differences in faith grew up between herself and her sons. In later life, when Ananda Mohan and his brother joined the Brahma Samaj their mother, steadfast in her own orthodox faith, allowed the utmost liberty to her sons. When it was proposed that Ananda Mohan should go to England to complete his education, she at first objected, but when it was explained to her that it would lead to the advancement of her son, she heartily consented to the proposal.

Ananda Mohan received his early training in a school at Mymensing, where his father was a Government official. From the very first his wonderful intelligence made itself felt. He was always the best boy in his class; even after repeated double promotions he managed to keep his place. In his ninth year he passed the middle vernacular examination coming out as the first boy in the district with a scholarship of Rs. 4. In 1862 he passed the entrance examination of the Calcutta University with a scholarship of Rs. 18, missing the first place only owing to the death of his father five months before the examination which necessitated his absence from the school for three months. But two years later, in the F. A. examination for which he appeared from the Presidency

College, Calcutta, he was in his place, heading the list of the successful candidates, a place which he easily maintained in the B. A. and M. A. examinations in 1867 and 1868 respectively. But this does not give a just estimate of the intellectual eminence of Ananda Mohan Bose. Many since then have headed the list successively in the university examinations. But Ananda Mohan was admittedly a wonderful student. His teachers used to look upon him as a prodigy. His fellow students regarded him with feelings bordering upon awe. Mr. Sutcliffe, the then Principal of the Presidency College, on the occasion of a viceregal visit, introduced the young student to the Governor-General. When he received the diploma of his M. A. degree, Sir Henry Maine the Vice-Chancellor, publicly commended him before the Convocation. No sooner had Ananda Mohan passed the M. A. examination than he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Engineering department of the Presidency College. Next year, while still acting as Professor of Mathematics he applied for the Premchand Roychand Scholarship which was awarded to him by unanimous consent. He thus came out of the University of Calcutta as the most distinguished scholar of his day, while among his contemporaries and competitors were Mr. Justice Amir Ali, Mr. Justice Promoda Charan Banerjee and others who have since achieved distinction in various fields. With the help of the Premchand Roychand Scholarship he resolved to give a finishing touch to his academic career in England. Consequently, in 1870, he went to England and got himself admitted into Christ College, Cambridge. At Cambridge his great talents were soon recognised. His teachers fully expected that he would come out as the Senior Wrangler in the final examination; the *Daily News* of London went so far as to publish that he had stood first in the examination. But actually, owing to illness and other mischances he missed that honour and was placed ninth in the list, and was thus the first Indian Wrangler. Besides academic distinctions, Ananda Mohan made a great reputation in England as a powerful speaker. Once he was to accompany the late Mr. Fawcett to attend a meeting of his constituency at Brighton. At the last moment Mr. Fawcett was prevented from going on account of sudden illness. Instead of postponing the meeting Mr. Fawcett requested Ananda Mohan to speak to his

constituency on his behalf. On reading the speech Mr. Fawcett remarked that he himself could not have done better. At the time of his departure from England, Mr. Fawcett said that it was a pity that he had to leave England; if he stayed he might one day become the Prime Minister of England. On being called to the bar Mr. Bose returned to India in 1894.

On his return to India he joined the Calcutta High Court. The genius which was so well fitted for mathematical and scientific researches was now to be diverted into other channels. This might have been for the best interests of India taken altogether, but it was undoubtedly a great loss to the cause of Indian scholarship. In the High Court his great learning, powerful intellect and marvellous eloquence secured him a high place at once. Had he pursued his profession seriously it would have been easy for him to rise to the highest rung of the ladder; no place or position which is open to an Indian barrister could have been too ambitious for him. Money he could have earned and amassed by lakhs. But the lofty and patriotic spirit of Ananda Mohan Bose never looked upon personal gain or preferment as an object to be sought for. He never paid his court to law seriously. His heart and soul were elsewhere. The time he ought to have spent in the court or the chamber if he wished to win laurels in the legal profession, he devoted to other things—in the prayer meetings of the Brahma Samaj, the council chamber of the Indian Association or on the public platform. Clients and attorneys had to come and return in disappointment. His colleagues at the bar used to complain bitterly, that the “fad of country’s cause” spoiled a great counsel. And yet in spite of gross neglect of his professional interests he was acknowledged to be a brilliant advocate. On one occasion Mr. John D. Bell, then the Standing Counsel of the Calcutta High Court, characterised in a speech at the Trades Dinner Mr. Bose’s defence in a certain case before High Court Sessions as the most splendid defence he had ever heard out of Westminster Hall. But Mr. Bose did not look upon his great abilities as given to him for earning money. From the very beginning he made a silent covenant with himself to spend as little time as possible on his professional practice and spare the rest for the service of his country. If we take into consideration the money he might surely

earned by his profession, if he only chose to do it, his sacrifices were enormous. But Bose steadily turned away from that temptation, and consecrated his powers to the service of his countrymen. From the moment of his return to India, he became the acknowledged leader in all public movements. He laboured equally strenuously in the field of politics, education, social and religious reform. In 1876 he, along with his friend Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee, founded the Indian Association with which began the systematic and organised political movement in Bengal. Ananda Mohan Bose was the first Secretary of the Indian Association, and his services to it were so great that latterly he became almost its life-president. From the very day of the foundation of the Indian National Congress he was one of its most earnest, influential and steadfast supporters. Eloquent on the platform, sage in counsel, true in the hour of action, Bose was a tower of strength to the Congress movement. By a judicious combination of strength and self-restraint he brought to the cause a dignity and a confidence, which will perhaps be better appreciated now that he is gone. His presidential address at the Madras Congress of 1898 stands unique in the Congress literature, and when at the close he exhorted his audience to the vow of "love and service," its effect was electric. People to this day recollect the moment with a thrill and enthusiasm as if they had listened to the trumpet-call of an angel from heaven. Among the most substantial services rendered to the political cause of India by any man of the present day stands Bose's year of advocacy on behalf of the voiceless millions of India at the bar of the British public during his last visit to England in 1897-1898. At his own exclusive cost, at a great sacrifice to his purse, for one whole year he went from British constituency to constituency, narrating the tale of India's woes and pleading for justice and fair play. He went indeed to seek rest and health; but the year of rest became a year of unremitting exertion which ultimately proved to be the cause of his death, for the first symptoms of the fatal illness made its appearance on the very occasion when his grateful countrymen on his return assembled in the Town Hall of Calcutta to give him a public reception. There, as he rose to reply to their cordial address, he fainted and fell down and had to be carried home, never to regain his former health.

The special subject on which he loved to speak and on which he spoke with an unrivalled authority was education. He was a life-long educationist and he was a believer in education. In one of the Sessions of the Congress he said, "Gentlemen, I believe in the intellect of India. I believe the fire that burned so bright centuries ago has not wholly died out. I believe there are sparks, aye, more than sparks that still exist and only require the gentle breeze of sympathetic help, of judicious organisation and kindly care, to burst forth once again into the glorious fire which in the past illumined not only this continent but shed its lustre over other lands into that intellectual life which achieved wonders in the field of literature and art, in the field of mathematics and philosophy, which produced works which are even now the wonder and admiration of the world. In his own scholarship Ananda Mohan substantiated his remark.

In the midst of the many exciting and engrossing interests of public life Bose never lost his early passion for education. The question of education held a large and prominent place in his heart. Soon after his return from England, he became a Fellow of the Calcutta University, and ever afterwards laboured unceasingly in the senate, the syndicate and the various boards of the Calcutta University. It was only a fair recognition of his services to the cause of education that the University of Calcutta, on the receipt of the privilege of nominating a member to the Bengal Legislative Council, elected him to be its first representative. Government likewise recognised his great abilities and services to the cause of education by appointing him to the Education Commission of the viceroyalty of Lord Ripon, a distinction which pointed him out as the greatest authority on educational matters in Bengal. His services to the cause of education were not merely of an advisory nature. He himself worked practically for the spread of education in his country. The City College of Calcutta, one of the first class colleges of the Calcutta University, with its Mymensing Branch, a second grade college, stands as a living monument of Bose's zeal and sacrifices on behalf of education. Neither did he forget the girls of Bengal. From the beginning of his public career he worked strenuously for the promotion of female education. One of the earliest and most successful institutions in Bengal for the educa-

tion of women, the Banga Mahila Vidyalaya, was started and for a long time supported by Bose and his friend the late Babu Durga Mohan Das, which was ultimately amalgamated with the Bethune College at the request of Government.

Bose's conception of education was not merely intellectual or academic. Education to him meant the harmonious culture of the intellect, heart and soul. Accordingly he held that the education imparted in the colleges was partial and imperfect, and throughout his life he made various efforts to supplement university education by means of suitable organisations helping young men in the formation of character. Soon after his return from England he established a "Students' Association." In connection with the Sadharan Brahma Samaj, he, along with Pandit S. N. Sastri, founded the Students' Weekly Service, which for a quarter of a century has done incalculable good to the young men of Bengal. Ananda Mohan Bose took particular interest and delight in working for the welfare of young men, and they in their turn held him in the highest regard.

Another field of very useful work, in which again Ananda Mohan was the recognised leader, was temperance and purity. In his personal life and habits he was pure and spotless. His prolonged stay in England and intimate association with English society did not in the least affect his inborn temperance sentiments. He set his face sternly against the prevailing practice of drinking even in moderate quantities among a certain section of people who had come in contact with modern civilisation. He was the apostle of purity and temperance among his countrymen. With the Government he expostulated earnestly and continuously so to frame and administer the excise regulations as to check the growth of drunkenness in this essentially temperance country. In all excise questions he was the authoritative temperance representative of the people. At every crisis of the temperance movement the warning note of the leader never failed to make itself heard. For many years he was the President of the Calcutta Temperance and Purity Association.

Equally familiar were his figure and voice in the Council Chamber of the Calcutta Corporation. Before the passing of the new Municipal Act, for many years Bose was a Commissioner

of the Calcutta Municipality. Indeed, during the last thirty years there was hardly any organisation or movement tending towards public welfare with which Ananda Mohan Bose was not associated. But the work which perhaps lay nearest to his heart was religious work. The key to the life and work of Ananda Mohan Bose was his religion. Early in his life, while he was still a student, he joined the Brahma Samaj. He came under the influence of the Brahma Samaj in the early sixties while still at Mymensing. When young Ananda Mohan came to the Presidency College from his native town of Mymensing, he at once threw in his lot with the progressive Brahmas headed by Keshub Chandra Sen and began to take an active part in the proceedings of the Brahma Samaj of India which was founded in 1866. In 1869 he was formally initiated into Brahmoism along with twenty other young men, including the late Babu Krishna Behari Sen, Babu Rajani Nath Roy and Pandit S. N. Sastri. In 1878 came the unfortunate split in the camp of the progressive Brahmas, consequent upon the marriage of the eldest daughter of Babu Keshub Chandra Sen with the minor Maharaja of Kuchbehar in contravention of the rule of the minimum age limit in Brahma marriages fixed by Babu Keshub Chandra Sen himself a little while before. Those who thought that the cause of reform had been irrevocably compromised by this action formed themselves into a separate organisation under the name of the Sadharan Brahma Samaj. Ananda Mohan Bose, though a young man of thirty only, was at once chosen to be the leader and guide of the Samaj. It was a troublous time ; and nothing recalls to the present generation his great abilities or the deep regard in which he was held so clearly as the fact that a young man of thirty should be chosen to guide the destinies of the infant church against such veteran and powerful adversaries as the late Keshub Chandra Sen and Pratap Chandra Mazumdar. The ability and judiciousness, the strength and restraint with which he conducted himself amply justified the wisdom of the choice. Perhaps of Ananda Mohan alone it may be said that he came out of that fiery ordeal perfectly unscathed. Though he had to separate himself from Keshub Chandra Sen on grounds of principle, he did not allow differences of opinion or antagonism of interest to affect his personal relationship with him in the slightest degree. Bitter as was the feeling and grievous the controversy on both sides.

Ananda Mohan, though he was at the head of the movement, could conduct himself in such an admirable spirit that even his opponents did not bear any ill-feeling towards him. Ananda Mohan was called upon to preside at the memorable Town Hall meeting at which the Sadharan Brahma Samaj was organised. He was elected its first President, and since then for many and successive years he held the same exalted office. In the difficult task of building a new constitution Ananda Mohan was invaluable. Every institution and every department of the infant religious body received the impress of his spirit. For twenty-five years he spared neither time nor energy to further the cause of the Sadharan Brahma Samaj. The services which he rendered to it are truly innumerable.

But manifold and great as were the services and sacrifices of Ananda Mohan Bose, the man was even greater. The works and activities but half expressed the beauty of the soul within. Behind the scholar, behind the patriot, behind the reformer there glowed the spirit of a *Rishi*. Though engaged in the distracting occupations of a popular leader, Ananda Mohan habitually dwelt in a higher atmosphere. He never allowed the work which engaged his hands or the companions who surrounded him to drag him down from his vantage ground in the spirit world. God was *reality* to him; religion had become the breath of his life. In every act, in every speech, in every thought he was actuated by the consciousness of the presence of God. There was a settled sunshine in his face which was the reflection of a divine light within. No one could come into his presence without feeling an elevation of spirit. He seemed not to belong to this world where sin and depravity abound. Such a great genius, having so varied an experience, yet there was a simplicity in him which was truly child-like. It would seem that he was perfectly unacquainted with the cunning of the world. Seldom has such keen intellect been seen in combination with such perfect guilelessness. A pure spotless character, he may be called the Aristides of modern Bengal. Ananda Mohan the Good, is his fitting appellation.

Though surrounded with every comfort and convenience of life, having a fair share of the world's wealth, position and honour, Ananda Mohan lived in perfect detachment in their midst. His *Rishi* spirit preferred a cottage to a palace, plainest food to sumptu-

ous meals, solitude or the company of meek humble seekers after God, to the court or company of the wealthy, the powerful or the exalted in the world's estimation. In the midst of his many engagements he would often and frequently make solitary retreats away from the noisy resorts of men, to live like the *Rishis* of old with one simple meal and undisturbed communion with his God. Simplicity and austerity were natural to him ; Ananda Mohan was a veritable *Rishi* in spirit.

And the fruits of the spirit graced his nature abundantly. He never seemed to have been conscious of his greatness. In his conversation, even in his very movements there was a charming meekness. A rude or harsh word never escaped from his lips. Under the most provoking circumstances he would not lose the usual serenity and sweetness of temper. Sir Gurudas Banerjee, in a recent contribution to a paper, bears testimony to this side of his character. He writes : " A few minutes' talk with Ananda Mohan Bose would reveal that there was a heartiness in all he said ; he would not say anything lightly. If he were displeased he would express sorrow ; never did I see him angry. He was engaged in many a field of work and achieved much, in some of which I was his colleague. I often marvelled at his beautiful combination of firmness in duty with a perfect sweetness of temper towards both friends and opponents. It was a pleasure to work with him, even when we could not agree with him." The fact was that the principle underlying all that he did was " love and service ;" love first, then service. He seemed to be guided by the principle " though I give my body to be burned and have not love, it profiteth nothing." His was a heart abounding in love which he bestowed freely to all without any distinction. One more rare virtue we saw in Ananda Mohan—his perfect unconcern for name or fame. He worked for the sake of work without caring for any reward or recognition. Ananda Mohan was without " the last infirmity of noble minds." Forward at every situation which demanded exertion and sacrifice, ever ready to take his share and more than his legitimate share of the burden of work, he always loved to keep himself in the background, away from public view and recognition, when the rewards of the fight were being distributed. On account of this spirit he did not perhaps receive that recognition from his countrymen which was his due. But Ananda Mohan did

not work with a view to any earthly glory. The master whom he sought to please "seeth in secret." Ananda Mohan worked in such a spirit that he would not let his left hand know what his right hand did. A pure, spotless, noble, unselfish spirit, great in intellect, great in heart, great in deed, a fervent patriot, a profound scholar, a *Rishi*—has gone to his rest. India is truly poorer for his loss.

HEM CHANDRA SARKAR M A

Calcutta.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY IN WESTERN INDIA.*

THE two learned contributions on the subject of proverbial philosophy in Western India to the *Times of India* (in its issues of the 4th and 24th July 1906) over the well-known initials of C. A. K. disclose a sympathetic insight into the life of the people of this country, which is rare, and, therefore, specially to be valued amongst the European officials who take a lively interest in the country of their self-elected exile. The comparative method of study applied in the examination of Indian proverbs increases the interest of these articles. It would have been an excellent thing if they had been published in a more permanent form.

While recognising these merits in them, I may venture to point out a few errors into which the learned writer has unwittingly been led, fully conceding at the same time that, after all, the study of a foreign tongue and especially its proverbs—which are a mirror of the social life and institutions of a people—carries with it its own limitations and drawbacks. It is this drawback which has led the writer into a wrong construction of the Gujrati proverb—डाही सासरे जाय अने गांडी शीखामण दे. I shall deal with

* Since this article was prepared by me several letters have appeared in the *Times of India* on this subject. Some of them bear out my interpretations of the proverbs and some give variant constructions. It is not possible or necessary to notice all of them in this article. I must, however, note that Mr. M. T. Telang of Belgaum in his otherwise excellent letter published in the *Times of India* of 31st July 1906, does not quite satisfy me with his explanation of the proverb मुंगी होऊन साखर खावी. &c., in spite of the *abhang* of Tukaram's, happily quoted in support by him. Particularly, the position given to the function and experiences of Indra's elephant in the *abhang* does not quite answer to those of the elephant in the proverb, and this difference essentially affects the spirit of the proverb.

Similarly his interpretation of the proverb कृष्ण प्रदक्षिणा &c, (which is almost, similar to that given by M. D. K. of Indore (*Times of India*, 30th July 1906) lacks point and force that are found in the sense given by me.

another version of this proverb later on. But the translation of this version which is given by the writer as—"The good wife who went to her father-in-law and got scolded by the unfaithful wife"—misses the essence of the saying. डाही is not a 'good' wife, but a sensible woman, and गांडी is certainly not 'faithless' wife (rather a strong expression this), but only a woman lacking in common sense (literally an unwise woman). Similarly शीखामण does not mean 'scolding' here (it may mean 'admonition' in some other context—which has perhaps misled the writer), but it simply means 'advice.' It will thus be seen that the proverb is intended to show the ridiculous presumption on the part of a woman wanting in common sense in trying to give grand-motherly advice to a sensible woman on the eve of her departure for residing in her father-in-law's family—advice as to how she should conduct herself with people in that family, which is usually given by the parents or wellwishers of a bride proceeding on her first visit to her father-in-law's house. This interpretation will at once show what real index to the social life of the people is lost in the unfortunately incorrect rendering given by the learned writer.

But to come to another version of this proverb, which reflects quite a different idea. It is डाही सासरे ना जाय अने घेलीने शीखामण दे ; *i.e.* the wise woman herself does not go to (live at) her father-in-law's (as she should) and yet she has the cheek to admonish the unwise woman (for her not going to her father-in-law's). This is something like a counterpart of the well-known Sanskrit aphorism- परोपदेशे पाण्डित्यम् which may be freely rendered as "preaching what one does not himself practise." This version of the proverb is known in Gujrat proper, and the one given by the writer in the *Times* is hardly known outside Kathiavad. In fact it was quite new to me. My inquiries with some Kathiavadis show that the Gujrat proper version is equally unknown in Kathiawad. Behind a thin outward similarity, the two proverbs are radically different, each of them, conveying quite different pieces of wisdom, as already shown: the Kathiavad saying hitting at presumptuous advice given to one's betters and the Gujrat one aiming at the separation between preaching and practice. While in the former the "unwise woman" is the object of attack, in the latter it is the "wise woman." That is the only common element, as also the incident of going to one's father-in-law's.

I shall pass over some minor instances of misapprehension such as the misapplied reference to the proverb वखाणी खीचडी दांते वळणी, recommended by the writer to be used in getting rid of an unqualified but pertinacious claimant (while the proverb has the unambitious meaning that

too much praise spoils a person); and shall take up the second article on Marathi proverbs. In this article there are two important theories laid down by the learned writer which I would make bold to dispute. But before coming to them, I must indicate a few instances of incorrect renderings and interpretations.

The proverb लक्ष प्रदक्षिणा आणि एक पैसा दक्षिणा is translated by the writer as under :—

“ Attention to the ceremony of going round the idol when worshipping and at the end a gift of one pice as an offering to the Brahman.” This rendering is—perhaps, literally true, – though there is no point intended such as is conveyed by the expression “ attention to.” But the real point of the saying is missed, as it appears to me. The proverb seems to aim at the spirit of liberality in a matter like प्रदक्षिणा which really costs nothing and a practical closefistedness when the question of the actual spending of money comes in, as in the giving of दक्षिणा I understand that the प्रदक्षिणा is performed by the donor himself, not by the Brahman. The play on the word दक्षिणा in प्रदक्षिणा and दक्षिणा may also be noticed in passing.*

The rendering of the proverb “मुंगी होऊन साखर खावी पण हत्ती होऊन कांकडे खाऊ नयेत ” is, I am afraid, beside the mark. The writer translates it thus :—

“ It is all very well for an ant to eat sugar, but an elephant should not live on sticks.”

In the first place the contrast between the two parts of the aphorism is not apparent in this rendering; and the idea conveyed in this translation

* Since I wrote the above I read the letter in the *Times of India* of 30th July 1906, signed by M. D. K. from Indore. He interprets this proverb differently. According to him it refers to the performance of religious rites by proxy, and the disproportion between the volume of such performance (and the consequent religious merit expected to be secured) and the price paid for it. My inquiries show that this construction is held by others also. I still adhere to my interpretation as conveying a more pointed hit than the one now given. Besides, the money given to a Brahmin for performing such vicarious worship is less in the nature of दक्षिणा (which is pure gift) than of wages (religious though they be). A slight variation of this weaker meaning may also be suggested; viz. that for all the trouble of going round the idol one lakh of times, the poor Brahmin is paid only one pice as his hire!

By the way, M. D. K. of Indore has rightly pointed out that C. A. K. has misunderstood लक्ष (one lakh) for “attention.” I never suspected he had so misapprehended this word; and hence my general remark above as to the apparent correctness of the translation. लक्ष does also mean ‘attention,’ it is true. But it would then be लक्ष प्रदक्षिणे कडे or some such thing, and not लक्ष प्रदक्षिणा.

that an ant may eat a thing below its deserts but an elephant should not, is not compatible with the fact that sugar is above and not below the deserts of a thing like an ant. And secondly the spirit of the proverb is entirely missed by losing sight of the participial form ending in ऊन in होऊन and the mistranslation of खात्री in the first part which should also be rendered by 'should eat.' The idea really is that a man should hope to obtain good things by assuming a humble attitude and not try to secure even small benefits by putting on arrogant and haughty airs. This idea is more clearly conveyed in the Gujrati saying दीकरो थईने खवाय, बाप थईने ना खवाय, (You can hope to eat by becoming a son, and not by becoming a father"), though it has not quite crystallised into a well-rounded proverb.

The proverb which is translated "a famine year has always thirteen months" is not correctly rendered. It is not consistent with facts that every famine year must have thirteen months. What really is meant is, an unhappy combination of calamities is an accidental addition in a famine year of the thirteenth month (the अधिक मास which comes in every third year as a rule, in Hindu months to neutralise the effect of the months being lunar while the year is solar)—as if famine and a year of twelve months were not enough harassment, there comes the addition of the thirteenth month. It is something like—"Misfortunes never come singly."

"कोल्हा काकडीला राजी" really hits at the petty and unambitious satisfaction of mean people with their humble lot; a point which is lost in the rendering "Hunger is the best sauce." It is not a keen appetite which prompts a jackal to devour even cucumbers, in this saying, but its mean nature which will not aim high and disdain to touch things unworthy. The jackal in this proverb is a type of the class represented in सुसंतुष्टः कापुरुषः मुपूरो मूषिकाञ्जलिः (easily satisfied is the mean man; easily filled is the handful of a mouse.)

This idea finds expression, with some variations, in Sanskrit literature wherein a lion is described as ready to starve rather than touch grass; and again, the conduct of a cringing dog in the presence of the man who offers him sweets is contrasted with that of the grand and noble elephant who looks dignified and takes his food after a number of entreaties from the feeder.

- (1) क्षुक्षामोऽपि जराकृशोऽपि शिथिल् प्रायोऽपि कष्टं दद्या
मापन्नोऽपि विपन्न दीधि तिरपि प्राणेषु नश्यत्स्वपि ।
मत्ते भेन्द्र विभिन्न कुम्भकवल प्रासैक बद्ध स्पृहः
किं जीर्णं तृण मत्ति मान महताम भ्रसेरः केसरी ॥

- (2) लाङ्गूल चालन मधश्चरणान् पातं
भूमौ निपत्य वदनो दर दरनि च ।
श्वार्थिडदस्य कुरुते गजपुङ्ग वस्तु
धीरं विलोकयति चाटु शतैश्च भुङ्क्ते ॥

But although the interpretation I have suggested is supported by some, I am given another construction of this proverb which seems equally, if not more, correct. It is that a roguish, thieving party like a jackal would be happy to secure whatever he can lay hands on, even a cucumber; not taking anything by right, he considers himself quite lucky if he gets even a cucumber. This is based on the same underlying principle of an absence of right as the other proverb in Gujrati धरमना गायने दांत ना हीय "a cow given to a Brahmin as a religious gift cannot be expected to have retained her teeth;" *i. e.*, it must be accepted, even if old; which corresponds to the English saying: "You should not look a gift horse in the mouth." The differentiating factor in the two cases is that while in the former absence of right is coupled with criminal usurpation, in the latter cases it co-exists with the conferment of a favour.

Most important, owing to the inferences drawn from it, is the proverb, गांव तेथे महारवाडा. I shall deal with that aspect further below. But just now I would draw special attention to the absence in the writer's rendering of this proverb of any allusion to the main essence of the saying, and the application based on it. This proverb is meant to convey that no community is free from its bad element, a truth embodied picturesquely in the English proverb, "There are black sheep in every fold." This is the significance of the Marathi proverb just quoted, and it is owing to losing sight of it that wrong inferences are drawn therefrom, as I shall show later on.

साळ्याची गाय आणि माळ्याचें वासरूं (the weaver's cow and the mali's calf) is made by the writer to imply that "a clean sweep is made of everything." This interpretation sounded to me as hardly convincing. I made inquiries and was given a better interpretation of the proverb, which at once seems to fit in with probabilities. This proverb, I am told, is applied when a man wishes to suggest a mixed combination of things from varied quarters, and imply that somehow or other odds and ends are put together and a patch-work convenience or comfort is secured, getting one thing from here, another thing from there, and so on. One would say in the words of the proverb, I got a cow from the weaver and a calf from the mali, and I am thus somehow by shifts caraying on my affairs in this life. I am sure this interpretation will appeal to C. A. K. as better than

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the one given by himself. Incidentally I may draw attention to the rhyming of साळी and माळां in this proverb, which, in a way, indicates the undefined character of the individuals owning the cow and the calf, the only sense intended being "one man's cow and another man's calf." Similarly, the wide gap in social and professional status between the weaver and the mali points to the unconnected nature of the sources from which odds and ends are picked up. These considerations further strengthen the meaning indicated by me.

With one more remark I shall leave the discussion of the erroneous renderings, before taking up the more important question of certain theories and general views based on the proverbs. In remarking on the difficulty (in fact impossibility) of playing a tune on a carrot when discussing the proverb गाजराची पुंगी बाजली तर बाजली नाहींतर खाऊन टाकली, the writer of the article misses the mark a little, as the carrot, as it is, is not to be played upon, but a pipe made of a carrot, conceivably by making it hollow vertically in the centre. Such a flute, even at its best, may not succeed, and hence the consolation described in the latter part of the proverb, *viz.*, that it can after all be useful as an eatable.

To come to the more important part of the treatment of these proverbs The writer in his second article observes :

" I would now place before my readers some of the wise sayings of the Deccan, and they will probably be struck at the absence of that resemblance which they might have expected from the common origin of the two languages, Marathi and Gujrati. "

Certainly, an absence of such a resemblance as the writer suggests would be really very striking and disappointing ; not so much on account of the common origin of the two languages, as of the close contact in which the people of both the provinces have lived for so many years, ever since the Marathas conquered parts of Gujrat and the Peishwas ruled (as the Gaikwad still rules), over a large portion of that province. Such contact, while mutually affecting the languages of the two peoples, would naturally also affect their social institutions, ways of thought and expression, and proverbs which are a concentration of all of them. Mere common origin of languages would not be a potent influence in this matter : for instance, Bengali, Punjabi, and several other vernaculars would hardly have many proverbs in common with Gujrati or Marathi, although all come from the common stock Sanskrit. Besides, Gujrati and Marathi, although owing distant parentage to Sanskrit, come directly through different Prakrits Gujrati being derived more through Sauraseni and Apabhraṅsa than Marathi.

Still, the close political and consequent social contact between the two peoples would lead us to expect marked similarity in the proverbs of the two languages; and this very consideration would call for a careful examination of the subject and caution before hazarding such a statement as is made in the above observation by the writer of the article. Well then, after all, is there such an absence of similarity or mutual influence in the proverbs of the two languages? I can safely assert that there is not. I shall simply take some of the proverbs mentioned by the writer of the article and place Marathi and Gujrati proverbs side by side, which will furnish an answer more eloquent than any arguments on the subject. I may only observe that the resemblance will naturally be limited, going only so far as there was mutual influence between the social life of the two peoples. Linguistic affinity being a very minor force in the moulding of proverbs, social mingling is the potent one, and after it the element of human nature and ways of thought common to all humanity.

Here then are the common or similar proverbs :—

Marathi proverbs given by C. A. K.

Corresponding Gujrati proverbs.

(1) मेल्यावांचून स्वर्ग दीसत नाहिं.

(1) आप मुवा विना स्वर्गे ना जवाय.

Heaven cannot be seen unless one dies.

One cannot go to heaven without himself dying.

(2) जर मन असेल चगा तर काथवटीत गंगा.

(2) मन होय चंगा तो कथरोटमां घेर बैठे गंगा.

If the mind is pure, the Ganges is in your tub.

If the mind is pure, the Ganges will be in your tub while you are in your own house.*

* There is an interesting tale that hangs by this proverb. Once upon a time a whole pious family went on a pilgrimage to Benares, leaving at home the poor daughter-in-law. She used to console herself at the time of her daily bath which (unusually enough, and to make a miniature Ganges for herself) she took in a कथराटे (Marathi काथवट, which is not exactly a soup-plate but a big, flat, and circular copper tray with a broad brim at an obtuse angle to the bottom); She used to say :—मन होय चंगा तो कथरोटमां घेर बैठे गंगा. As she was not allowed to bathe in the Ganges, being left at home, she held that a pure mind was the essential thing, and having that, a bath at home was as good as one in the holy waters of the Ganges. Thus days passed, and one morning, wonderful as it seemed, while she was bathing in the big tray, lo! there appeared in the water a nose-ring which she at once recognised as that of her mother-in-law who was hundreds of miles away in Benares. When the pilgrims returned home, they related the adventures of their travels and casually mentioned that on a particular day the mother-in-law lost her nose-ring while bathing in the Ganges. At once the young daughter-in-law produced the article, and to the astonished family members described her own experience on that very day, which proved that the Ganges flowed into her tub and brought the nose-ring.

Such is the simple-minded people's story accounting for the origin of this proverb.

- (3) आपल्या गरजे गाढव राजे. (3) गरजे गयेडापें पण बाप कहबो पडे.
In your own need you call the donkey a king. In one's need one has to call even donkey "father."
- (4) गाढवां पुडें वाचली गीता, कालचा गोंधळ बरा होता. (4) भेश भागळ भागवत.
The Gita being read before the donkey, he says "yesterday's row was great." Reading the Bhāgavata before the buffalo.
- (5) गाढवास गुळाची चव काय ? (5) खाखरानी खिश्कोली साकरनो स्वाद शुं जाणे ?
How can the donkey appreciate jaggery? Or, as the poet in his *Angada-vishti* has cleverly put into Rāvana's mouth.
खाखर केरी खिलोडी, अंगद! स्वाद शुं जाणे साकरनो ?
Oh Angada! How can the squirrel which feeds on Palāsa leaves know the relish of sugar-candy?
- (6) मुंगी होउन साखर खावी, पण हर्ती हाऊन कांकडे खाऊं नयेत. (6) दीकरो थईने खवाय, बाप थईने ना खवाय.
You must be an ant and eat sugar ; but not an elephant and eat fire-wood. You can eat by being a son, but not by being a father.
- (7) छडी लागे चमचम विद्या येई घमघम. (7) सोंटी वागे चमचम, विद्या भावेघमघम.
The cane touches you smartingly and learning comes to you jingling her anklet-bells (Compare, "Spare the rod and spoil the child.")
- (8) डोई धरला तर मोडका हातीं धरला तर मोडका. (8) दादीना दोडसो ने चोटीना चौदसो ?
Caught by the head, he was bald ; Caught by the hand he was mangle-armed. Rs. 150 for the beard and Rs. 1,400 for the hair of the head.*

* This proverb has a distinct origin in the story of a Borah (who always wears a long beard, but shaves his head clean). The Borah once encountered a burglar who caught hold of him by the beard in the middle of a tussle. The wily Borah shouted to his wife:—"Bring Rs. 150 to pay for his leaving go my beard ; or else if he happens to catch me by the hair of the head he will demand Rs. 1,400." The burglar at once left the beard, and, in his greed, tried to get hold of the hair of the head. The result was, the clean-shaven Borah slipped off, the burglar securing no hair, as none existed. So our Borah was not less slippery than Mr. Balfour as described by Sir W. Harcourt.

- (9) ज्याची जागे चाड तो उडे ताडमाड. (9) भूंडना छाणनो खप पडयो, तो भूंड वाडमां पेटुं

Whose need there is, goes up the palm-tree. When the pig's excreta were wanted, it went and lay deep inside the hedge.

- (10) गाजराची पुंगी वाजली तर वाजली नाही तरखाऊन टाकली. (10) गाजरनी ततूडी वागी त्यहां सूधी बगाडी, नहिं तो खाई तो जवाश.

If a pipe made of a carrot could be played upon, well and good; otherwise, it would be useful for eating. We can play upon a carrot pipe as long as it gives a tune; or else, it will be useful for eating.

- (11) दुष्काळांत तेरावा मास. (11) दुकाळमां अधिक मास.

The thirteenth month in a famine year.

- (12) गाव तेथे महारवाडा. (12) गाम होय त्यहां डेडवाडो होय.

Where there is a village there is a Mahar-(Dhed)-vada.

Instances could be multiplied; but these are culled from C. A. K.'s own article; and after this, will it be necessary to prove that there is ample resemblance in the proverbs of the two languages?

I have hinted above at the principle that common human nature is also a cause determining the similarity in the proverbs of languages wide apart from each other. In the instances quoted above, however, the similarity is traceable more to the contact between Gujrat and Maharashtra, and, to some extent, to the common origin of the two languages. It is when we come upon two languages far removed from each other like Gujrati and English, for instance, that common human nature can be safely and correctly accepted as the influencing factor. Thus, the proverb quoted by C. A. K. in the opening remarks of his first article,

"A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut tree,

The more you beat them, the better they be."

finds an interesting counterpart in the Gujrati distich :—

बूधे जार बाजरी, बूधे नार पाथरी; बूधे डोंबुं दहोवा दे, नेबू धे छैयुं छानुं रहे.

(बूधु—a flail; "The thrashing rod gives you Jowri and Bajri, the thrashing rod makes the wife straight; the thrashing rod makes the buffalo yield milk, and the thrashing rod keeps the crying child quiet.)

The writer of the article very correctly remarks on the extremely low position of the Mahar in the social scale, and goes on to say :—

"The Mahars (in the old days) incurred a severe penalty if they were so unlucky as even to let their shadow fall on a Brahmin. Had one of

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their number elbowed a Brahmin off the road, that Mahar would have probably said good-bye to this world securely fastened to the hind leg of an elephant."

True enough ; but even in these days of progress and enlightenment a case was reported in a coast district in this Presidency, wherein a Mahar was alleged to have been murdered by a Brahmin because he committed the serious sin of letting his shadow fall on the Brahmin's son or some one connected with him. I mention this as an interesting piece of information, which would throw some significant light on the highways and byeways of Hindu social life even in the 20th century.

I shall now touch on a very important point advanced by the writer. As regards the name, Maharashtra, given to the Deccan and Konkan, the writer says :—

“ The Mahar finds the largest place in the proverbs of Maharashtra ; and one of them, गाँव तेथें महारावाडा,—Wherever there is a village there is Maharvada—suggested to Mr. Molesworth the probably correct solution of the term Maharashtra. Its modern inhabitants will inform you that Maharashtra means the great country. And great she undoubtedly was in the 18th century. But the term Maharashtra is of great antiquity and was freely used when Deccan and Konkan were ruled by the Jadav polygars and when the state of the country was similar to that of Ireland before Strongbow's invasion. There is therefore no little likelihood that Maharashtra meant originally the country of the Mahars just as Gujarashtra meant the country of the Gujars.”

With regard to this conjectural derivation it may be noted in the first place that the suggested etymology has a distinct ring of artificiality which the trained ear of an expert instinctively detects, just as the experienced banker detects in a second the false ring in a counterfeit coin. Such fallacious derivations based on external resemblance are not infrequent. Amongst several of the kind may be mentioned that of the town of Dohad in the Panch Mahals. Dohad by its external appearance yielded to the easy process of dissection and the artificial etymologist explained it as दो + हद (two boundaries, as it was situated on the borders of Gujrat and Malwa.) But careful observation will show that the town is really called दाहोद (Dāhod) and, further, Dehivad (even now it is so called by unsophisticated persons). This दहैवद is really derived from दधिपद (दधि=curds, पद=village), दाहिवद् (a form deduced correctly according to the rules of Prakrit Grammar). Even now there is a village called Dahivad in the Nasik District ; and वद (from पद) appears as the second half of the names of

several other towns and villages, e.g. हळपद, —&c. नडियाद is similarly derived from नटपद्र, and Baroda बडोदरा from बटपद्र, and also Nandod from नंदपद्रन *

In the next place Gujrat is not derived from गुर्जर + राष्ट्र, as is commonly supposed, but from गुज्रत्रा.† If I mistake not Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar has said somewhere that the name गुर्जरत्रा appears in some ancient writings.

Thirdly, Maharashtra was known by this name (not Maharrashtra but Maharashtra) in the earliest times when, if it were derived from Mahar, the final "r" of Mahar would not have been dropped. Maharashtra is the name given to one of the Prakrits, just like Sauraseni, Apabhraṅsa, Māgadhī, &c.,—names which have retained their Sanskrit purity which renders it highly improbable that Maharashtra would mean anything but the language of महा + राष्ट्र (not महार + राष्ट्र.)

In the fourth place the objection implied in the extract quoted above seems to be that Maharashtra was not great in the earlier times when it bore that name. But greatness in this case is not political greatness, but greatness simply in extent of area. This it did possess in the earlier period, as now.

* The late H. H. Dhruva, B.A., LL.B. had first pointed out this presence of पद्र and its derived forms in the names of towns and villages.

† For this very reason the spelling "Gujrathi" and "Gujrath" generally adopted by Marathas on the deceptive analogy of "Marathi," is incorrect, the 'h' in Marathi can be traced to the ष in ष्ट्र of राष्ट्र, which would become ट्र in Prakrit, whereas there is no such ancestry for 'h' in the त्र of गुज्रत्रा.

Hemachundra (who flourished in the time of Siddharaj Jayasinha) in his Prakrit grammar, has a specific rule for converting "Maharashtra" into "Marahattha" (vide Siddha Hemachendra 8-2-119). It is the country of Mahārāshtra that is spoken of therein. Still further back into B. C. 300 we find the country known as Mahārāshtra (see Introduction to Chanda's Prakrita-Lakshana p. xx. and map given there; edited by A. F. Rudolf Hoernle). Thus the word Mahārāshtra was known in that pure form from remotest times, which precludes the probability of the fanciful form—Mahār+rāshtra.

Dr. Bhandarkar in his history of the Dekkan (Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency Vol. I. Part I. p. 143) derives the name Mahārāshtra from Rashtrika with Mahasuperadded. Rashtrikas were an ancient tribe known under a variety of names and just as the Bhojas called themselves Maha Bhojas, the Rashtrikas called themselves Maharattihis or Maharatthas, and thus the country in which they lived came to be called Maharattha, the Sanskrit of which is Maharashtra. It will be seen that Dr. Bhandarkar does not so much as notice Molesworth's derivation of Mahār-Rashtra as anything worth serious consideration.

And lastly the imaginary derivation is based on an entire misconception of the proverb गांव तेथें महारवाडा. As already pointed out by me this proverb points to the well-observed fact that every community has its shady side, or, there are black sheep in every fold. Thus this proverb has nothing to do with the notion that in Maharashtra (of all countries) every village must have a Maharvada, or that Mahars were a great feature of the province,—a notion inconsistent with facts; for there is no ground for the belief that Mahars predominated numerically or politically in the Deccan and Konkan at any time in its history; nor is a Maharvada in every village a feature peculiar to Maharashtra alone. And on the other hand the Konkan, which is a part of Maharashtra does not possess Mahar population in any great strength, much less is there a Maharvada in every village there. Any suspicion of such a construction of the proverb is further dispelled by the fact that Gujrati has a corresponding proverb गाम होय त्यहां ढेडवाडो होय ("there is a Dhedvada, where there is a village"). If the reasoning based on the Marathi proverb be applied in the case of Gujrat, Gujrat may with equal logic be called the country of Dheds! To give a country its name, the special feature which lays claim to it must be a special one, a prominent one, and numerically or in some other manner a strong one. These conditions do not apply to the Mahars; certainly not on the mere argument based on an incorrect interpretation of the proverb गांव तेथें महारवाडा.

I have done. Let me assure the writer of the interesting articles in the *Times of India* that nothing in the above criticism is inspired by any spirit of fault-finding; and that I have been led to write the article only with a desire to throw as much light on the subject as possible, and, as already stated at the commencement, with a full appreciation of the learning and sympathy which the writer has brought to bear on this interesting subject.

In conclusion I may express a hope that the learned writer will on some future occasion fully justify the title of his articles, and treat the subject of Indian proverbs from a philosophical standpoint, classifying and examining them on the bases of the ideas and ideals, social customs and national character, as mirrored in the proverbial literature of these two provinces of Western India. Thus the relations between the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law may furnish a copious chapter in such a treatment; noble ideals such as conveyed in the proverb कोल्हा कांकडीला राजी, may claim some other proverbs for its class; ignoble ones may similarly form another group in which proverbs like गरजे गचेडने बाप कहेंचो पडे may figure properly. These are mere indications of the lines

on which such treatment may proceed. But there is ample room for a philosophical examination of the proverbs of Western India.

Postscript.—C. A. K. has since (in the *Times of India* of 31st August) contributed another article on the "Sayings of the Parsis." I cannot here enter into the question whether the dialect of the Parsis can claim recognition or not. But the proverbs dealt with in this article indicate distinctly that they hardly represent any features of social life or ideals peculiar to Parsis as such. The proverbs quoted appear to have been borrowed by the Parsis from their Hindu neighbours in Udvada, Navsari and other parts of the Surat District. The proverb which speaks of the Cambay woman could hardly have anything to do with Parsis, as Cambay is not a place of Parsis. The saying which prefers the company of seven co-wives* can hardly apply to Parsi life, which does not allow polygamy not to such an appreciable extent even in the old days as to give birth to a current proverb. Similarly the mother-in-law not showing the Holi festival to the daughter-in-law is equally foreign to Parsi life. Allowing that Parsis do celebrate the Divali in a way, they certainly never go in for the Holi festivities. Again, the idea of a Parsi woman grinding *juári* and singing songs at the performance is not a familiar one, even among the rural Paris of Udvada, Bulsar, and Navsari. All this will sufficiently favour the theory that the proverbs are borrowed from the Hindus, and cannot represent Parsi social life or ideals. C. A. K. in including such proverbs here has unconsciously perverted the spirit and sense of some of them. The relative position of *thikra* and *kalheda* are reversed by him in the proverb about the daughter-in-law breaking the one and the mother-in-law the other. This has driven him to wrong meanings of the two words. It is *kalheda* and not *thikra* which is the more expensive of the two. Similarly in "kaka mama kehevana, ne garrthe hoy te levana" the idea is,—not that the nominal uncles will rob you, but—that you will rob the men whom you ickle by calling them uncles. The word *gánth* in the proverb is rightly shown by C. A. K. as the knot at the end of the scarf worn by Indians. This little feature is unknown to Parsi costume anywhere, and shows that it could not be a Parsi proverb, and strengthens my theory.

Ratnagiri.

N. B. DIVATIA.

* 'Sok' is a living co-wife, and not, as C. A. K. appears to believe, one who has preceded a woman as her husband's former wife.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL AUTHORITY IN EUROPE.*

I

THE attempt was made in a previous contribution on "Jewish Theocracy and Christendom"† to set forth the line of causation through which the Christian Church came to exercise that dogmatic office of whose manifestation it was there stated, "in the succeeding conflicts which have arisen in Europe over its obstructive pretensions have been evoked some of our most troubled social and intellectual modern problems." We purpose now to take up the discussion of those problems as affected by the traditional canons of intellectual and moral authority on the one hand, and the relation thereto of what is broadly comprehended by the term "modern thought" on the other. The issue is one interpenetrated at every turn by considerations entering into the contention over the supposititious qualities pertaining respectively to Occident and Orient. In citing the doctrinal exposition of one of the foremost (Latin) "Fathers" of the Church—who are second only in importance to the traditional "Founder" and the first "Apostles"—we had occasion to note the manner in which the temporal power of the Roman Church first took shape. It will be helpful to our investigation to examine, at the outset, the present position of this body towards modern life and the view taken by its official hierarchy of its inhering prerogatives, together with that generally advanced by the Institution—of which, after all, the Latin Church remains but one great branch—before proceeding to appraise these claims in the light of the past and the present.

The Revolution wrought in Western conditions during the last

* This article was written before the recent issue of the Imperial rescript on religious freedom in Russia.—Ed. E. & W.

† Published in *East & West* for September, 1905.

three centuries—of which more hereafter—has resulted in the extension throughout Europe with perhaps the exception of Russia, of freedom of religious adoption and worship. In those countries where the Catholic religion predominates, and what were formerly the centres of its power, although it still retains a semi-official connection with the State, the supremacy of the temporal power has been vindicated, even extensive confiscations of ecclesiastical property have occurred. Now, while this movement has widened the province of civil and religious rights, its effect on the internal constitution of the Roman Church has been to centralise its administration, to render the individual priest more dependent upon his bishop, to subordinate the latter to the Vatican, where, previous to these changes, he had occupied the more independent status of a local magnate and ecclesiastical noble. Consequently, having no other secular interests than those of his Church, the fanatical side of the priestly character has tended to become intensified. Every one of the modern changes in the furtherance of religious equality has been bitterly opposed by the Roman hierarchy. Its own specific attributes have been meanwhile reasseverated in the most uncompromising terms. Remarks a well-informed observer of contemporary tendencies :*

The Catholic Church is essentially a State within a State, with its frontiers, its policy, and its leaders entirely distinct from those of the nation, and it can command an enthusiasm and a devotion at least as powerful and as widespread as the enthusiasm of patriotism. It claims to be a higher authority than the State : to exercise a Divine, and therefore a supreme, authority over belief, morals, and education, and to possess the right of defining the limits of its own authority. It also demands obedience even where it does not claim infallibility ; and it claims a controlling influence over a vast and indefinite province which lies beyond the limits of authoritatively formulated doctrine. The Church has in every parish one or more priests entirely devoted to its service ; it exercises an enormous influence over the whole female population, over the education of the young, over the periods of weakness, sickness, enfeebled faculties, and approaching death. It meddles persistently in domestic life, dictating the conditions of marriage, prescribing to the parent the places of secular education to which

* Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in a work more intrinsically valuable for its mass of ordered data, than for the general character of its conclusions, entitled *Democracy and Liberty*.

he may or may not send his children, interfering between the husband and the wife, and between the parent and the child. It orders all men, under pain of eternal perdition, to attend its ministrations, to obey its precepts, to reveal in the confessional the inmost secrets of their hearts. It professes also to possess spiritual powers which furnish it with extraordinary means of levying taxation.

The mission of this Church has been thus clearly laid down by Cardinal Newman :

The Catholic Church claims not only to judge infallibly on religious questions, but to animadvert on opinions in secular matters which bear upon religion ; on matters of philosophy, of science, of literature, of history ; and it demands our submission to her claim. It claims to censure books, to silence authors, and to forbid discussions. It must, of course, be obeyed without a word, and perhaps in process of time it will tacitly recede from its own injunctions.

This power, viewed in its fulness, is as tremendous as the giant evil which has called for it. It claims, when brought into exercise—but in the legitimate manner, for otherwise, of course, it is but quiescent—to know for certain the very meaning of every portion of that Divine Message in detail, which was committed by our Lord to His Apostles. It claims to know its own limits, and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what it cannot. It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious, so far as this—to determine whether indirectly they relate to religion, and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce, whether or not, in a particular case, they are simply inconsistent with revealed truth. It claims to decide magisterially, whether as within its own province or not, that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the *Depositum* of faith in their spirit or in their consequences and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them, accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on the matters, or controversies, of doctrine which on its own *ipse dixit* it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune. . . Such is the infallibility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty : it is, to repeat what I said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil.

An unequivocal expression of what goes to constitute some portion of the "giant evil," as evidenced in the modern movement of opinion and action, in the eyes of the Roman Council, is to be found in the famous Vatican Decrees, which stirred all civilised Europe some thirty years back and filled the leading English reviews with

acid controversy. Amongst other connected affirmations and propositions these decrees denounce "that most pernicious and insane opinion that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man, and that this right ought, in every well-governed state, to be proclaimed and asserted by law : that the will of the people, manifested by public opinion (as it is called) or by other means, constitutes a supreme law, independent of all divine and human rights : " and stigmatise the "impudence" of those who presume to subordinate "the authority of the Church and of the Apostolic See, conferred upon it by Christ our Lord, to the judgment of the civil authority." They re-affirm that old notion of the subordination of reason to faith and of justification by faith alone, which marks the Roman branch of the Church in the earliest glimpses which we get of its doctrinal growth ; and the final and complete authority of "revelation," with which, if any scientific facts "falsely so-called" appear to conflict, why, so much the worse for the facts.* And among the philosophical doctrines of life specially marked out for condemnation, are : That finite things, both corporeal and spiritual, are emanations of the divine substance ; or that the divine essence, by manifestation or development of itself, becomes all things : that man can and ought to, of his own efforts, by means of constant progress, arrive, at last at the possession of all truth and goodness : that divine revelation cannot be rendered credible by external evidence : that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions, even when opposed to revealed doctrine. They further anathematise all those who do not acknowledge that the world and all things which it contains were produced by God out of nothing ; † and who refuse to receive, for sacred and canonical, the books of Holy Scripture in their integrity, with all their parts, according as they were enumerated by the holy council of Trent, or deny that they are inspired by God. And they frankly re-assert the right of

* "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called : Which some professing have erred concerning the faith."—The first epistle to Timothy attributed in the Authorised Version of the New Testament to Paul the Apostle : Chap. 6, v. 20-21.

† Hebraists are not agreed that creation *ex nihilo* is the original meaning of the passage in *Genesis* from whence this notion is derived.

the Church to again use physical coercion to enforce all this, should the opportune moment arrive.

With the single reservation, that any form of government can rest upon a formulated will irrespective of "all human rights,"-- these statements, either directly or by inference, raise nearly the whole sequence of inquiry into ethics, the social ordering, religious and cosmic philosophy as now embraced by critical speculation in harmony with advancing knowledge. There is small ground for believing that the Vatican has since in any way receded from the general attitude therein adopted. That somewhat over-eulogised ecclesiastical statesman, the late Pontiff, persistently pressed the temporal arrogations of the Papacy; and the recent suppression of the critical scholarship of the Abbé Loisy by its fiat is an earnest of its attitude towards those monumental European studies in Biblical exegesis which have so profoundly modified the traditional view during the last century.

Such being the position in this connection, we may incidentally glance at that other phase of the Institution represented by the Greek Church, and its most imposing constituent, as seen in Russia, to which, for reasons to be more fully exposed, a particular interest attaches. According to evidence that comes to light from that censor-guarded country, the rescript of the Emperor Nicholas II. of March 1903, promising the observance of religious toleration, has been followed in effect by a reactionary policy on this head. The Jews have been persecuted more cruelly and more extensively even than before and Jewish surgeons and doctors have been gathered in large numbers and sent to meet danger or death in the Far East. Roman Catholics are ceaselessly worried in their work, insulted in their religious sentiments, and almost forcibly driven into Orthodoxy; and it is sometimes worse to be a Russian Nonconformist than to worship idols or to poison one's neighbour. An orthodox believer who wishes to leave his denomination must go abroad in order to do so. The Tsar is reported to have declared before the Council of the Empire, in reference to the case of a man who, orthodox only in name but Lutheran or some other profession in reality and wishing to receive the sacraments on his death bed from a minister of his adopted church—"that the clergyman who shall administer the sacraments of his church to such a man shall be punished as a law-breaker; it is a crime."

The Autocrat of All the Russias is equally the Spiritual Pontiff of the State—a Theocratic dignity only to be paralleled to-day by that of the Chinese Emperor or the Turkish Sultan. The Orthodox catechism, derived from the Greek Communion says: "The name Church of Christ means only the Orthodox Church, which has remained in perfect union with the universal church. As to the Roman church and the Protestant creeds (they are not even called a church) they cannot belong to the one true Church for they have separated themselves from it." What then is the essential character and spiritual vouchsafement of this true Orthodoxy? An apposite representation is to hand from the graphic pen of Count Leo Tolstoy. He states:*

The activity of the Church consists in forcing, by every means in its power, upon the one hundred millions of Russian people those antiquated, time-worn beliefs which have lost all significance, and were formerly professed by foreigners, with whom we had nothing in common, beliefs in which nearly every man has lost his faith, even in some cases those very men whose duty it is to inculcate them. To endeavour once upon the people those formulas of the Byzantine clergy, marvellous to them, and senseless to us, concerning the Trinity, the Virgin, the sacraments, grace, and so forth, embraces one province of the activity of the Russian Church; another function is the encouragement given to idolatry in the literal sense of the word: the veneration of holy relics and holy images, the sacrifices offered to them in the faith that they will hear and grant prayers.

I will start at the beginning with the birth of the child. When a child is born we are taught that a prayer must be read over the mother and child in order to purify them, for without that prayer the mother remains unclean. For that purpose, and facing the ikons of the saints, whom the common people simply call gods, the priest takes the infant in his arms, reads the exhortation, and by that means he is supposed to cleanse the mother. Then the parents are instructed, nay even ordered, under penalty of punishment in the event of non-compliance, to christen the child—that is, to let the priest immerse it three times in the water, while words unintelligible to all present are read, and still less intelligible ceremonies are performed, such as the application of oil to different parts of the body, the cutting of the hair, the blowing and spitting of the sponsors at the imaginary devil. All this is necessary to cleanse the child and make a Christian of him. Then the parents are told that the child must receive

* In *The Kingdom of God is within you*, 1894.

the holy sacrament—that is, he is to swallow, in the form of bread and wine, a particle of the body of Christ, by which means the child will receive the blessing of Christ, and so on. Then they are told that as the child grows it must be taught to pray, which means that he is to stand in front of boards upon which the faces of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints are painted, bow his head and body, while with his right hand, his fingers being folded in a peculiar manner, he touches his forehead, his shoulders and his stomach, and utters certain Slavonic words, the commonest of which, those which all children learn, are the following: “Mother of God, . . . Virgin, rejoice,” etc. Then the child is taught that he must repeat this—that is, that he must make the sign of the cross whenever he sees a church or an ikòn. Furthermore, he is taught that on a holiday (holidays are either the day on which Christ was born, although no one knows when that took place, or the day of his circumcision, or that on which the Virgin died, or when the cross or the ikòn was brought, or when some fanatic beheld a vision, etc.) he should array himself in his best clothes, go to church, buy candles and set them before the ikòns of the saints, give to the priest memoranda bearing the names of the dead who are to be prayed for, receive bread with triangular pieces cut out of it, pray repeatedly for the health and welfare of the Tsar and bishops, as well as for himself and his own affairs, and then kiss the cross and the hand of the priest. (After detailing other practices of the kind he observes :) This is what constitutes every man’s religious obligation. But if anyone wishes to take a special care of his soul, this creed teaches that the greatest amount of happiness may be secured in the next world by bequeathing money for churches and monasteries, thereby obliging the saints to pray for one. According to this faith it is also well to visit monasteries and kiss the miraculous ikòns and the relics: and to be near these objects, as one must be in kissing them, placing tapers before them, crawling under them and repeating *Te Deums* before them, greatly promotes salvation.

Let it not be said that the Orthodox teachers look upon all this as an ancient form of faith which it was not considered worth while to abolish, and that the essence of the doctrine abides elsewhere. This is not the truth. Throughout Russia, and lately with increased energy, the entire Russian clergy teaches this faith, and this alone. Nothing else is taught. The ecclesiastics may discuss other doctrines, but only this is what is taught. All this—the worship of relics and shrines—is included in theology and the catechism; the people are carefully instructed in all this, theoretically and practically, by every kind of solemnity, splendour, autho-

riety, and violence; the people are compelled to believe it all; they are hypnotised, and the faith is jealously guarded against any attempt to deliver them from these foolish superstitions.

The foregoing is of special import, as it exemplifies the mental life of a people more nearly representative to-day in their social status of the primitive Aryans, than any Western nation. The Russian masses still pullulate for the most part in their pristine ignorance. The practices in question bear a close resemblance to those magical rites and incantations obtaining amongst contiguous barbaric Oriental races, and in their nakedest form among the lowest savages. They exhibit, that is, mistaken applications of one or other of two great fundamental laws of thought, namely, the association of ideas by similarity and the association of ideas by contiguity in space and time, that like causes produce like effects by the simple process of mimetic action under the belief that a secret sympathy unites the real or observed with the mimetic cause, and the performance of the proper ceremony, accompanied by the appropriate spell, will inevitably be attended by the desired results; and that things which have once been in contact, but have ceased to be so, continue to act on each other none the less. The persistence of practices of this kind, whereby the devotee hopes to secure a vicarious advantage apart from his own earnest personal effort—under a thin disguise of so-called Christian pietism—and paralleled in the dark places of Europe elsewhere, is of profound significance to our main thesis and indicates the connection of the beliefs under review with the universal nature of human thought as revealed by the new illumination of comparative psychology—in an ascending plane of evolution.*

* According to a recent account of the Russian correspondent of the *Times*, in reference to the war with Japan, the Russian clerical Press asserts that the policy of the Russian Government which led to the war was not only just and right but in accordance with the precepts of Scripture. In an article entitled "Our struggle with Japan from a Biblical point of view," the *Strannik* says that "Russia has a providential mission to extend and maintain the Orthodox faith over the whole world." If Manchuria were left in the possession of the Chinese they would not feel the necessity of accepting Christianity and would remain for ever in Japanese darkness. "Hence the law of God forbids the restoration of Manchuria to China." The *Russki Palomnik*, a paper which circulates largely among the peasants, argues that the Emperor of Japan is Antichrist, and that it is therefore the duty of Holy Russia to make war upon him. The *Tserkovni Vestnik* declares that the war now being waged by Russia is in accordance with the will of God. He ordered the Jews to exterminate the Canaanites, and the Japanese are the Canaanites of the 20th century. Finally, the *Viera i Tserkoff* predicts that Russia will fulfil the predictions of the prophets by establishing the Kingdom of God upon earth, and says she is now entering upon that great work.

The Protestant "creeds" exhibit this authoritative dogmatism in an attenuated form, due partly to their inclusion of a limited measure of right of private judgment in spiritual concerns. The Church of England catechism affirms that its enunciated obligations are God's commandments as first revealed to the Israelites, and that from these only we learn our duty towards God and towards our neighbour; to submit ourselves to our governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters, to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters, and to do our duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us. All of which again cannot be compassed of our own unaided selves, but only by the grace of God, vouchsafed through persistent prayer and the ministrations of His Church. The peculiar associations of the Anglican Church will be touched upon later.

To adequately appraise the foundations of authority is to take a comprehensive survey of the genesis of human society—only now becoming feasible through our growing social science. Let us shortly glance at some of its leading implications. The "free" life of the primal savage—which so fascinated certain speculative minds in the 18th century—is thereby found to be a very nebulous quantity. Primitive man, little more than a beast, is feeble and defenceless in himself before the perils that assail him, and the need for association was early imperative. From an anarchic horde this develops into the constituted tribe under positive and minute regulations. These are concerned alike with the provision of sustenance and the endeavour to turn the order of nature—imperfectly apprehended—to human advantage; hence a corresponding body of superstitious usage. The rapacious discovery of using weaker mortals for servile drudgery, which originates slavery, is an added element to the communal basis of coercion and allegiance. We therefore find existing in this mental atmosphere the accompanying belief that, if certain powers exercised under certain ceremonial forms are essential to the continued well-being of the community, those powers are conjoined in a pre-eminent degree in the person of the ruler. The functions which attach to his office and their regular discharge are of vital import, his position partakes of a superhuman character. In some cases the course of nature is supposed to be under his control and he is held responsible for its beneficent

outcome ; in others, his personage is regarded as the dynamica centre around which all things move, and his actions must therefore be directed so to influence their development that no untoward circumstance may affect the state. As the belief in supernatural powers behind phenomena takes its rise, the position of the ruler tends to assume kinship with the deity specially worshipped, instanced in the god-kings of ancient Egypt and Babylonia, with their modern survival in the Russian Tsar. Ancestor-worship may also be a contributory factor here. With the natural increase of the business of the headship by the growth of the state, its sacred duties become delegated to an elect caste, at first, probably, members of the king's family, thus giving rise to what we now distinguish as the *priesthood*. As history dawns upon us with the larger organised nations of antiquity, we discover therein the elements noted above, blended into one strange, compendious polity. Through the period artificially marked off as classical antiquity, similar notions and restrictions are found in vigorous operation. One distinct gain to the higher civilisation appears in the introduction of true "political" as apart from "servile" life into the city-states of the Greek world. This takes the form of the *Ekklesia*—the public assembly of the free citizens for the conduct of civic business and the discussion of public affairs : wherein we have the germ of modern legislatures and "government by discussion." The Roman Senate presents a partly similar institution. These states rest, however, on the economic basis of slavery.* And although we trace the beginnings of scientific and rationalistic philosophic thought in Europe to innovating opinion among the Greeks—whereby a somewhat factitious intellectual glory has been accorded to the Hellenic world—their citizens in the mass remain so far obsessed by the primal shackles of the mind, and the

* It has been stated that within a territory of four square leagues 5,000 free Corinthians held in bondage 460,000 slaves. In the time of Alcibiades there were about 20,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves in Attica, while several citizens kept as many as 1,000 slaves at work in the mines. Under the ancient system the Roman family were simply the chattels of the patriarch ; a savage custom emphasised by the codification of Roman law but paralleled in other barbaric communities. Through various causes predial slavery or serfdom increased under the declining Republic. ' Pliny recounts that in certain provinces the whole of the *ager publicus* was held by a few families, that half Roman Africa belonged to six persons when Nero put these monopolists to death.'

sanctity of the national cults in regard to social welfare, that its pioneers usually pay for their mental elevation by popular hostility, exile, or death. So fared many of its famous illuminatories,—Socrates, Alcibiades, Anaxagoras, Protagoras, Diagorus of Melos, Theophrastus ; and even Aristotle and Euripides were disquieted.

A broader mental atmosphere supervenes through the culture-contacts brought about by the enterprises of Alexander : himself a prince little biassed towards superstition, resembling here in his great Roman emulator, Julius Caesar. The nascent science of the East is taken up and cultivated, particularly in the city he had founded at Alexandria in Egypt. "Liberty of thought was, in fact, the child of the dynasties which were founded upon the Macedonian conquests. It was the Attali and the Ptolemies, who first gave thinkers the freedom which none of the old republics had accorded to them. The Roman Empire continued the same tradition. It is true that under the Empire more than one arbitrary decree was directed against the philosophers, but it was in every case the result of their meddling with politics. We search in vain, in the collection of Roman Laws before Constantine, for any enactment aimed at Free-thought, or in the history of the Emperors for a prosecution of abstract doctrine. Not a single *savant* was disturbed. Men whom the Middle Ages would have burned—such as Galen, Lucian, Plotinus—lived in peace, protected by the law. It was the Roman magistrates who prevented the Pharisees from killing Christianity."* The dominion established through the whole classic world by the arm of Rome brought peace, where for centuries there had been perennial warfare leading to the mutual destruction of some of the highest antique races. With the Roman dominion there went the Roman form of polity and civil administration. This polity was in its earliest germ of an absolutist and magisterial character, seen in the theory of the *patria-potestas*, the authority and rule of the father over all his children and descendants to the third and fourth generation, so long as he survived. Out of this germ there was evolved by a long line of jurisconsults the imposing body of Roman Law. The indigenous Roman religion, apart from normal superstitions, was largely a civic formalism supporting the social ordering ; its central

* B. Renan. Their subsequent hostility, so far as it is evident, seems to have been political in nature.

idea—the safety of the Roman People. “The father had over the son the right of life and death ; but if the son held the least important office, and the father met him in the road, he dismounted from his horse and bowed down before him.” The centralised administration of the Roman Empire necessitated easy means of communication with all its distant provinces ; and the excellent highways thus created facilitated intercourse between the diverse peoples of the antique world in a new manner. There resulted a remarkable commingling of various cults and religious philosophic movements, especially in the cosmopolitan centres of trade which began to arise under the fostering care of the *Pax Romana*. Several exotic Oriental faiths thus became established in the leading cities of the empire, and won large bodies of adherents from their mixed population. All were tolerated so long as they remained, or were regarded as, unhostile to the civil power. Colonies of Jews were set up in most of these cities, even at Rome itself. Amongst these movements there arises that known under its historic name of Christianity. In the earliest exact knowledge which we possess of its development, it appears as a loose organisation of separate Churches, strongly divided into sections over fundamental questions of doctrine. One of the most influential branches of this organisation has its centre in Rome, and, as it grows in numbers and prestige, eventually arrogates the claim to finally decide through its official hierarchy—What is truly of Faith and what the contrary. Then comes the Roman Catholic *Episcopus*, shaping its ecclesiastical polity on lines derived from that of the declining empire, and eventually extending a theocratic rule, claiming ascendancy over all temporal sovereignties, throughout Western Christendom. The exceptions were to be found in the countries where its great Greek rival, with its centre at Constantinople, held sway, and which had steadily repudiated the Roman claims from the outset.*

*The word *church* as here used would hardly designate the earlier sacerdotal institutions mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. It has been traced through Anglo-Saxon modifications to Greek *Kyriakon*—pertaining to “The Lord”—and with the adapted term *ekklesia*, whence *ecclesiastical* (originally the assembly of citizens in a Greek republic for public business) first signified the assembly of disciples for worship and edification : while its official constitution was evidently derived from the prototype of the Jewish Synagogue. Its connotation alters with the expansion of the Christian movement. The special assumptions of the Roman Papacy may be roughly assigned

In the light of the historic antecedents traced in the preceding study,† together with the associations set forth above—What sense can attach to the assertion that the Catholic Church is “a super-eminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil?” If part of the evil in question be the “heresies” which troubled the early Church—a term introduced through Christian Theology and implying independence of belief on those dubious questions to which the doctrines of Revelation and Christology gave rise among thoughtful minds—then the solutions favoured by the leaders of the large communions apart from the Latin Church have an equal claim to validity with those of the Roman theologians, widely differing as they did in important interpretations. If, again, we include the common prepossession of a frightful process of moral and intellectual declension which Christianity was divinely instituted to redeem—an assumption logically justifying the miraculous intervention in mundane affairs upon which rests its supernatural credentials—then so profound has been the prejudice set up by this conception that it forms the standing difficulty to a judicious view of the world contemporary with the Christian advent. The social evils or vices of the Græco-Roman civilisation concurrent to the inception of the imperial office of the Caesars are fairly apparent. But regarded in relation to general social phenomena—which the habit of their special treatment by historians and moralists has hitherto largely inhibited—they become simply congenital to the particular plane of development

to the period following the greatest Latin Father, Augustine, (353-430 A.D.) who so largely helped to shape its dogmatic prescriptions. In strict precedence the Greek Church has really a higher credential, seeing that to the Emperor Constantine the recognition of Christianity as the paramount religion of the Roman Empire is due; that the Christian canonical writings of the New Testament appear to have first taken shape at the centre of Antioch and were published in the Greek character; that Greek philosophic influences enter into the elaboration of Christian theology, and Greek Fathers like Arius and Athanasius raise those subtle doctrinal questions which the first great Council of the Church was held at Nicæa, in Bithynia, to settle, in 325 A.D., where the *Nicene Creed* was drawn up. Again, the peculiar associations of Egyptian Christianity, with its centre at Alexandria, further evidence a distinct stream of intellectual influences flowing from Egyptian religious and philosophic sources, seen in the Logos, and Trinitarian ideas of Deity. There long flourished a famous school of theosophy and learning at Heliopolis, near the modern Cairo, which appears to have nourished, amongst others, Plato, Euclid, and Philo-Judæus.

† Jewish Theocracy and Christendom.

thereby adduced, as exhibited correspondingly the world over. On the other hand, dispassionate analysis reveals finer characteristics long obscured. Observes a liberal scholar in a new study of, perhaps, the most representative instructed non-Christian personality of this era, namely Plutarch : *

"If, by chance an author has left writings marked by a lofty conception of morality, and breathing the purest and most disinterested love of virtue, this very fact has been sufficient to justify a denial of their Pagan origin, and the assertion that the true source of their inspiration must have been Judaea. Hence the curious struggles of many intelligent men to establish a personal connection between Paul and Seneca, and to demonstrate that the ethics of Plutarch are coloured by Christian modes of thought. Other authors of the period who furnish material for correcting this one-sided impression have been less known to the multitude and less consulted by the learned. Even were the worst true that Juvenal, and Tacitus, and Martial, and Suetonius, and Petronius have said about Roman courts and Roman society; even were it not possible to supply a corrective colouring to the picture from the pages of Seneca, and Lucan, and Pliny, and Persius, and even Juvenal himself : yet it should be easy to remember that, just as the Palace of the Caesars was not the City, so the City was not the Empire We propose to deal elsewhere with the testimony of Plutarch as to the moral character of the age in which he lived, and at present confine our observations to the assertion that his ethical writings are crowded with examples of the purest and most genuine virtue; not such virtue as shows itself on striking and public occasions only, but such also as irradiates the daily life of the common people in their homes and occupations. And although he is, perhaps, in some of his precepts, a little in advance of the general trend of his times, inculcating, in these instances, virtues which, though not unpractised and unknown, are still so far limited in their application that he wishes to draw them from their shy seclusion in some few better homes, and to establish them in the broad and popular light of recognised custom ;

* *The Religion of Plutarch* : by Dr. J. Oakesmith, M.A., 1902. Plutarch (about 46-120 A. D.) was born at Chaeroneia in Greece, and appears to have spent his mature life at his native place, part of his time in Rome and Italy, and to have been officially connected with the famous Delphic Temple and Oracle. His lives of famous Greeks and Romans, apart from their historic value, suggestively indicate the moral standards of a cultured Pagan of his day. An aspect of his teaching, dealing with kindness to animals, is treated by the Countess E. Martinengo Cesareso in the *Contemporary Review*, February, 1905, under the title "Plutarch the Humane."

yet it is clear to every one of the few students of his pages that the virtues he depicts are the common aim of the people he meets in the streets and houses of Chaeronia, and that the failings he corrects are the failings of the good people who are not too good to have to struggle against the temptations incident to humanity . . . The formal acts of the Caesar, the policy of his ministers, the religious sentiment of Horace and Virgil, the Stoic fervour of Seneca and Lucan, the martyr spirit of the Thraseas and the Arrius, the tyrannising morality of Juvenal, the kindly humanity of Pliny the Younger, the missionary enthusiasm of Dion, the gentle persuasiveness of Plutarch, are all common indications of the good that still interfused the Roman world; all point, as indeed, many other signs also point, to the existence of a widespread belief that virtuous ideals and virtuous actions were an inheritance of which mankind ought not to allow itself to be easily deprived."

Thus we find at this time, in the more civilised region of the Western world, indigenous elements conducive towards an expansion of the higher intellectual life and its fructifying promise in sounder social practice. Progress in the cultivation of natural science and the naturalistic view of phenomena, reaching even to hints of an evolutionary cosmic process, which last receives its fullest expression in the great poem of Lucretius Carus, "De Rerum Natura;" an enhanced freedom of speculative thought, and the vision in its foremost moods of a spiritual Monotheism void of anthropomorphic attributes—"that One Eternal Absolute Being which is the real object of the philosopher's clarified insight." Plutarch, whilst anxious to conserve all that appears worthy and of moral value in the "ancient hereditary Faith," insists that "Reason must be the final judge of what is worthy of selection as the basis of moral action. Philosophy, in his beautiful metaphor, so full of solemn meaning to a Greek ear, must be our mystagogue to Theology; we must borrow Reason from Philosophy, and take her as our guide to the mysteries of Religion, reverently submitting every detail of creed or practice to her authority."* He attempts no definite rules of

* Adopting here the idea of Menander's verse:—

"By every man, the moment he is born,
There stands a guardian Daemon, who shall be
His mystagogue through life."

It may be noted in passing, that while deprecating *Atheism*, Plutarch conceives this state of mind as preferable to *Superstition* as manifested in its protean forms around him.

criticism or scientific analysis, but his canon is the general taste and good sense of the educated man. How came it about, then, that such hopeful factors so signally failed to assert their predominance in the general movement of Græco-Roman affairs ; and were submerged beneath an exclusive system—hostile as it subsequently proved to the scientific spirit, having its roots in an alien Eastern sacred Scripture, claiming inspiration too from the One True God ?

Although the limits of our space will only permit the briefest treatment of so complex a theme, one or two leading explanations offer themselves, of a still wider purport.

This higher mentality remained so far obsessed by the traditions of the "ancient ancestral Faith" as to be unable to entirely dissolve its superstitious and irrational elements. Phases of primitive culture tend to persist in a non-scientific civilisation under some disguised or weakened form little intelligible or understood. Only one or two of the keenest speculative minds of the Greeks and Romans perceived in many of the god-myths—with associations discreditable to an elevated concept of the Divine Existence—survivals of barbaric ideas, deified ancestors and heroes, or poetic personifications of nature-forces. Plutarch, for instance, adduces a provisional explanation of these difficulties by connecting them with an elaborated Daemonology of intermediary beings, wherein he is closely followed on other lines by the cosmological theories of the Christian Fathers—equally removed from a pure vision of natural truth. These beliefs were intimately connected with ceremonial usages supposed to affect the prosperity of the State : and many of those who rose above the popular beliefs were possessed by the conviction that it was to the ordered interest of the State for the multitude to be restrained by such regulative superstitions. There was neither the machinery nor the will for extending popular instruction and dispersing ignorant error ; and in the case of Imperial Rome, the policy of the first Caesars included the revival of the formal rites of the national religion : thus unwittingly preparing the way for the Catholic Pontificate. This multitude, as we have seen, largely embraced a disinherited and depressed class with no proper status as citizens or hopeful civic outlook. Thus there was brought about in the last resort that the unenlightened multitude became a restraint upon reason and free thought, and yielded a sympathetic

public for the emotional exotic cults previously mentioned ; which in the predominating Christian system carried a message of salvation and future bliss to the poor and outcast from a Divine source,—wherein the rich and high-placed had a dubious participation ; with an accompanying intimation of approaching dissolution of the existing world.

The great social shortcoming of the finer theistic and philosophic thought of antiquity lay in its ethic being chiefly a passive and regulative sanction (of which the purely emotional meaning now attaching to the word *Stoicism* is an intimation) and lacking a forward-reaching principle of energy towards new light, better economic and social insight, sounder political intuitions,—of everything implied by our modern concept of progress. The Roman Empire impresses one as essentially *inorganic* in its constitution, with no availing body of knowledge, or fostered political life, equal to the tasks under which it eventually succumbed.* With the barbaric inroads and submergence that followed, the new spiritual power enters on its directive mission which ushers in the mediæval age. In the concise summary of one of our ablest economic historians : †

“ It has been pointed out above how the introduction of money-economy, despite its disadvantages, gave the opportunity in Greek cities for individual citizens to take part in free political life, with all its duties, including that of military service. But under the Roman Empire, maintained by a large standing army, there was no real field for the legitimate ambitions of the law-abiding citizen ; a general might lead a successful revolution, but there was little of a career for the non-official classes. The loss of vigour may be partly ascribed to the very effectiveness of the administration, which led the people to depend on Caesar for all the affairs of daily life and helped to impair a spirit of municipal self-help. They lost their interest in public life ; men had outlived the old inspirations and enthusiasms, and none had taken their place as motives of individual effort or the will to live.

“ Other circumstances exercised an injurious influence on the spirit of the age. It is difficult to say how far the infusion of oriental luxury caused a real deterioration in the masses of the population ; it is at least unproved that this was a potent factor, but the pressure of public burdens was an increasing disability that ate the very heart out of the capitalist

* Elements of advancing thought equally absent from the spiritual code that followed, whatever the personal merits of its idea of “ interior perfection.”

† W. Cunningham, *Western Civilisation in its Economic Aspects*.

and the labourer alike : there was no hope to inspire energy or encourage enterprise, and the gradual decay culminated in an utter collapse. The revival came at last, but only after centuries of misery ; and when Christendom arose, the renaissance of civilisation was due to new influences and was effected by institutions distinct in character from those that had played the chief part in the old life Elements survived in many places, which were incorporated as a new society was gradually upraised, but centuries elapsed before Western Europe recovered the prosperity and refinement which it had enjoyed in the time of Hadrian."

The relation of this later régime to the modern world must next receive attention.

HENRY CROSSFIELD.

THE MILAN EXHIBITION.

MILAN, as indeed the whole of Italy, is to-day in full industrial and commercial development. Economic circumstances are, at the present time, favourable for this. The sobriety and the morality of the people facilitate its growth. The cautious policy of the house of Savoy aids it, as much as a Government can aid a nation determined to progress, and that is a great deal. The north especially seems prosperous. The population is intelligent and energetic.

On arriving in Milan one is struck by this: the streets are broad and clean, the tramways numerous and convenient, the shops elegant. The beautiful houses of hewn stones with their large windows, their courts shaded by palm-trees and banana trees, show the wealth of the inhabitants, merchants and manufacturers. This flourishing city, gay and joyous, forms a splendid setting to her Duomo and her Castello.

The Exhibition shows as clearly the success of the efforts that have been made. I will say at once that this great fair is too much spread out, that, as it occupies the *Piazza d'Armi* and the *Parco*, one is obliged to take a train to go from one to the other, that in the *Piazza d'Armi* alone the buildings are separated by sun-burnt tracts, similar to deserts. Apart from this fault, the Exhibition is very brilliant. Foreign countries have been at great expense, particularly in the railroad and boat sections. It is well-known that the occasion of this Exhibition was the opening of the *Simplon* tunnel; and from this has come the idea of reviewing the history of the means of transportation from the earlier ages. And this is what has been done, and most successfully. All the vehicles of the world are here, from a reproduction of the two-

horse carriage from the museum of the Vatican, to the oldest carriage that may be seen in Italy, that of Ginevra Allighieri, the last descendant of Dante, who married the Count Marc Antonio Serego in 1549, and who had herself carried in Verona upon a kind of plank surmounted by a wooden arch very prettily carved. Here are the Sedan-chairs of the time when the President de Brogues studied carefully all Italian Society, the Sedan-chair of Leopold II., when he was Grand-Duke of Tuscany. Here is found the Berlin, in which, four years later, Napoleon rode to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Marengo and finally, among many others, the bridal carriage which was used for Carlo-Alberto, for Victor Emmanuel II. and for Humbert II. on their respective wedding days.

To this Exhibition of carriages, boats and balloons, have been added products of all kinds. Milan manifested in this way, to the eyes of the world, her triumph. This is shown principally in the display of machines and of silks.

The Italians manifest in mechanical construction that love of perfection in details which they put in the sculpture of marble ; they love in this art, which, alas ! for them is too often only a trade, the imitation of delicate fabrics and of lace ; now they use the same skill, this care of trifles in the construction of machines, where that is an inestimable quality. They are excellent engineers. The Italian Navy has adopted a remarkable solution of the problem of great warships. It constructs vessels which partake at the same time of the ironclad for equipment and of the cruiser for rapidity and radius of action. The firm of Almondo of Gônes constructs for secondary states ships of war ; it sold two vessels to Japan during the Russo-Japanese War.

As to the silk industry, it has made such progress in Italy, particularly in the north, that the situation must be disquieting to France. The comparative tables of Italian manufacture and exportation are revelations. In 1882, Italy manufactured less than 5 million kilograms of silk ; in 1905, she furnished 11 millions. England is Italy's principal customer. There are manufactories not only in Milan, but also in Cremona, Verona, even in Como, this little city that lies like a cockle-shell on the shore of the lake.

In the silk pavilion, where one may follow the manufacture

from the birth of the caterpillar to the last process of preparation, are displayed plushes, Utrecht velvets, ribbons, tulle, satins and taffetas of all kinds. A sort of broché, which is, without doubt, the summit of the weaver's art, and especially attracts attention, represents a white lace in appliqué upon a ground of pink or blue satin. The effect is not commensurate, perhaps, to the greatness of the difficulty overcome. But all about is a wealth of material of which the brightness seems to have been caught from a sunbeam and imprisoned there! The colours are of a thousand different shades, from dark to light, like the surface of the sea that eddies and billows and lifts its mighty crests in foam under the lashing of the wind.

We shall see these industries prosper more and more. Italy possesses in the Alps and in the Apennines many water-falls, the power of which she will know how to utilise; labour is cheap, workmen are not unhappy. If they emigrate, it is not poverty, but rapid growth that drives them to it. The Government favours work; so we see Frenchmen erecting silk factories at Milan and 70,000 Germans living there. The city has 500,000 inhabitants.

I cannot finish my rapid walk in the World's Fair without mentioning the fine arts. The grand palace which harbours painting and sculpture is situated beside the building of decorative arts that was unfortunately burned. There are in the fine-arts section some works of talent by remarkable painters such as Tito, Carcano, Bianchi, Rietti, etc., but they follow in paths already trodden. In the Segantini pavilion, on the contrary, a man has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a very interesting attempt, that of the *divisionists*.

Previati, who is one of them, the second perhaps in merit, has just given the elements of their theory in a book entitled *The Scientific Principles of Divisionism*. In short, they attempt to produce upon the canvas, by a mechanical process, the natural processes of the formation of colours and of light. The effect is not produced upon the canvas, but in the eye of the spectator. These ideas are borrowed from French stippling, from Henri Martin for example, but the Milanese have completed them and applied them in a different way.

The very year in which Previati, wishing to abandon the manner

of painting that had been his till then, composed a *Maternita*, Segantini, wishing to renew his technique, painted his *Two Mothers*, a woman in a stable, holding her child in her arms, beside a cow and a calf. Segantini has since then lived in the mountains of the High Engadine, and his marvellous canvases, which have been scattered since then in the museums of Germany and America, produce all the effects of this transparent atmosphere of the summits of its light and shadows. There are still at Milan three great pictures by this artist: *Nature*, *Life*, and *Death*—not finished, for he died while working upon them, but in them one studies only better the manner of this inventor.

In the midst of the rooms which have been consecrated to him, is the monument that Bistolfi has sculptured in marble, to be placed in Maloja, the village where he lived. A woman emerges from the rocks,—it is the beauty of the mountains that has awakened the painter. This creature, with eyes still closed, is half detached from the stone, but stands erect like a sublime thought. Bistolfi, the sculptor of death, peaceful death, has now become the sculptor of life.

JACQUES DE COUSSANGES.

ON A SCHEME OF GENERAL EDUCATION FOR INDIAN STUDENTS.

I.

I PURPOSE to write a short series of articles for this journal, should this introductory paper be favorably received, designed to suggest the general lines on which a set of text books for Indian students might be drawn up, suitable for translation into the vernacular of the country.

I think that if this object of translation were specially borne in mind, the text books would largely gain in perspicuity and simplicity, and thus acquire additional usefulness, even to those acquainted with the English language.

But the "oriental who remains an oriental" deserves our special solicitude. I do not see why those students who are deficient in linguistic ability should be deprived of what seems to me the birth-right of every intelligent human being, the entry into those store-houses of knowledge which have been the legacy to posterity of the wonderful age in which we live.

Even those who do possess a knowledge of English must sigh for more simplicity and definiteness in the books that they have to read.

Most students will have cause to complain of the difficulty they find in extracting the golden ore they are in search of, from those standard works which are supposed to be the mines of knowledge. Either the object of the work seems more to bolster up some preconceived theory by manipulating facts to suit it, than to set forth the sober truth, or else the author seems to lose his mental footing, so to speak, and to sink down in a mass of (too often unimportant) detail.

If any attempt were made to distinguish important details from those which are the reverse, the result would not be so lamentable.

But alas ! this is rarely the case ; to say nothing of the lack of sense of proportion which hinders any attempt at classifying facts and events according to value.

How rare it is to find a recapitulatory chapter or chapters, giving the broad and well-established results, which the student ought to carry away in his mind !

Even if a full list of contents of each chapter, or marginal notes of the subjects treated of, were given, a book would be more useful to its reader, than is commonly the case. The majority of books do not even have an index. It will be a good thing if publishers of educational works were to refuse to accept them without an index, prepared either by the author or by a specialist supplied by them.

If an attempt were made to introduce such a series of text books into Indian educational establishments, it would not be enough to employ recognised experts on their preparation. The writers would have to combine exegetic knowledge of their special subject, with the somewhat rare ability of making things intelligible to beginners. Still more rare qualifications are postulated by the difficulties presented by the choice of language. The wording has to be sufficiently full to unfold the complete significance of the recorded facts, and, at the same time sufficiently concise to conform to limitations of space.

It might possibly stimulate someone who has the necessary qualifications, to be told how the difficulties to be overcome have appeared to one, who, though a mere amateur, has nevertheless the most ardent interest in the subject, and an earnest desire that the treasure houses of modern knowledge should be made accessible to every sincere student of India. India has surely a preferential claim upon the world of science.

If there is such a thing as an Aryan race, the civilising branch of the human family, it must have developed civilisation first of all on Indian soil. The European branches had to assimilate what remained of the culture of Greece and Rome, in part at least due to a different ethnic stock, before they fashioned it into the civilisation of the modern world. It was certainly from a different race that they learnt navigation, which enabled the long-separated relatives to meet, after a period of at least two thousand years!

An intelligent Indian student, therefore, must not only want to know the broad facts of human history, so as to understand the position of his country in the annals of the race, he will want to know something of what went before. In all probability he would want to know what science has to teach him about the beginnings of sentient life on our planet.

I make no apology therefore for attempting to illustrate the preceding remarks, by reviewing the difficulties which seem to meet the student in these fields of enquiry, in the hope of exciting the desire to remove them, in the mind of some one who has the ability to do so.

The rise, during the last few decades, of a number of new sciences (accompanied by additional discoveries in old fields of research) has thrown a flood of light upon the dark places of human knowledge in reference to the condition of the earth before the dawn of history. The "historical method" having been applied to pre-historic times, the result has been, naturally, to relegate to another category much which was accepted as known and proved. The evil consequences of preconceived theories have been demonstrated. It has been made clear how necessary it is to approach all kinds of investigation with, so to speak, a clean (mental) slate! Failure to do this has resulted in the elevation to the dignity of fact of what is nothing but hypothesis. Even the few points which stand out as proved have been obscured by the mists of ingenious but unsubstantial conjecture.

Any regret for such a negative result may be mitigated by the reflections that the facts which emerge like rocks from the unstable ocean of conjecture, are so few and far between, that the ideal textbook for which we are pleading, ought to be able to contain them all.

When we come to the historical period, we approach the chief difficulty of the task under contemplation, that of selection.

But will not the intense and absorbing interest of history be more generally recognised, if only those facts are chosen for contemplation which have either changed the political condition of the world, or led up to some discovery or principle which has had some effect in modifying the condition of mankind?

We may reject battles and sieges, names and dates of dynasties and kings, (which usually discredit history with the youthful student),

if these have had no effect on the political kaleidoscope. We may find apparently trivial details important, because they are connected with movements which have affected the well-being of the human race.

The first science which we have to call to our aid, in attempting to form a mental picture of the gradual evolution of life on our planet, till it culminates in the "crowning glory" of man, is Geology.

Without being called upon for a very deep study of the science, it seems to me that every student of human history ought to know something at least of the geological life periods. If he wants to know how the lowly organisms of the earliest or palæozoic period, led gradually up in an ever-ascending series to mammalian life, and thence to the first appearance of "homo sapiens," it is geology alone which can teach him.

But where is the text-book which gives sufficient prominence to these life-periods as the portion of the science which is of most interest to the general student? Do they not all begin with details which are wearisome and even repulsive to all but the specialist?

If the interesting portion were put first, if the heart were enlisted in the study, the dry details might be sought after to solidify and complete a train of thought which has aroused wonder, interest, enthusiasm. A draught of intellectual champagne will whet the appetite for the solidier foods at the banquet of knowledge!

Even the nomenclature of geology seems open to question. I presume that a student would be told to bear in mind as the backbone or basis of his studies the triple arrangement of the various systems of stratified rocks, the igneous rocks which break through them, and the life periods which they all contribute to form.

Are such terms as Laurentian, Permian, Silurian, Devonian satisfactory? Might we not even add to a complaint that they are unscientific a still graver charge? Might not such words even give rise to erroneous ideas, that the strata indicated were to be found only in the district from which the name is taken?

What is there to connect the term "granitic rocks" with the fact that these generally break through the oldest, as volcanic rocks the most recent strata? What is the special adaptability of the term "Trappean rocks" to the middle position? Even when we come to the better-named, and more easily intelligible life periods,

there seems some need for revision, and the idea occurs that an International Congress might find a field for useful labour. Would it not be better to have five periods rather than the three now adhered to, with the hypozoic or azoic period below, and the post-tertiary above them ?

The student of early civilisation will perhaps be reminded of the confusion often introduced by speaking of the various civilisation periods, palæolithic, neolithic, copper, bronze, and iron, as if they were referable to fixed dates all over the world. Similar remarks would apply to the classification of man in communities as in the hunting, pastoral, agricultural, or industrial, stage of development. But here a revision of nomenclature seems impossible, and all that can be done is to impress upon the student, that the terms are not to be taken absolutely, but vary with the locality.

To return to the life-periods. Would it not help the student if scientists were to formulate and assign rough dates to the most important facts in the history of life ? Take such facts as the first appearance of lowly life in the so-called Laurentian system of the palæozoic period, or the first appearance of mammalian life similar to the present, and of exogenous vegetation in the first or Eocene subdivision of the Kainozoic period. These are matters of surely absorbing interest to every intelligent student of the history of our planet. Could we venture to assign such a date as say a million of years to the former, and half a million of years to the latter ?

The uniformitarians would of course take us to task if we were to speak of the extinction of the huge mammalia of the Pliocene, and the upheavals of the Pyrenees, Alps, Atlas, Carpathians and Himalayas, as pointing to a cataclysm in the old world, preceding the Glacial Period. Any such violent change is apparently contradicted by the gradual refrigeration which marks the variation in climate in North America. But if there were grounds for imagining such an event to have taken place, and we could assign it to a provisional date of some quarter of a million years ago, would it not be a conspicuous landmark, so to speak, on which to fix the mental vision ?

Some such great "backbone" facts are, I think, necessary to fix the attention and enlist the interest of the general student, and he is surely entitled to ask the specialist what they are.

And of course *the fact of all facts*, the great crowning event that we all want to know about is the first appearance of man, the "Lord and King of nature all!"

Whatever may be our opinion as to an anthropomorphoid precursor, we have scarcely any evidence to go upon. The Pithecanthropus Erectus of Java will scarcely be accepted as the "missing link." All that we can safely say is that beings capable of forming rude stone implements seem to have lived in Tertiary ages. There has been no discovery of bones which can be connected with this implement-making animal, and we cannot definitely state whether he belonged to the *genus homo* or not.

When we come to the period called post-tertiary, pleistocene or quaternary, we come to some more definite facts. In some mysterious way the changes which marked this epoch, the violent ones which destroyed the pachyderms and threw up the mountain chains, and the gradual variations in climate, seem to have been connected with the birth of man, and the dawn of civilisation. The primitive races of human beings which seem to have peopled Europe, Asia, and North Africa at this period, and which we may call Neanderthaloid, from the place where the famous skull was found, were ignorant of the very simplest elements of civilisation. They lived in caves and subsisted on hunting, even the rudest pottery being unknown to them. Their only products were the rude palæolithic implements called from the places where they have been found in greatest number, Chellian and Acheulian. The next step is to pass to the improved implements known for similar reasons, as Moustereine and Salutrien.

This progress is synchronous with the differentiation of primitive man from the anthropomorphoid apes, by the sutures of the brain remaining open after the period of early infancy.

We may accept or reject the theory that the cold of the glacial period or periods compelled primitive man to use his brain, and fashion himself clothes out of the skins of animals. The gradual process by which man's brain adapted itself to intellectual development, is proved by the actual examination of the skulls of the various epochs.

Are we to make another deduction and say that the cold of the north drives civilisation to more genial climates nearer the equator?

This and the other questions which now crowd upon us, must be considered; if at all, in another article. . In this I shall endeavour to present a slight sketch of the difficulties which assail us in the attempt to bridge over the gulf which separates primitive man from those varieties of the human family which meet us at the dawn of History.

C. W. WHISH

SYMPATHY.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO OUR RELATIONS WITH
OUR INDIAN FELLOW-SUBJECTS.*

WE have heard a great deal lately concerning the relations between ourselves and the natives of India, and the necessity for greater sympathy in our dealings with them: the subject is in the air. The Prince of Wales, on his return from his Indian tour, said, that what struck him particularly in India was the necessity for more sympathy between the governing and the governed. The tact, the outcome of a sympathetic nature, for which our King is so justly beloved, has descended to his son, and if this is the point which he thought it important to emphasise in the manner he did, we may rest assured that it is worthy of our serious consideration. I feel that I need make no apology for bringing it forward as our subject for discussion, this afternoon.

Before going further I should like, if possible, to justify my position here. What right have I to stand up and lecture you, Ladies, on such a subject as this, a subject admitted to be peculiarly your own—sympathy? Well, although I may not be able to teach you anything of sympathy, I can, at least, claim to have a fairly extensive knowledge of the native of India, and I may, perhaps, be able to suggest some points on which our relations are not altogether satisfactory, and which are susceptible of improvement.

I have spent thirty years of my life in India; seven years in military service, in peace and war, and twenty-three as a Magistrate. I have served from Peshawar to Mandalay, in the Punjab, in the United Provinces, in Bengal, Assam, and Burmah. In Mandalay and Cawnpore I have been Master of a Masonic Lodge, and, as such, have been brought into rather closer contact with our Indian fellow-subjects than falls to the lot of most men. I count among them friends for whom I have the very highest

* An address to the Ladies' Literary and Debating Society, Mussoorie, August

admiration and regard. I have been sufficiently close to them to understand something of their feelings and ideas, and I am bound to say that, making due allowance for fundamental differences in character and modes of thought, the more one knows and comprehends, the more one sees to like ; and that prejudice and ignorance most usually go hand in hand.

I have the greatest possible dislike of generalisations. They are, like the catch phrases so unfortunately popular in the present day, the chosen resort of those too unintelligent to exercise consecutive thought, or too indolent to take the trouble to do so. They usually serve to express a half-truth, which, as we all know, is the most dangerous of all untruths. It is difficult, however, in speaking on such a subject as this—the relations between different races, and the characteristics which, to some extent, account for those relations—to avoid what may appear to be generalisations. In this case you must understand that I am speaking generally, and that my words mean no more than that there seems to be a tendency in a certain direction, sufficiently marked to make it characteristic. It is, moreover, by no means easy to avoid commonplace. It is difficult to find anything worth saying which has not been said, probably better said, a hundred times before. The most one can hope to do is, by gathering together a variety of ideas which, taken separately, are not new to any of us, to place them in a clear light, to help us, so to speak, to visualise them, and, perhaps, to afford food for thought. If I succeed in doing this I shall be satisfied.

What is sympathy ? It is defined as mutual affection ; an agreement of affections or inclinations ; or conformity of natural temperament. If this were all, the discussion would be closed at the very outset ; our relative positions, our planes of thought, our social ideas, and even our civilisations, are so different that it would be as absurd to talk of agreement of affections and inclinations, as to pretend that there is any approach to conformity of natural temperament. I prefer to define sympathy as ability to enter into another's feelings, and to understand another's point of view : mutual comprehension. If not sympathy precisely, this, at least, conduces to sympathy, and, in fact, true sympathy is impossible without it

Can nothing be done in this direction ? Is it altogether impossible that we should ever understand one another better than we do at present ? I think not ! It is very certain that we ought, at least, to endeavour to do so. The understanding must, however, be mutual : it is impossible that sympathy should ever be onesided. At present, I think, the blame for whatever misunderstanding there may be, lies chiefly, though not altogether, on the shoulders of the educated Indian rather than on our own

It is impossible to have very friendly feelings towards those who perpetually vilify and abuse ; who misrepresent every action ; and habitually impute the worst and most unworthy motives. I wonder how many here have ever seen the papers written by natives, for natives. There is hardly one, throughout the length and breadth of India, which is not full of attacks on ourselves and our Government. The most trumpery and trifling affairs are seized upon and magnified, and made the text for diatribes, and charges of cruelty and oppression. If a school-boy is rapped over the knuckles in a remote village of Bengal, or a mischievous demagogue fined a few rupees for creating a disturbance, the whole of India rings with it from end to end. Really when one sees the kind of molehill which the native papers habitually magnify into mountains of the most portentous description, one cannot but be struck with the wonderfully high standard of equity and justice, with the magnanimity and forbearance, to which they, unconsciously, bear witness. If these are the worst things they have to lay to our charge we have remarkably little with which to reproach ourselves. Of course it may be admitted that these hysterics do not correctly represent the feelings of the Indian people, but only those, and not even those except in an exaggerated form, of a small and discontented class. The fact is there, however, and it behoves us to try and understand the reason why.

Some seventy or eighty years ago Lord Macaulay, at that time President of the Board of Education, succeeded, in the teeth of great opposition, in introducing education on Western lines, in the Government schools and colleges. Prior to that date ducation had been almost purely Oriental, with scholarships for the study of Persian and Arabic, &c. Whether Macaulay fully realised the certain results of the change I cannot say. Probably he did. He was a man of very exceptional intelligence, and he was, moreover, I believe, one of the first of the school of "India for the Indians," now grown to rather alarming dimensions. However that may be, the natural result has followed. We have bred up a large educated class, saturated with Western democratic ideas, who feel intensely the disabilities under which they labour, and clamour for larger opportunities, and a fuller share in the administration of the country. And who can blame them ? Certainly we should do the same in their place. Their ambitions are lawful, and are bound to be satisfied sooner or later. One can only regret the methods they have adopted to enforce their claims, which are legitimate enough in themselves, and would meet with much more sympathy if they were temperately put forward, and not allied with a campaign of malice and slander. "It would have been better, perhaps, had it been possible, to have kept to the Indian vernaculars. We should not, then, have created

two classes—the English speaking, and those who speak their own vernaculars only. But perhaps this was impossible. It was inevitable that our predecessors should deem it their duty, and privilege, to teach our own institutions, philosophy, arts, and science, to a nation of whose ancient civilisation and culture they knew but little. When our teaching, political, religious, social, and scientific, was extended to the civilised races of India they not unnaturally adopted an eclectic attitude towards our beliefs and ideas, and only accepted what suited their own purpose. The Hindu remains a Hindu, with all that that means in the sphere of social and political life, the Musalman remains a sturdy believer in the organisation of Islam. But both have translated their ideas into English, and use our political catchwords with skill and discrimination.”

I was reading, the other day, an article in *East & West*, which, although I do not altogether agree with it, struck me as setting forth, on the whole very fairly and reasonably, the point of view of an educated native on the subject of our mutual relations. The gist of the article was as follows:—

It is conceded that, from a political as well as a moral point of view, it is desirable that a sound social sympathy should exist between the two races. The main difference is due to the Anglo-Indian's glorifying consciousness of his political superiority; the Indian's mortifying sense of his political inferiority; and the apparent recognition, on the part of the Government, of a difference in social status.

The Indian complains that the man who is hospitable and sympathetic in the West becomes reserved and shy, even repellent or harsh in his manner, east of Suez. The Englishman is never free from the self-consciousness that he belongs to the ruling caste; does not always respond to greetings; is generally unwilling to admit Indian visitors; will keep them waiting while he smokes or reads; snubs them; is apt to look down upon them as “black”; regards rude behaviour as a political necessity.

The distinctions drawn between the two races are keenly noted and resented. An Englishman may go to a Sanitarium without medical examination to which a native, even a High Court Judge, is obliged to submit: the Code of Criminal Procedure contains a special chapter relating to the trial of European British subjects. The Indian sees the booking-clerk at a station keeping respectable natives waiting while he attends to a European: he sees special carriages marked “for Europeans only.” Municipal matters receive more attention in the European quarter, lamps, water supply, roads, conservancy, &c., although the natives pay their full share of Municipal taxation a European may defy Municipal

rules where a native may not : he is firmly persuaded that an Englishman charged with the murder of a native is unduly favoured. He finds the Englishman rude, unkind, irritable, and even sometimes insolent.

The writer concludes with a word of advice to ourselves which I think we should do well to lay to heart. He says—

“ All barriers of race, colour, &c. may be overstepped where there is a strong motive. Let that motive be to endear yourselves to the Indians, in order to make your empire safe and secure. Have a sense of responsibility, and do not be reckless of the evil effects that may follow any rude actions on your part. Show common politeness to all, and seek intimacy with educated natives. Prove, by your conduct, that you are properly sent to rule. The Indians expect you to behave towards them as you would expect them to behave were they in your position, and you in theirs. When, as a Ruler, you have a right to command, you will surely be obeyed ; but if you exercise gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience, you will make it a cheerful duty, and soften the mortifying sense of inferiority. You should try to be loved without being despised, and feared without being hated.”

No doubt we shall not agree with our native friend on all points : on some we shall think him mistaken, and on others under a misapprehension, but, if we think it over quietly, we shall recognise, I am sure, that these are the views of a candid and reasonable man ; that they express very well the feelings with which we are regarded by a large majority of educated natives ; and that, after all, there is a very considerable substratum of truth in what he says. What, in fact, does it all amount to but a plea for common sympathy ?

Many are inclined to ask how it is possible that we should ever have any genuine fellow-feeling for the natives of this country. Where is our common standpoint ? In religion, colour, costume, language, manners and customs, habits and modes of thought, social and political status, and stages of civilisation, we differ so widely that it seems as if there was no common ground on which we could hope to meet. It is true that these difficulties exist, and are serious stumbling blocks in the way of mutual sympathy ; but, as I said before, though there may be no conformity of natural temperament, yet there is nothing in all this to prevent our trying, honestly and candidly, to understand one another ; and I venture to say that, to the extent we succeed in doing this, to that extent, precisely, we shall find our mutual sympathies develop. Let us try, first and foremost, to clear our minds of prejudice, whether in favour of ourselves, or against other people. We have a curious habit of judging others from the standpoint which we

now occupy, entirely forgetting, or ignoring, the fact that we ourselves have only reached that standpoint comparatively recently. We need only look back eighty or a hundred years to realise in what an astounding manner our ideas of right and wrong have altered for the better. This is too large a matter to go into at length, but let us take one point only—cruelty. What savages we were only a few generations ago! Innocent people were tortured to extort confessions; criminals were hung, drawn, and quartered; women and children were hung for petty theft; hangings were a popular form of public amusement; in our Army and Navy five hundred and a thousand lashes were given for a mere breach of discipline; flogging to death was by no means unknown; our prisons were sties where innocent and guilty were herded together till they died by scores from typhus or jail fever; debtors—in a large number of cases perfectly innocent debtors—were condemned to imprisonment for life! To go but a little further back. During the first eighty years of the seventeenth century—it is on record—the average number of witches burnt, annually, was five hundred. During the Long Parliament no fewer than three thousand persons were burnt for witchcraft. King James himself presided at the trial of more than two hundred, condemned to be burnt, for raising the storm which prevented his bride crossing to Scotland. In 1598 alone, over six hundred old women were burnt as witches. These would now have flats in Belgrave Mansions, or Sloane Street, and, if troubled by the Law at all, would suffer no more than a trifling fine. When we think how far these horrors lie behind us now, we have reason to be thankful, but not, I think, any reason to be proud, or to judge others severely because they do not happen to have arrived at the precise plane of civilisation to which we have, ourselves, so lately attained, through such a slough of iniquity and wrongdoing. The moral of which is that, when we set out to judge others, the first thing we have to do is to put ourselves on their level. You will get nothing but a distorted view, from the top of a hill, of people walking in the valley beneath.

The estrangement between the races, such as it is, is largely a matter of temperament and circumstances. On the one side there is the lack of imaginative sympathy which is the common failing of the British; on the other there are caste and purdah. The difference in temperament is undoubtedly a great stumbling-block: the Englishman, blunt, downright, straightforward, frequently, I am afraid, rather stupid; the native subtle, inclined to work underground by preference. Such characters can have no more real affinity than oil and vinegar. The very characteristics which are most prominent in the ordinary native are precisely those which

are most maddening to the average Englishman. The climate is trying, and one's liver is frequently out of sorts. It need not be wondered at that the Sahib is sometimes hasty and rough in manner, and finds his native servant and his ways an affliction hardly to be borne. We do not need to judge him severely, or to say that he is always an unkind or inconsiderate master: this is, in truth, far from being the case.

The other great stumbling block is the difference in social usage. How can races hope to meet on equal terms whose ideas on the relations between the sexes differ so profoundly? When a native of India goes Home to study we receive him, in all respects, as one of ourselves. Those at Home are altogether at a loss to understand why the English in India cannot do so likewise, and attribute our aloofness to some subtle change of nature which the East is bound to produce. They do not realise that we know more of the case than they can possibly do, and that our reluctance to mix with the Indian socially is not altogether due to race prejudice. The young Indian graduate, though he grumbles at the fact, and does not hesitate to make the most of it, is yet acute enough to know that, in our present relative positions as regards social matters, no other course is possible. But although the difference in social usage is a difficulty in our way, it does not preclude our trying to understand one another better, and this is, at present, I think, as much as can reasonably be hoped for.

But we are, perhaps, too apt to judge the native as a whole, by the conduct of the most noisy and aggressive elements. Is it a fact that the people at large have any such feelings towards the Sahib, or the Government, as one might be led to suppose if one paid too much attention to the outcries of the Native Press? I think not. I cannot recall, in my long experience, a single instance where the relations between a Civil Officer and his charge have not been perfectly friendly, though, no doubt, all concerned being human, isolated cases may have occurred where this has not been the case. No one can pretend to maintain that the officers and men of our native army are not on the most cordial terms. Before I close I propose to give you one or two illustrations of this, should time permit. The full history of the Indian Mutiny has never been written; probably, now, never will be written. One's feelings are too deeply stirred by the thought of the terrible things which did, undoubtedly, occur, to enable us to judge, or think, of all that happened, calmly and dispassionately; but I honestly believe that, if we knew all, we should be impressed, not so much by the isolated instances of atrocity, as by the vast number of cases in which the natives of India succoured our countrymen at the very risk of their lives. After all the Mutiny was a mutiny of the troops to which

many things conduced, not all unavoidable. The story of the greased cartridges was not a canard got up to justify it. It is a fact that cartridges lubricated with beef and pig's fat were, at the time, actually being manufactured at the Small Arms Factory at Dum Dum. We cannot recall the massacre at Cawnpore without a thrill of horror, but it is well to remember that when the troops were ordered to kill the women and children in cold blood, they stoutly refused to do so, and that the Nana was obliged to call in the lowest of the low, the city butchers, for the purpose. I have seen it officially stated that, though women and children were killed, in no instance, were they maltreated in other ways. There is, now living in Cawnpore, an old gentleman who, when the Mutiny broke out, in May 1857, was at Fatehgarh, a few hours journey down the river. The English at Fatehgarh were recalled to Cawnpore, as a precautionary measure, and he, with the rest, started by boat for that place. On the way they landed to rest, and he, being ill, went to sleep on a charpoy, and was left behind. He woke to find all his companions gone—to their death, as it proved. He wandered about the country for some time, and was eventually taken care of, and assisted to safety, by a local Zamindar. The few who escaped the massacre were similarly saved by villagers. Who that has ever visited the Residency at Lucknow, and seen the old Baily Guard, ruined, and pitted with bullet marks, or the little enclosure in the garden of the Scotch church at Cawnpore, where the loyal natives lie, who fought side by side with us, and who died for us in the trench hard by, has not felt that they went far to atone for much. Think, for one moment, of all that this involved. They had good reason to suppose that we were fighting for a lost cause; they, at any rate, had not their backs to the wall; they could have marched out when they pleased; but they chose to remain faithful to their salt, to their everlasting honour. I once knew an officer who was, at that time, in a native regiment at Agra. He happened to be on treasure escort when the Mutiny broke out, and some marches distant from headquarters. As soon as he heard what had happened he was anxious to push on, but his men would not allow him. Although almost all his company deserted and joined the mutineers, the native officers and a few others forcibly detained him, and did not leave him till they had seen him in a place of safety. These are merely isolated instances of what happened over and over again; surely they should help us to have kindly thoughts of those who, however blameworthy in some instances, were yet capable of such loyalty and devotion.

A few weeks ago there was a paper read before the East India Association, at home, on the subject of the social relations between the people of

this country, and the representatives amongst them of the alien race with whom their destinies are bound up. The lecturer took rather a gloomy view of things in general, and, in especial, maintained that the separation between the white and coloured people of India was increasing rather than contracting. For this state of things he held that the Memsahib was largely responsible. It is satisfactory to note that he found none to support this view. It is still more satisfactory, and very striking, to find that the most vigorous protests came from ladies of India. Mrs. Cowasji expressed, amidst loud cheers, her entire dissent from the opinion that Englishwomen were largely responsible for the existing aloofness. She said she could give many instances of English ladies devoting much time and attention to the task of bringing the two communities together. Mrs. Rustomji's testimony was much brighter than that of the lecturer. She reminded her audience that the English race is apt to despise what it does not understand; its insular pride being a subject of complaint even on the Continent. "They could not," she said, "expect an Englishman to get rid of this characteristic when he lived in a country like India, with its ancient civilisation, but backward according to modern ideas. For the promotion of social intercourse there must be a great deal of give and take, between the two communities, and there must be more give than take." When Indian ladies are capable of approaching the subject in this spirit we need not, I am sure, be backward in following their example.

I wonder if any of you here have chanced to see an extract from a letter written by the Rev. E. F. Brown, Superior of the Oxford Mission, to the Calcutta "Statesman." It refers to a meeting held lately in Calcutta, the report of which I have not seen, and is so good that you will, perhaps, pardon me if I read it *in extenso*. He says :

"I feel sure that I am only one amongst the many of your European readers who have read the speeches made last Tuesday with the warmest sympathy, and have been thankful to see in them evidence of a renewed possibility of a good understanding with our Bengali fellow-subjects. When the President prayed that the people might so think and speak, so devise and act, so bear and forbear, that true unity, peace, and concord might once more be established among them, and that Divine Providence might fill the heart of the Rulers with true love for the people of this country and with a genuine sympathy with them in their just and lawful aspirations, so that peace, happiness, and harmony of relations may be once more restored; when he said that, though the Swadeshi had done incalculable good to the country by stimulating their lawful activities, it had yet resulted in much harm by causing a feeling of tension between Rulers and

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Ruled, which was deplored by right-thinking men in both communities; when he went on, ' I hope, at the same time, our Anglo-Indian friends, to whom we are indebted in various ways, will look upon our National endeavours with a charitable feeling, and assist us in attaining objects which mean the progress and development of our country ; ' may we not thankfully accept the olive branch thus generously held out ? Have we not here a sound basis for the restoration of that good feeling and co-operation which has been disturbed by recent events, and without which the country cannot prosper ? Can there be anything more desirable than that two communities, which have to live together in any case, should learn to live together in unity ? Can there be anything less desirable than the state of unseemly bickerings and pinpricks in which we have been living for some time past, and for which, I have no hesitation in saying, that both communities are responsible ? "

This letter is interesting, not merely as expressing the views of a Christian Missionary, who, I believe, is in a position to get nearer to the real heart of things than anyone else in India ; but also as affording evidence that the blatant Press is not the final expression of the feelings of the people, but that there is, in fact, even in Bengal, at the present time, a reasonable minority, capable of thinking without passion, and of speaking with prudence and self-restraint.

Before I close I should like to tell you one or two stories, from my own personal experience, which suggest a hope that the want of sympathy, of which we have lately heard so much, is, after all, confined to a certain small class, or classes, and that it is by no means true in fact that our relations with the three hundred millions of our Indian fellow-subjects are as strained as the tone of the Native Press, and occasional articles in our own papers, might lead one to believe. To be sure I shall be told, in fact I have already been told, that these tales refer to a past era, and do not correctly represent the position of affairs to-day, but I am happy to think that this is not the case.

During the Afghan War of 1878-80 I was acting Adjutant of a native regiment in the Khaibar. Our Subadar-Major was a splendid specimen of an old Rajpoot native officer. He wore the Order of Merit, and had led his company at the storming of Jhansi more than twenty years before. After we had been some months on active service he fell ill of dysentery, and was ordered back to India. I was sitting writing, in my tent, one morning, when he came to say good-bye. I shall never forget how the poor old man fell at my knees, sobbing as if his heart would break. He felt bitterly the disgrace, as he regarded it, that he, the father of the Regiment, should be

leaving his men on service, to stop at home, as he said, like a woman. I tried to comfort him as well as I knew how, telling him that he would soon be back again younger than ever, but he would not be comforted. "Sahib," he said, "you will not see me again; I am going home to die." He was right. In less than three weeks he was dead. Although this is more than a quarter of a century ago I confess that I cannot, even now, think of that scene without emotion. Was there no sympathy there, do you suppose? What else was it that led the gallant old soldier to pour out his heart, without shame, at the knees of a lad who might have been his grandson?

On our way up to Afghanistan we were camped for some weeks at Jamrood, with the 14th West Yorkshires. They went on to Peshbolak, and we remained at Lundi Kotal. The West Yorkshires were eventually sent back, decimated with fever. I was with a detachment at Lundi Khana, guarding the water supply, when they passed through. That morning I noticed a great stir among the Sepoys, an unusual amount of cooking going on, and buying up of milk, eggs, &c. When asked why they had done this, they replied that it was "Hamari Brigad ki paltan" which was coming back sick, and they desired to show their sympathy in a practical way. This was done entirely on their own initiative, and without a shadow of a suggestion from anyone in authority. Was this no sympathy?

Shortly after our return to India the Regiment, with some others, was disbanded, Government having decided to reduce the number of Hindustani regiments. The men were allowed their choice of retiring with a gratuity, or transfer to some other specified regiments. Two companies chanced to be told off to regiments to which British Officers had also been sent: these companies, almost to a man, elected to follow their Officers. I went to the 25th Punjabis. A company of the 36th, another disbanded regiment, was sent to them, with two British Officers: the whole company followed them. Those who were sent to strange regiments, without one of their own officers to accompany them, almost to a man, elected to take their discharge.

On the battlefield of Ferozshah there is the tomb of a young officer who was wounded, taken prisoner, and who died in the neighbouring village. To this day the tomb is maintained by the villagers. When asked who the officer was, and why they take such an interest in the tomb, they reply that they do not know, but he was a very gallant Sahib.

While this sort of feeling continues to exist as I am convinced it does to this day, it would surely be unjust to deny that, whatever our differences may be, there is a very great deal of genuine sympathy between the best of the two races, and "a grave mistake to lay too

much stress on the vapourings of the comparatively few who, since they do not carry arms, are compelled to fight their battles with the weapons with which Nature has provided them, a subtle brain, a lively imagination, and a ready tongue. It is incredible that these can really believe one-tenth part of the slanders which they habitually utter, but they have learnt by experience that there is a large body of weak sentimentalism in England, an increasing number of amiable enthusiasts, who would make any concession which is demanded with sufficient vehemence in the English language—who are ready and eager to accept it all as gospel; and they realise that slander may yet prove a powerful lever to help them to the goal of their ambition, greater political power, and an increased share in the administration of the country. However much we may reprobate the line they have chosen, we can, at least, try to understand it, and, above all, be on our guard that we do not allow ourselves to be alienated from the people at large because a few rude men find their profit in calling us names.

I plead for a better understanding on both sides. Of one thing I am certain—the world will not stand still. If we ourselves persist in regarding the people as all tarred with the same brush; if we continue to make a mock of their legitimate aspirations, and make no attempt to satisfy them, so far as they may safely and properly be satisfied; the estrangement which we all regret to see to-day, and which is spreading from day to day, will continue to spread still more rapidly, and, in the long run we shall have reason to regret that we did not adopt a more sympathetic attitude while there was yet time. Let me not be misunderstood: I have no desire whatever to pose as an alarmist: I do not believe, with Dr. Fitchett, that the present discontent in Poona and Bengal may lead to the loss of India; but I do firmly believe that, if we persist in shutting our eyes to facts, if we refuse to discern the signs of the times, we shall be laying up for ourselves trouble, the ultimate extent of which no man can foresee.

I earnestly trust that we shall be wise in time; and that, by the adoption of a more sympathetic—by no means synonymous with sentimental—attitude towards our Indian fellow-subjects; by endeavouring to understand them, and teaching them to understand us; by trying to enter into their point of view, and by gratifying their legitimate aspirations, we shall strive to re-establish, and to maintain, those good relations, which ought to exist between the Governing and the Governed, and which must exist if we are to continue to do our duty by those whom Providence has committed to our charge.

G. H. WATSON

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The proverbial philosopher has observed how, among the feathered creation, the same outward appearance establishes mutual sympathies and common interests, so that birds of the same feather form themselves into a distinct class. Sound is another link which binds together the warblers and the squeakers, the barkers and the croakers, the brayers and the neighers. Has not the evolutionist, who has established a genealogical connection between the bark of the wolf and the oratory of Demosthenes, traced the influence of the feather and the song among the latest descendants of the denizens of the jungle—mankind? What is complexion but a substitute for the feather? What is language but a modification of the twitter and the chirp? Do not nations and communities flock together much in the way their feathered ancestors did, because they talk a common language, or are distinguished by a common colour? The feather has lost its elaborate designs and its rich hues; the song has gained in articulate complexity: their power of attraction and repulsion remains unabated, and, let us hope, undeveloped. The census reporter, like the naturalist, classifies: only he does not classify the flocks according to colour, but according to language, and that new factor which the naturalist has no occasion to study—religion. Though the census reporter in India does not professedly base any classification on colour, the antiquarian will maintain that, among Hindus at least, he indirectly does make a note of colour, for does not *varna*, caste, mean colour? The colours have now blended together: the *varna* is not recorded in the books of Nature, it is handed down by tradition, real or fictitious. The latest development in the evolutionary process, religion, bulks largely in the census

reports and in political discussions. There are nations and communities among all animals: we may call them families, or varieties, or breeds, or by any other name, but they are essentially castes or nationalities. There are Indian elephants and African elephants, dogs of cold climates and warm climates, of mountainous regions and of the plains. To the various considerations of colour and anatomy, of sound and of geographical distribution, man has added religion. And we have in India Hindus and Animists, Muhammadans and Christians, Parsis and Buddhists, Sikhs and Lingayats. It appears that these have distinct interests, and the differentiation goes much further in many localities. Each Hindu community is supposed to have some interests distinct from those of other Hindu communities. The late Sir W. W. Hunter divided the history of British rule in India into three periods—the period of conquest, of consolidation and of conciliation. The period of conquest may be believed to be over. The other two periods overlap each other, if by consolidation we mean not merely a properly co-ordinated machinery of Government for the whole of India and the establishment of those means of communication which have minimised, if not annihilated, the intervening distances. The racial and the moral consolidation is a task which yet remains to be achieved. A distinguished American, referring to the clash of interests between the various communities in India, has expressed the opinion that they are bound to disappear with the “progress of the world.” It was at one time believed that under the influence of Western education, the tide of progress in the direction of a united India was steadily advancing, and Sir W. W. Hunter had reasons to write in an optimistic vein. Recently, however, it has been the opinion of several observers that the tide has, for a time at least, receded, and that the gaps between races and communities are widening. It is difficult to ascertain the truth in such cases, for appearances are often misleading and deceitful. Yet it may be stated that the consolidation of the various component parts of the Indian population must necessarily be a slow process, which will be retarded or accelerated by events of temporary significance, creating alarms, reviving prejudices and putting a strain upon the forces of cohesion. That these forces are operating is clear from the admission of the Muhammadan deputation to the Viceroy that they have “many and important interests in common with their

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Hindu fellow-countrymen," and they would be satisfied if these were safeguarded by any supporters, irrespective of their nationality. Yet they thought they had certain distinct interests as Muhammadans, and the Viceroy seemed to agree. The exciting cause of this open assertion of distinct interests was partly the resignation of Sir Bampfylde Fuller, which was supposed to harbinger the adoption of a new policy antagonistic to Muhammadans, and partly Mr. Morley's speech on the Indian budget, which seems to have created an apprehension in certain minds lest the Liberal Secretary of State should, in his zeal for introducing the spirit and temper of British institutions into India, forget the interests of the minorities. In the Mahratta country a dispute has raged for some time past concerning the social status of the Mahrattas, or, to be more accurate, concerning their right to perform Vedic ceremonies as Kshatriyas. Disputes of this kind arise from time to time all over India, and they percolate into public offices and into civic life. Then again, one may notice journals springing up with the avowed object of voicing the sentiments and safeguarding or promoting the interests of particular communities. From signs of the times like these it has been inferred that the caste sentiment, instead of being wiped out by education, is being deepened, though under a new name and for different purposes, by the spread of education. The facts are plain: their explanation is not easy. The Muhammadan grievance is a long-standing one. Thirty-five years ago the late Sir W. W. Hunter enumerated the same disabilities of this important community as are put forward to-day. The old roads to wealth and distinction are closed: on the new road of Western education the nimble Hindu outstrips the stately Mussalman. That was the grievance for which the British Government was held responsible in 1871 by the late Dr. Hunter, and that is essentially the grievance to-day: only we have more opportunities for distinction now in the Legislative Councils, in the Municipal and District Boards, and in the higher grades of the public service, which education has opened to the sons of the soil. In this way education has been indirectly responsible for an accentuation of class feeling. What is true of the antagonism between Hindus and Muhammadans is also true of the feeling between Europeans and Indians, and between different classes of the Hindu community who aspire to distinction in the public service and in public

life. Thirty years ago, when the number of Indians qualified for the higher appointments was small, the competition between Europeans and Indians was not keen, and the feeling between the two communities was one of co-operation and cordiality. As between the various Indian communities also, the number of educated men was small, and it was felt that there was room for all the deserving to distinguish themselves. Now the list of appointments held by the various communities is scrutinised with a keenness worthy of a better cause. Human nature being what it is, a sufficient number of examples of abused patronage may always be found to justify and encourage scrutiny. Sometimes the non-representation of a community in a branch of the public service within a specified area may be a pure accident. For example, the last annual report of the Bombay Police Department shows that there is not a single Eurasian in the Bombay City Police. Yet the Eurasians do not seem to have been excluded from the police as a matter of policy. If there is no Muhammadan Judge of a High Court in India in October 1906, the reason is not that the Government has changed its policy since the days when Mr. Mahmood, Mr. Amir Ali and Mr. Tyabji were allowed the high privilege of administering justice from the Bench of a High Court. A fortuitous conjunction of circumstances may in this manner be responsible for the absence of representatives of one or other community from particular branches or grades of the public service at a given time. However, special vigilance may be necessary to prevent abuse of patronage, especially because there is a rooted tendency in human nature to believe in purpose, rather than chance. The child, who believes that the stone has purposely waylaid and tripped him, is father of the man, who invents similar theories to account for every detriment to his interests. The Hindu caste system was at one time denounced as a sin against the brotherhood of man. That high ground is not always occupied nowadays. The system, when it is attacked, is deprecated more generally as a hindrance to political progress and to material advancement. The restrictions which it imposes on eating and intermarrying are to be removed just as it is desirable to abolish harassing transit dues or removing other imposts on trade. A generation ago the educated classes felt their prospects in life assured and banded themselves together for reli-

gious and social reform, and cherished visions of union between Asia and Europe, between the Semitic and Aryan systems of faith, and between the various heterogeneous elements of the Indian population. The schools of reform founded a generation ago have not become extinct, but a fierce materialism dominates the public utterances and activities to-day. How to be like Japan and America, powerful, wealthy and independent—that is the mirage of to-day. The materialistic tone of this general ambition harmonises with the thoughts that are uppermost in the individual who finds the struggle for existence becoming keener in consequence of the increase of educated men competing for the prizes of life. Education operates in another way to stir up class feeling. It improves the status of communities which were at one time content to occupy a subordinate place in the social scheme. This levelling up causes some amount of friction, which is generally not shared by the cultured members of the communities concerned, but which none the less affects the environments of the most liberal-minded of men. The result is that sentiments may be imputed, which are really not cherished, and misunderstandings may arise. Thus education has indirectly been responsible, to a certain extent, for an apparent retrogression from the hopeful advance which was observed a generation ago by the well-wishers of India, who thought that the whole Empire and this particular part of the British dominions were being consolidated under the influence of education and of an exchange of civilisations. Notwithstanding superficial indications to the contrary, it would be rash to allege that the current had changed its direction.

The Indian communities are differentiated by caste and creed. Evolutionists have endeavoured to discover the rudiments of religion even in the lower animals. An instinctive fear of things unseen is perhaps, shared by man with his inarticulate ancestors. An instinctive tendency to invest inanimate things with a mind is perhaps also similarly shared. If dogs have creeds in an embryonic condition, they do not seem to divide themselves into communities according to their creeds. It is man's heritage to imagine that his interests in this world vary with his beliefs regarding the next world. Otherwise why should the believer in the Gita have distinct interests from the believer in the Koran, and the follower of Christ from the follower of Zoroaster? Who gave us this heritage it must be left to the

ingenious man of science to determine. If it has served any purpose in the evolution of the man of the twentieth century, will it continue to cling to him for ever in his march forward ? Or will he cast his heritage aside, when he establishes a parliament of religions and a federation of the world ? If ever a parliament of religions was required, it was not at Chicago, but at Calcutta. Akbar founded one : the days of Akbar are gone. Will they ever return ? Will any statesman ever have the courage to remind deputations of the supreme duty of standardising their interests, and will the leaders of the several communities make a determined move in the direction of converting distinct interests into common interests ?

CURRENT EVENTS.

MUSLIM journals regard the 1st of October, 1906, as a red-letter day in the annals of the Muhammadans in India, because on that day the Viceroy received a deputation consisting of leading Mussalmans from all parts of India, and gave them certain assurances, which, if they were couched in too general and cautious terms, were yet sincere and such as the deputation might well be proud of having drawn out from the head of the Government. Lord Minto was more fortunate than his predecessor in that he was not called upon to receive a body of critics either of the Government in general, or of his own policy in particular. The Muhammadans have ever prided themselves upon their sympathetic appreciation of the responsibilities and difficulties of Government, themselves having been rulers up till recently, and upon the loyal and respectful attitude which they invariably assume towards Government. The Government has reciprocated these feelings by a courteous and considerate, though not necessarily acquiescent, treatment of all their representations. The deputation, which was worthily headed by H. H. the Aga Khan and which contained representatives of Mussalman aristocracy, wealth, commercial enterprise, professional success and literary activity, laid stress on two great principles, first, that the Muhammadans, in consequence of their past history and present political influence, had certain distinct interests as a community, and secondly, that the best way to safeguard these interests was to fix a certain proportion of the appointments and honours that were to fall to their share. The Viceroy readily assented to the first of these propositions, and maintained a golden silence on the second. In the first place it was not perhaps competent to the Viceroy to give any undertaking that a certain proportion of stipendiary or honorary appointments would be reserved for any community.

The policy of such an undertaking would almost certainly have been questioned in Parliament, and the Secretary of State would have been in a delicate position if the Viceroy had given any pledge of the kind suggested. Secondly, the practical inconvenience of undertaking to reserve an arithmetical proportion of appointments to any community is obvious. If in provinces where local Governments have laid down such a rule, it is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, it has to be remembered that the rule itself is one which cannot be rigidly enforced. To have met the prayer with a point-blank refusal would have hurt the feelings of the sensitive noblemen and leaders, who had approached the Viceroy with loyalty and confidence, and Lord Minto showed admirable tact and discretion in avowing concurrence where he could concur and maintaining an instructive silence where he could not concur.



Readers of newspapers both here and in England enjoyed a brief excitement last month over an incident described as the "coronation of Mr. Surendranath Banerji." For this description of what has been more accurately called a benediction ceremony Mr. Banerji's own paper was responsible, for it reported that he had been "crowned and anointed"—a phrase which has a distinctive meaning in the English language, very different from benediction. In the comments made on this ceremony by Englishmen we have a typical example of how the West can misunderstand the East. The Westerner has heard of Oriental hyperboles: he knows hyperbole as a figure of *speech*, he does not know it as a freak of *action*. Yet acted hyperboles are common enough in the East. The Westerner speaks of the hospitable entertainment or the cordial reception of a guest. The Indo-Aryan converts it into *Atithipuja*—worship of the guest. This is not a mere figure of speech: in a ceremonial reception, as, for example, that of a bridegroom, the human guest is accorded, at least symbolically, the "sixteen honours" which constitute the major portion of the worship of a god. The benediction ceremony at Calcutta undoubtedly treated Mr. Banerji as a great political personage, and hence the principal features of a political ceremony seem to have been imitated. The report in Mr. Banerji's own paper spoke of the waving of yak-tails, the erection of an umbrella over his head, and the placing of a floral crown on his head. The Westerner,

unaccustomed to magnifications of this kind, smells seditious intent or impudence in such a ceremony. It is, indeed, not a usual ceremony, for our publicists are all men of Western education and imitate parliamentary orators, rather than the old Rajahs or Maharajahs. Yet an Oriental can easily understand how there need not be more of sedition in the coronation of a publicist than there is blasphemy in the worship of a guest. To the Westerner, if it is not sedition, it is tomfoolery : it is really neither more nor less than an acted hyperbole, unless the person honoured is hailed as the king of a particular territory. In another place another publicist was hailed as a "Maharajadhiraj." These titles have lost their literal meaning. Even when they are hereditary and officially recognised, they are not understood literally. The Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan is not a king now. "Maharaj" is in colloquial language equal to the English "Sir." A peon might say "Ho Maharaj," just as he would say "Yes, Sir," to a clerk drawing fifteen rupees a month in a Taluk Katchery. The combination of the East and the West may sometimes lead to ludicrous results. Eastern honours paid to publicists who devote their lives to the preaching of Western ideas and to working on Western lines may jar upon our sense of congruity. They need not be open to a worse charge.



When the revival of the lost arts of India is so much in the air, the death of the well-known painter Ravi Varma is an event which deserves to be specially noticed. Even if the painter's art had not degenerated in India, Ravi Varma would have made a mark in the world of Indian artists, for he was practically the founder of a new school ; he tried to combine some of the essential features of Western art with the traditions of his own land. His mythological pictures have found their way into almost every province and every important town of India. To the scenes usually painted by the artists of the old school, he added some of his own, and their novelty, next to the excellent execution, has made them widely popular with his countrymen. Judged by Western standards, his work had its own defects, and as an interpreter of Indian mythology on the canvas, the oriental scholar would have been glad if the artist had incorporated some of his new ideas with traditional representations. For example, in the excellent picture of Vishnu riding on Garuda, with a lady on each side, the modern interpreter of myths would perhaps have greatly appreciated an attempt to represent one lady as the Goddess of the Sky and the other as the Goddess of the Earth. Their dress, their ornaments, their complexion might have been different, if the artist had differently conceived the subject of his representation. However, even an artist, perhaps, should not be a revolutionary very much in advance of his time. Ravi Varma was certainly the pioneer of a new school.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROGRESS AND THRIFT.

To the Editor of EAST & WEST.

SIR,—In the article entitled “A Vision of Progress” appearing in the August issue of *East & West* occurs a statement that invites comment, as it touches one of the central problems of industrial progress under modern conditions. This has reference to the virtue of thrift or saving, alike in its individual and social aspects. Says the writer: “Look at the private individual. If he is careful he saves, and he goes on doing so until he becomes wealthy in relation to his fellows. But again, a people has a greater reason to save than an individual, its collective life being (in comparison) endless; it reaps through what is practically all time the fruit of a few years’ self-denial. Take the case of England, and suppose not merely its debt paid off, but that it is the proprietor of funds to that amount, then a great and thoroughly healthy impetus would be given to industry, because the load of taxation would be greatly reduced; all sorts of beneficial national undertakings, things too great not only for an individual but for a minor community, could be done at the national expense.” And he argues at length that in order to get this fund a great effort should be made to pay off the debt, and criticises the laxity with which nations fall into the vice of contracting debt.

Now the questions underlying these contentions are complicated and confused by the intervention of money into all modern industrial transactions. Money-economy—where all services are rewarded and all transactions appraised in terms of a valid currency—has undoubtedly immensely accelerated industrial processes as compared with the older natural economy, where services and transactions are rewarded and estimated in kind. But the fact remains that at the foundation of money-affairs are the material factors, pure and simple, which primitive natural economy brings at once into purview. Money is desired now, not for its own sake, but for its *purchasing* power, the power, that is, to obtain the various necessities and comforts sustaining life. Consequently the manner in which the circulating money-income of a nation is *spent*, determines the general direction and character of the productive industry thereby maintained. For it must be constantly kept in view, that the material wealth of every kind that sustains the life of a people is a transitory and perishable commodity, which is used up or consumed in the very process

of its operations. Even the comparatively durable instruments by which modern industry is carried on—the machines, implements, railroads, buildings, are undergoing incessant wear and tear, must in due course be renewed, as with food and clothing. Hence the secret of steady economic prosperity in a modern industrial community lies in the interaction of two principles and their judicious harmony: (1) an efficient, vigorous body of producers getting the maximum of food and raw material from the land, and turning out the maximum quantity of desirable manufactured commodity in return for the labour expended; (2) a high standard of effective demand, calling for and using up the product of industry in sustaining a corresponding standard of comfort and well-being.

It is just here that the paradox of "thrift" enters in to confuse the whole bearing of these elements of industrial prosperity. Because the possession of a considerable sum of money is always advantageous to an *individual* at any given time for its purchasing utility, it has been lightly assumed that the more parsimonious is the community at large the more it will flourish. In other words, the less it consumes the more business will be done. Did any one ever hear of a hatter making his fortune by no one buying his goods; of a doctor, by no one wanting his services? This matter is the very crux of the social problem regarded from the ordinary individualist standpoint,—that the added interests of separate individuals make up the general interest of the community, apart from any conscious social principles directing the total drift of their energies and enterprise. The writer above quoted has fallen into this fallacy by the supposition that if the country possessed a ready fund of money equal to the present debt it would be in a highly advantageous condition. That would entirely depend upon what uses it could be expended. If it were loaned to public bodies for needed public works it will again become a debt; though perhaps for more productive purposes than most of those on which national debt has been so far spent. The truth is, consumption economies and their reaction on the productive efficiency of a people, their bearing on the promotion of national capital and the due harmonising of saving with spending, individually and collectively, is that branch of our social science where there is most need of light and fresh investigation. Yet this lies at the root of the elucidation of future sound principles of guidance. Perhaps the hospitality of the Editor will allow me to return to the subject at greater length on another occasion.

Yours faithfully,
H. CROSSFIELD.

London.

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BANDE MATARAM.

A LITTLE while ago there was a correspondence in *The Times* on the subject of the hymn which Mr. S. M. Mitra has called "the Marseillaise of the Bengalis." The question was whether the hymn was an invocation of the goddess Kali or was an address to the motherland of the Bengalis, or, in its extended signification, to the motherland of all who hold themselves to be children of India. The question is one of some interest to us all, since there are even Anglo-Indians who regard India as their native land and who yield to no one in their affection for the land of their birth. Briefly, the dispute was whether the hymn in question could be used by Christians, Parsis, Mussalmans, Buddhists and Animists, to say nothing of Positivists and Theosophists, as well as by Hindus; or whether the cry of "Bande Mataram," as used by Bengali Hindus, was a sectarian cry and was intended to insult and annoy followers of other religions. Perhaps the simplest way of answering the question would be to consult one of the Bengali Hindus who go about shouting "Bande Mataram" as a protest against the so-called Partition of Bengal. But such a person might equivocate. At all events that course was not adopted, and the files of *The Times* are enriched with a rather surprisingly large variety of opinions as to what the song of "Bande Mataram" does mean.

The *Times* had committed itself to the opinion that though, for the benefit of non-Hindus, the song was explained to be only a poetic invocation of Bengal as "the mother" of her people, there is good reason to believe that the "mother" whom it invokes is Kali, the great goddess who symbolises the terrible forces of destruction and death. This opinion was supported by Dr. G. A. Grierson, C. I. E., who has won for himself an honourable and world-wide reputation as a student of Indian languages and lite-

nature. Dr. Grierson said that, so far as his experience went, the word *Mata*, "when borrowed by modern languages, and employed metaphorically, means one of three things—(1) the goddess Kali, (2) the cow (as an object of worship), or (3) the goddess of small-pox. No one pretends that *Bande Mataram* refers to either of the last two. It is therefore the same as the more colloquial phrase '*Kali mai ke jai*,' 'Victory to mother Kali,' a formula in everyday use, but sometimes, when uttered by an excited crowd, leading to lamentable excesses of religious violence." The weak point in Dr. Grierson's argument is that it proves, not what *Bande Mataram* does mean as actually used by Bengalis, but what it ought to mean if used in the conventional Hindu sense. Conventions alter, even in Bengal, and I shall presently try to show that in this case there has probably been a slight change in the ordinary meaning of the word, as Dr. Grierson might have known if he had recently read the novel from which the phrase has been taken.

I shall return to Dr. Grierson's argument presently, but meanwhile I have to note an answer to it from the pen of Sir Henry Cotton. Sir Henry is an ardent opponent of the Partition and an advocate of "constitutional agitation." It is natural that he should think that the *Bande Mataram* hymn is not an invocation of Kali, but a patriotic chant in which all lovers of India, himself included, might safely join. In proof of this amiable belief he cited a verse translation of the hymn from the pen of the late Mr. W. H. Lee, who was District and Sessions Judge of Murshidabad when he died some months ago. In this version the words *Bande Mataram* are rendered as "my Mother-land I sing." It is true that the hymn goes on to say that the poet worships his "mother" as "Durga, scourge of all thy foes, as Lachmi, bowered in the flower that in the water grows, as Bani, wisdom, power, the source of all our might." But Sir Henry Cotton held, nevertheless, that "this translation affords conclusive evidence of the character of the invocation."

Now, it is clear that, if the translation is a correct one (and, obviously, *Bande Mataram* can be and has been translated in other ways), the hymn is an address to Bengal, but to Bengal as the home of Hindus, as a personification who may be worshipped, as occasion serves, as Durga, the goddess of destruction, as Lakshmi, the

goddess of good luck and mother of love, or as Saraswati, goddess of learning and wisdom. But that the hymn is a Hindu hymn can hardly be doubted or denied.

Subsequently Mr. Alfred H. Haggard, another retired Bengal Civilian, joined the symposium and supported Sir Henry Cotton. Mr. Haggard seems to have carelessly assumed that the invocation *Bande Mataram* is a name, for he says that "it is true *Bande Mataram* is compared to Durga, another name of Kali, but she (*sic*) is also compared to Luchmi 'bowered in the flower that in the water grows'—a very different kind of personage to the other terrible deity." But neither he nor Sir Henry Cotton seems to have noticed that the *Mata* who is the subject of the hymn may be worshipped as any one of the three principal Hindu *Saktis* or feminine forms of divine energy. I think it may safely be assumed that the *Mata* in question was meant by the poet to be Bengal. Hinduism, as we all know, is one of the most strictly local of religions, and, till lately, Hindus were forbidden to leave India. There was not much poetical licence involved in bidding Bengali Hindus worship their native land as the goddess of Destruction, of Prosperity, or of Learning, according to their desires and circumstances. But to say, with Sir Henry Cotton and Mr. Haggard, that the hymn is not an invocation of Kali, is to quibble. It can be used as an invocation of any one of the three national goddesses or of all three at once. It is, moreover, plainly a hymn which cannot be used by non-Hindus in the same sense and with the same force as when it is sung by Hindus. So far, it would seem that the three disputants were inspired by the three goddesses. Dr. Grierson, mildest and kindest of scholars, is for the terrible and bloody Kali, Durga—"hard of access," as popular etymology has it. Mr. Haggard apparently pins his faith on Lakshmi, the goddess of luck, and in doing so uses characteristically happy-go-lucky language. Sir Henry Cotton may fairly be taken as the champion of Bāni, goddess of learning and eloquence. If a humble looker-on may venture to judge, the original question remains much where it was. Meanwhile, a representative of the London *Tribune* interviewed Mr. S. M. Mitra, a Bengali and a Hindu, and asked him what his interpretation might be. Mr. Mitra says that the hymn "is to a great extent in praise of Bengal, and expresses the love of her sons

for their Mother Country." Mr. Mitra, luckier than the Paris of ancient fable, is able to reconcile all the three goddesses, and no doubt rightly represents the feeling with which less well known Bengalis sing what is now apparently the national song of Bengali Hindus. Moreover, his decision is in accordance with the sentiments expressed in the novel of *Ananda Math*, from which the song is borrowed. There can be no doubt that that novel has played a large part in the agitation against the Partition. Several of the romances of the late Bankim Chandra Chatterjea have been translated into English and have deservedly enjoyed a wide popularity outside Bengal, both in India and in Europe. Bankim Chandra Chatterjea was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of letters India has yet produced. In his early efforts he was an imitator of Bulwer Lytton and Sir Walter Scott, but he speedily developed a vein of humorous observation which was entirely his own. His portraits of the women-folk of his native province are delightful and inspired by a sense of kindly fun such as is not common, I think, in Oriental literature. But in later years his health gave way, and he developed a somewhat morbid taste for religious speculation. His mind was much occupied with the problem as to why Providence had suffered first the Mussalmans and then the European invaders of India to usurp the dominion of the ancient Hindu Kings. It is a problem which has occupied many minds from many points of view. Bankim regarded it from the point of view of a convinced and pious Hindu. He had read widely in European literature and was a diligent student of Herbert Spencer. He arrived finally at the conclusion that the Hinduism of Bengal had departed lamentably far from the pure Aryan faith of the early Hindus, had become superstitious, over-metaphysical, unpractical and corrupt. He was brought to believe that the mission of the British in India was to rescue Hinduism from Mussalman oppression and Mussalman vices, and to teach Hindus the practical and scientific learning which should give them back their lost virility, courage and resources.

It was while he was under the obsession of such ideas that he wrote his now famous romance of *Ananda Math*. The rough framework of his story is afforded by what little is recorded of the Sannyasi revolt of 1772 in the district of Birbhum. He represents the Sannyasis as differing from the modern followers of their sect in

many important respects. The modern Vishnuvite of Bengal has borrowed many of the tenets of Buddhism, and especially the Buddhist reluctance to take human or any other life. Bankim's Sannyasis remember that Vishnu was once incarnate as Krishna, monarch, warrior and conqueror. Oppressed, rack-rented, over-taxed by the Mahomedan rulers of the land at a time when a failure of the rains had brought about one of the most destructive of modern famines, the Hindus of Birbhum determined to throw off the yoke of the Mussalmans. They made their headquarters at an ancient temple hidden in impenetrable jungle and known as *Ananda Math*, "the shrine of Joy." All the children of the mother to whom the shrine was dedicated adopted soubriquets of which the word *ananda* formed a part, such as Satyananda, Dirghananda, Nityananda, Navinananda, and so on. They took vows of poverty and chastity, and resolved to die or conquer the sensuous opium-eating Mahomedan oppressors of their country. But the English power was already beginning to make itself felt in the land, and the English factors and officers figured as the agents of the Moghal emperor. The Sannyasis were not, however, disheartened. They provided themselves with cannon and ammunition and defeated the combined British and Mahomedan forces in a pitched battle. Elated by their victory (which, as told in the book, is based on historical fact) the Sannyasis wished to crown their leader, Satyananda, King of Bengal. But Satyananda refused the crown and shortly afterwards, warned by a divine messenger in the form of a Physician, dispersed his troops. The Physician's message was to the effect that the subjugation of the Mahomedans was to be the work not of the Hindus but of the white men from beyond the sea. Under Mahomedan rule Hinduism had been oppressed, degraded, demoralised. The new rulers of India would be tolerant, kindly and sympathetic. But I had better attempt a rough translation.

The Physician said, Satyananda, do not be sorrowful. That which shall be, shall be well. Unless the English are our rulers, there is no probability of the improvement of the Arya Dharma. What the Mahapurushas have decided in their wisdom, that I explain to you. Listen attentively to what I say. The Aryan faith does not consist in the worship of three hundred and thirty millions of gods. That is merely a popular and degenerate form of worship. Owing to its prevalence the

true Aryan religion, which the Mlechhas call the Hindu religion, has suffered decay. The true Hindu religion consists in knowledge, not in works. Knowledge is of two kinds, external and internal. The internal knowledge of the soul is the principal branch of the Aryan religion. But unless the external knowledge (of the facts of nature) first comes into being, there is no likelihood of the growth of the internal religion. Until we know that which is material (*sthula*), we cannot know that which is spiritual (*sukshma*.) For a long time past the study of external knowledge has been neglected in this country. If we would revive the true Aryan faith, we must restore the study of science. At present there is no knowledge of external science in this country, and no one to teach it. We are not adepts in popular education (*loksiksha*). Therefore it is necessary that we should import practical knowledge from a foreign country. The English are past masters in such matters. They are very skilful in popularising knowledge. Let us, therefore, make the English our Kings. When the people of this country shall have learned from the English the arts and sciences, they will be in a position to acquire the wisdom of the soul. Then no hindrance will remain to the spread of the Aryan faith. Then the true religion of the Aryans will spontaneously blaze forth. Until that happens, until the Hindus are once more wise, and virtuous and strong (*jnanaban, gunaban ar balaban*) so long the English rule will be invulnerable. Under British rule the subjects will be happy and will worship without let or hindrance. Wherefore, wise one, cease from further contest with the English and follow me.

This brief extract may serve to explain the spirit in which the book is written, It gives no idea of the literary merits of the work, which are considerable, though *Ananda Math* is not one of the greatest performances of its writer. It contains many charming and amusing episodes, and not a little good-natured and by no means offensive satire of the early Anglo-Indians and their ways. There are two delightful heroines, suggested perhaps by the Rosalind and Celia of Shakespeare, and every bit as attractive in their Hindu guise. The male characters are powerfully drawn and admirably discriminated. To the European reader the most sympathetic of them is Jivananda, the witty, resourceful and amiable husband and lover of the delightful Rosalind of the tale, but there are others equally interesting. The episode of Bhavananda's guilty love for Mohendra's wife and the retribution which followed on his techni-

cally innocent lapse from the strict vow of the Sannyasis is very moving and powerfully rendered. There are passages which to the non-Hindu reader will seem puerile, and miracles which no non-Hindu can regard as credible. But the romance is the work of a man of genius who had a sincere faith in his national religion and a hearty love of his native Bengal. He was a frank hater of Mahomedans and made no secret of it. He only accepted British rule (though he himself was a Deputy Magistrate and accepted a Rai Bahadurship) as a disagreeable and temporary necessity, as a means of national education, as the stepping-stone to the revival of Hindu dominion over India. He educated his coreligionists in Bengal to believe that the British dominion would pass away as the rule of the Moghals had perished. He taught them to hope that Hindus, educated in European art and sciences, might yet hold their own with other races and the followers of other religions. He himself believed that this result could only be attained when the Hinduism of Bengal had been purged of its grosser and baser superstitions, of its sensuality and its cruelty, when the Bengalis had recovered the strength of mind and body which he believed belonged to them as an Aryan race. He declined to admit that the Bengalis had ever been conquered. He represented their submission to British rule as "that proud submission, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." He was a utopist, and one whose Utopia was not a mean one. Is it to be wondered at that Bengali Hindus, trained to such doctrines as his, are grieved when they are told that one of the objects of creating the new Province of Eastern Bengal was to give the Bengali Mussalmans a chance of asserting their views? No doubt foreign friends of India would prefer a still higher and more practical patriotism, one which should join Hindu, Mussalman, Christian, Buddhist and Parsi in one common bond of love of country. But Bankim Chandra Chatterjea, though he was a man of genius, had not attained to this ideal, and he remained, as I fear most Bengali Hindus remain, a Hindu above all things. It was in this spirit that he composed his now famous hymn of *Bande Mataram*, and I fear that it is in this spirit that his Hindu fellow-countrymen resist the Partition and make the villages of Bengal echo with a cry in which men of other religions cannot easily join. If, then,

there is a sense in which we can all heartily say "Bande Mataram," it is difficult to see how Sir Henry Cotton can bring himself to think that Bankim's hymn, even in Mr. Lee's pretty paraphrase, is one in which Bengali Mussalmans can take a share as if it were merely a laudation of the charms and beauties of Bengal. It may or may not be a disloyal chant, according to the ideas of those who sing it. But it is undoubtedly and unmistakably a Hindu song, composed by a Hindu for the use of Hindus, in order to express a prophetic wish that some day Bengal may come once more under Hindu rule. It is natural and inevitable that Hindus should tacitly or overtly cherish such a wish. But since Hinduism is a religion which admits no converts, it is absurd to describe the song as one in which all Bengalis, whatever their religion, can express their patriotism towards their mother Bengal. Yet that seems to be what Sir Henry Cotton implies. He tacitly approves of the propaganda of which Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjea is the recognised leader, and fails to recognise that it is not patriotic but religious and sectarian. Dr. Grierson may or may not be right in asserting that the word *mata* is only used, or has hitherto only been used, to mean the goddess Kali, the cow as an object of worship, or the goddess Sitala. But he is undoubtedly right in saying that the *mata* of Bankim's hymn is a mother of Hindus, and can be worshipped as Kali, Saraswati or Lakshmi. No doubt that is only a mystical way of announcing that religion and patriotism are indissolubly connected. But I fear there can be no doubt that the cries of *Bande Mataram* in Bengal mean an expression of a belief (which has some practical justification) that the so-called Partition is an impediment to Hindu supremacy in the Eastern province, a hindrance to the coming Hindu *raj*. That, I venture to believe, shows that there is still a need for the tolerant British rule, which makes no difference between Hindu and Mahomedan, Buddhist and Parsi, Animist and Christian—the most "unsectarian" government in the world. I only regret that in the stress of recent controversies some expressions in official correspondence have seemed to favour Mussalmans in Eastern Bengal. The only sound attitude for a British administration in India is absolute impartiality, and a fixed determination to administer the laws of the land without fear or favour, without any leaning to any creed or sect.

Let me add in conclusion that, so far as the history of Eastern Bengal shows, there is no real enmity between Hindus and Mussalmans in that region. Many of the Mussalmans are quite recent converts and still possess relatives among their Hindu neighbours. Such is the case even among families of high social standing and birth. If only the Hindus would consent to give the Partition a fair trial, if only they would desist from using a chant which was admittedly written to be put into the mouth of men who are represented as having made a row to exterminate the Mussalmans of Bengal, the present excitement would soon abate, and the people of Eastern Bengal would accept Partition as cheerfully and loyally as the Hindus and Mussalmans of Sylhet, Cachar and Goalpara accepted it some thirty years ago. They would learn from experience, as the Hindus of these districts have learned, that the Partition will not affect and cannot affect the aspirations of the Hindus of Eastern or Western Bengal. The present discontent and unrest may then have the good result of teaching the Hindus of Bengal that Hinduism is only one of the religions of Bengal, that the followers of other creeds would not submit to a Hindu domination without a struggle, and would in any case prefer a system of administration which would continue the British system of a frank and hearty toleration of all creeds. It was fortunate for India that British rule began at a time when forcible proselytisation and religious domination had almost disappeared in Europe. Bankim's famous novel seems to show that the Bengali Hindus have not all arrived at that stage of progress. I, for one, do not blame them. Toleration, after all, is a thing of recent growth even in Europe, and bigotry takes the most surprising shapes, as the recent history of our French friends may show. It is perhaps only in Japan that patriotism rises superior to all religions and enables all the Japanese to regard the Emperor as the incarnation of all the Gods in his Empire. I trust that some Bengali poet may yet compose a song of patriotism in which all Bengalis, Hindu, Mussalman, aye, and Christian can join. But I honestly cannot understand how Sir Henry Cotton brought himself to believe that "Bande Mataram" is such a song. It is a splendid, a beautiful and a stirring summons to Hindus, and to Hindus only, as even the translation cited by Sir Henry Cotton shows. There is no reason why Hindus should

not sing such songs and should not thus heighten their common feelings of devotion. But when the song is sung as a means of political agitation and as a protest against an administrative measure, it becomes, not what Mr. Mitra once called it—"the Marseillaise of the Bengalis" but the Lillibullero of the Bengali Hindus. The singing of it must arouse the religious and political susceptibilities of the Bengali Mussalmans, and the sooner it and the foolish and unpractical opposition to the Partition are dropped, the better for Bengal, and the better for India at large. The continuance of the agitation can only show that the old religious animosities still persist and that Hindus in Bengal refuse to admit that they have a common patriotism with their Mahomedan neighbours. Those who have lived in Sylhet and Cachar know how a similar agitation died away there and has been happily forgotten. Personally, I regret that the real meaning of "Bande Mataram" has been discussed in England and that an exaggerated importance has been given to a song which, in its proper place and as an episode in a singularly beautiful and moving romance, is full of charm and poetical merit. Shouted in Bengali villages, it is merely an incitement to religious enmities when it is not an open insult to constituted authority. I happen to know that many educated Hindus in Bengal share Mr. Mitra's belief that the thing has gone far enough and is doing serious harm. I trust that they will have the courage to express their opinions among their neighbours and will tell them that the time has not yet come when "*Hiindu abar jnanapan gunaban ar balaban haiyachhe.*" The lion must lie down with the lamb a little longer, and must learn that patriotism is not a matter of religion. The first lesson—an easy one—will be to give the Partition a fair trial, and to cease to regard it as a blow to Hindu interests. In the meanwhile, I would beg to ask my Hindu friends in Eastern Bengal in what possible way the Hindus of Sylhet, Cachar, and Goalpara were injured by the first Partition which included them in the chief Commissionership of Assam in 1874. When that question is honestly answered the *Ananda Math*, the "Shrine of Joy," of patriotic Hindus will be no menace to the *masjid* of the Muslim or the *girja* of the Christian. As matters stand, the shade of the great Bankim Chandra Chatterjea must grieve at the futile uses to which his war song has been put. It was a chant written for Aryan heroes, not for agitators

and speechifiers. It was intended to bring about searching reforms in the Hindu social and religious life and not to be used as a weapon of political agitation against a deserving and singularly patient class of our fellow-subjects. I cannot doubt that it is being put to uses of which its author, frankly though he disliked Mussalmans, would not have approved.

For my part, I hold no brief for the Hindus or the Mussalmans of Eastern Bengal. I have, I hope, still many friends among them both. I would fain see them dwell together in amity as they have always done since the old evil days so graphically described in the opening chapters of Bankim's romance. I know no reason why they should not be friends or why an administrative change of boundaries should have created enmity between them, unless it be the mistaken belief that the Hindus of Dacca and Chittagong and Rajshahi are to suffer in some way which the experience of Sylhet, Cachar and Goalpara shows is highly improbable. For which reason I heartily hope that we shall hear no more, except as a literary curiosity, of "Bande Mataram."

A FRIEND OF BENGAL.

THE WORK OF DR. STEIN.*

HOW many scholars are there in India who are recognised in Europe? It is not everything to be admitted as a *Gelehrte* by the Germans. But how many in India are thus admitted? As it seems to an outsider, the fingers of one hand would much more than suffice to count them. Dr. Grierson ranks very high; but his severe labours would be incapable of popularisation. It is also three years since he left India. For a European reputation, popular as well as learned, there seems to be no one who stands out quite like M. A. Stein, Ph.D., who has been since 1904 Inspector-General of Education and Archæological Surveyor, N. W. Frontier Province and Baluchistan. He has a literary side as well, and is capable of the weakness of picturesque writing. Some of his repute is doubtless due to the fact that he has always had the sense to get his principal works published in England, instead of letting them be obscured under Indian printing. It is only the larger among many publications which have been noted at the foot of this page. Dr. Stein, writing currently in several languages, publishes more than can easily be followed. Even as I write, two of his *papers*, both dated 1905, have reached me. One of these is an essay, translated from the Hungarian, with the title: "White Huns and Kindred Tribes in the History of the Indian North-West Frontier." The other is a Government Report, reaching to 56 very large pages, with illustrations, on "Archæological Survey Work in the North-West Frontier Province and Baluchistan, for the period from January 2nd 1904 to March 31st 1905." It is impossible to follow such multifarious activities in a quasi-popular exposition of Dr. Stein's work. He has mentioned that he does not pray for success, but *works* for it. Thirteen, fourteen hours

**Kalhana's Chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir*. Translated, etc., by M. A. Stein, Constable, 1900, 2 Vols.

Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan. By M. A. Stein. Hurst and Blackett, 1903. Cheaper edition, 1904.

Ancient Khotan. Detailed Report. By M. A. Stein. Oxford University Press. 1906, 2 Vols.

of work a day are not impossible for him. He seems to be able to learn a score of languages as some of us can learn two or three. Having spent well over a hundred hours, for the most part with delight, in reading Dr. Stein's works, and having had some interesting conversations with him, I want to tell, without the least scholarly pretension, a little of what I have learned. From some points of view, it is a recognised advantage for the expositor not to know so very much more of a subject than his readers know.

Dr. Stein's work is as yet by no means done, perhaps not much more than begun. What he has hitherto done naturally falls into the two broad divisions of Old Hindu Kashmir, and of Central Asian Discoveries. He is a historian as well as a student, and has made several vanished ages speak to us. He would probably thank me to say as little as possible about himself. Yet one may recall the phrase, "genial Hungarians," in a recent account of the cosmopolitan crowd at Monte Carlo. Dr. Stein bears the name, in modern form, of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. He was born at Buda-Pest on the 26th of November, 1862. His Universities were Vienna, Leipzig, Tübingen, and Oxford. In 1888 he was appointed Principal of the Oriental College at Lahore, and Registrar of the Punjab University. For ten or a dozen years to come, most of his scanty leisure was devoted to the favourite subject of Kashmir. He accompanied the Buner Field Force, and in 1898 published a Report of his archæological exploration on that occasion. In 1899 he was appointed to the Indian Educational Service. At the same time he became Principal of the Madrassa College in Calcutta, for a year. We gather that during eleven years in Lahore he "had ever felt the refreshing touch of the true East and the fascination of a great historical past;" but that he did not appreciate Calcutta. Since 1900 his life has been chiefly given to exploration in Turkestan, and to handling the results thereof in various volumes. It is by his work that he would wish to be judged.

KALHANA: OLD HINDU KASHMIR.

Attentive visitors to Kashmir, if they keep their temper, cannot help noticing the mental acuteness of the people. The modern Kashmiri boatman has been called "the most sagacious scoundrel a-going." It is easy to answer, with an eminent authority, that such low and grasping cunning is not to be called sagacity. One must remember that the boatmen, of whom visitors see the most, are perhaps the least representative class. It is well that Dr. Stein, who has the best right to an opinion, finds the Kashmiris much less objectionable than do most Europeans. The average Kashmiri is at least courteous, dignified, cheerful; and if one must be

cheated, it is better to be cheated by a clever man than by a fool, as so often in India! Other authorities insist, with indignation, that while Indians are very capable of being loyal in their personal relations, the whole quality of loyalty is unknown in Kashmir. Of course, the Kashmiris are cowards: their entire history shows this, and is explained by it. A most interesting point is, that while other peoples change with the ages, the Kashmiris, in their isolation, have remained immutable. What they are to-day, that they were two thousand years ago. Even then it was a proverb, that Kashmir need fear foreign enemies no more than freethinkers fear the terrors of another world. The purity of Aryan type, which is still notable in Kashmir, has been maintained in spite of some temptations to depart from it. Indeed, something like social strength would seem to be indicated in this people, who are in some other respects so weak, by their "curious faculty for absorbing foreign elements." Dr. Stein even makes the strong statement: "Kashmir has always had an over-production of intellect." The statement is not too strong. Perhaps the most striking proof of it is the curious old Sanskrit literature of Kashmir, and especially the outstanding figure therein, Kalhana, who is a historian unique in the entire Hindu world.

It is a familiar reproach that the earlier Hindus, certainly the Sanskrit writers, simply had not the historic sense. It is hardly more than a step further to say that the sense of truth was not very insistent in them. Absorbed as they were in their musings over other worlds, the things of this world did not matter to them—This and That, Yes and No, almost ran into each other. With some large qualifications, covering the splendid tales of Rajput history (which have a genius all their own), the charge must be admitted. The only serious history, in all the jungle of Sanskrit literature, is that of the Kings of Kashmir, by Kalhana. In approaching the subject, the candid student is surprised to learn how many Sanskrit works there are, more or less bordering upon history—legendaries, biographies, and the like. But they are apt to lack the primary qualification of history, which is that it shall be (apart from form) an account either of contemporary events, or of events recorded by other reliable witnesses. Above all, they are lacking in the undefinable, the unmistakable, historic sense, which is no more than the sense of truth, the sense of accuracy, though by no means excluding mistakes. Kalhana's work is, as Dr. Stein says, "practically the sole extant product of Sanskrit literature possessing the character of a true Chronicle." This has always, or at least since Europe discovered Indian literature, given to it a peculiar interest and importance. Kalhana, by a *tour de force*, or by what must be called a miracle of genius, managed

to attain to a real historic sense. He writes at the beginning : " That noble-minded poet is alone worthy of praise whose word, like that of a judge, keeps free from love or hatred in relating the facts of the past." This, too, was in the twelfth century, when such a sense of accuracy had entirely disappeared in Europe. Kalhana also manages to keep clear and exact through the generally distorting metrical form beyond which Sanskrit historians never got. A century before Kalhana, that interesting Persian writer and personality, Alberuni, says on this subject : " Now it is well known that in all metrical compositions there is much misty and constricted phraseology merely intended to fill up the metre and serving as a kind of patchwork, and this necessitates a certain amount of verbosity." Kalhana, while far from escaping some of the literary dangers indicated, has completely avoided ambiguity.

Before Dr. Stein, Kalhana had been often edited, but never satisfactorily or completely. One of the early editors, an interesting man but shallow scholar, was the Tyrolese, Mr. Troyer, who, after serving in the earlier Napoleonic Wars, was brought out to Madras by his friend Lord William Bentinck in 1803, and again to Calcutta in 1827, who wrote in French, and who died in 1886 at the age of nearly 100. Another was H. H. Wilson, of whom Max Müller so finely says in his "Letters" : " He was always a pioneer ; he never followed." Neither of these editors had access to more than the first six Books of Kalhana, and both often plunged wildly enough. A beginning of more accurate investigation was made in 1875 by Professor Bühler, of Bombay, the only man whom Dr. Stein calls his master, and to whose memory the two great volumes before us are dedicated. Dr. Stein himself began visiting Kashmir in 1888. His edition of the Sanskrit text of Kalhana was published in Bombay in 1892. He there promises a second volume of notes and commentary. The promise is far more than redeemed in the two weighty and beautiful volumes, published by Mr. Constable, at three guineas, in 1900. The full title is : " Kalhana's Rajatarangini: a Chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir. Translated with an Introduction, Commentary and Appendices. By M. A. Stein." There are some 1100 pages, with often 50 of the longest possible lines to a page. This is, in truth, a most masterly production, in the learned style, which is here shown to be not necessarily dull. If Dr. Stein were a mere scholar, only scholars would have a right to judge him. But as he says of a predecessor of Kalhana : " Kshemendra seems to have had a genuine interest, rare enough among Indian scholars, for the realities of his country and the life around him."

Stein's " Kalhana " is really a treasure-house. It is (with Lawrence's

book) indispensable to any who would give the best possible foundation to their knowledge of Kashmir. If it ever suggests a jungle, it is only by its extent. Dr. Stein writes amazingly good English. His unadorned translation of Kalhana's *shlokas* is forcible in its very literalness, which was the quality desired. It may safely be said that no Englishman ever learned Hungarian, or for that matter any other language, as Dr. Stein has learned English. There are only rare slips, chiefly in the use of the definite article. And once only is there such a locution as: "Who else had, like he, his head cremated in one country and the rest of his body in another?" The entire workmanship is a marvel of painstaking accuracy. The translated text of Kalhana, in larger type, interrupted by many footnotes, fills about 675 pages. All the rest is Stein's own work. This includes two great fragments, either of which would make a volume of ordinary size. The first, which would probably have a ready sale if it were printed as a separate volume, is the Introduction. Amid much other good matter, Dr. Stein here tells how he first scented, then hunted down, the most authentic Sanskrit text, called the *codex archetypus*. This was in the Kashmir, or Sarada, character, and had become divided among the three heirs of a former owner, each of whom jealously guarded his portion, as a serpent, or, let us say, the Arimaspians, guards his gold. It is to be hoped that, in the more popular writings which he ought yet to produce about Kashmir, Dr. Stein will tell unreservedly by what means he managed to bring together, for a limited time, these three fragments. "*Habent sua fata libelli*. The codex the use of which had been obtained with so much trouble was nearly lost on my voyage to England in 1890. The box which contained it was dropped overboard in the Ostend harbour through the carelessness of a Flemish porter, and recovered only with difficulty. Fortunately my collation of the text was complete and safely packed elsewhere." Happily, too, the old Kashmir paper and ink are hardly affected by water. "The owners, when they received back in 1892 their respective parts, had no inkling of the *abhisheka* their household talismans had undergone."

The other independent section in Dr. Stein's "Kalhana" is the "Memoir on the Ancient Geography of Kashmir." Like the Introduction, this covers 150 huge pages. But it has not the same capacity for popularity, being far too learned and minute. Dr. Stein has the scholarly weakness of thinking any fact valuable because it is accurate. During a dozen years he worked like a Titan over almost every square mile in the Valley. He made some remarkable identifications of ancient sites, and also many which do not in the least matter. In his efforts, he

refused no hardship, no branch of learning, however arid. Thus, cliff climbing, crossing dizzy rope-bridges, numismatics, botany, mathematics, even the repulsive modern science called phonology, are included in his brave day's work. Countless miserable little hamlets are recorded by their longitude and latitude. For Kalhana's Chronicle seems to have a broad resemblance to Ovid's *Fasti*. While containing many poetical episodes, much of genuine human interest, this is by the way in either case. The chief, or the nominal, object of either poet was to record theological benefactions and events. Dr. Stein undoubtedly overdoes what he calls *topographia sacra*. His too great minuteness of exposition is shown in a note, covering twenty very close pages, on "The term *dinnara* and the monetary system of Kashmir." The result, which is the thing, might have been stated in a paragraph. Old Kashmiri writers speak of tremendous money figures, as the Portuguese and the Brazilians now do. The word *dinnara* comes from the *denarius* of the West. This, the nominal unit in Kashmir, probably represented the cowrie, of which over 4,000 still go to the rupee. When a Kashmiri writer speaks of a thousand *dinnaras* he means about four annas. A lakh, as commonly mentioned, was only 25 rupees. It seems, to an outsider, as if Dr. Stein might with advantage have economised 100 pages out of the 1,100.

Yet he has thrown floods of light upon the conditions of old Kashmir, and, in particular, has enabled Kalhana to do so to the best advantage. All lovers, not only of Kashmir, but of history, and of human nature, must feel a great debt to Dr. Stein. This is really a wonderful little country, which has remained so unchanged, in people as in name, since Herodotus first mentioned it, 23 centuries and more ago, as *Kaspeiria*. Coming down about 11 centuries from the Father of History, we can see, in A.D. 631, the weary Chinese pilgrim Hiouen Tsiang, staff in hand, entering Kashmir by that same mighty defile at Baramula through which English visitors now come. He had had a summer in the Punjab, and hugely appreciated the cool air of the valley. Here he spent two full years out of the entire sixteen years of his wanderings. One can still recognise the inhabitants, whom he describes as "light and frivolous, and of a weak, pusillanimous disposition. The people are handsome in appearance, but they are given to cunning. They love learning, and are well instructed." In those days Buddhism was widely spread in Kashmir, without excluding Hinduism. Four centuries later, Hinduism had become more militant. At the latter date, about a century before Kalhana, we find one of the most sympathetic descriptions of Kashmir in that unwilling follower of Mahmud of Ghazni, Alberuni. He was never able to look upon

the Valley, which he had Kashmiri exiles describe to him. Near eight centuries before Sir William Jones, he tried as patiently and as vainly to reach the secret heart of Hinduism. In 1021 he accompanied Mahmud in an invasion of Kashmir, taking rather correct observations of the latitude of what is now Punch. These, and a world more of illuminations upon old Kashmir, we owe to Dr. Stein.

But it is from within Kashmir that the truest light comes. Only two Kashmiri poets before Kalhana need here be mentioned. Both lived more or less half a century before him. One of these was Bilhana, the classical example of the over-production of intellect above mentioned. He found a living, after long wanderings, with the Chalukya Kings in the Deccan. Bilhana has left a historical poem of sorts, the *Vikramankadevacarita*. In the last Canto he gives a glowing picture of the beauties of the Kashmir capital, accurately describing the village, near by, where he was born. "His touching verses attest as much his yearning for his distant home as the faithfulness of his local recollections." The other is the polyhistor, as Dr. Stein calls him, Kshemendra. Not to say anything further about him, it may help to humanise the shores of the Dal Lake for visitors to remember that on one of the hills to the north, Tripuresa, he used to find rest, and resort thither to compose one of his long poems. Even contemporary with Kalhana was another poet, Mankha, who describes a literary symposium of about eight centuries ago, and throws various sidelights upon Kalhana. But the last is the dominant figure in Kashmir literature. Kalhana was born about A.D. 1100, a son of King Harsha's Minister, Chanpaka. He lived through the troubled reigns of the brave but tyrant brothers, Uccala and Sussala, and the latter's son, Jayasimha. In 1150 he completed his Chronicle of Kashmir, the *Rajatarangini*. Well is this called the "River of Kings." According to one reckoning (for even Dr. Stein is less than consistent in one of the dynastic tables) there are here 105 kings, besides the 35 "lost kings" who are drolly brought in near the beginning.

The *Rajatarangini* must rank among the longer poems of the world. It contains not far from 7,500 shlokas, which would come to 30,000 octosyllabic lines. A shloka, of course, is an unrhymed quatrain. Kalhana's quatrains move with the peculiar wooden creak of almost everything in Sanskrit. At their best they are finely poetical, a quality of which examples will be given below. At their worst, including the entire last quarter or so of the poem (the reign of Jayasimha) they reach the lowest Sanskrit level which is drivel. This last quarter, with its excessive minuteness, is really most painful reading. And throughout, whenever Kalhana nods, he drops to a bathos, a silliness, impossible in any language save Sanskrit. What shall

be said of the incessant base puns, of the constant similes drawn from the flashing of teeth, or from "elephants in rut"? Or of such an absurdity as: "At that time Shringara fell a prey to death, having enjoyed the post of prime minister but for a short time, like a tree which a monkey has visited only for a brief time?" Sometimes the absurdity has a point, and is rather good: "From the mouth of death, which he had entered, he escaped by some opening, just as the water swallowed by a great fish escapes through his gills while his mouth is closed." In short, Kalhana must be said to be one of the most unequal of writers. Enough has been said of his badness. On the other hand, his indubitable literary quality, which alone concerns us here, almost gives him a claim to a place among the world poets. The *Rajatarangini* is divided into eight tarangas, or Books. Seven of these amount to little more than one-half of the whole, and contain almost all the literary merit. The vast Eighth Book has some value as a contemporary record, but has been little read, even in Kashmir. The Books admit of a different division, according to their credibility. The first four Books are merely legendary, becoming a little less so at the end. But the last four Books, covering three centuries from the accession of King Avantivarman in A.D. 855, are genuinely historical. Kalhana's Chronicle was continued, for several centuries after his date, by three other Chronicles, those of Jonaraja, of Shrivara, and the so-called Fourth Chronicle. All three of these only come to one-half the length of Kalhana. Jonaraja was edited by the late Professor Peterson of Bombay.

Enough has been said to show how well ancient Kashmir deserved to be called the Land of Sarada, which is another name for Sarasvati, the Goddess of speech, or of learning. It was a Kashmir in which no white face had yet been seen—for be it race, or any other reason, the temperate climate of the Valley has never made the people greatly fairer than many of the peoples of India. Indeed, no Europeans had then visited India, save the very questionable Europeans in the following of Alexander, who produced not the slightest effect upon Kashmir. On the other hand, China seemed then, in the period of its expansion westward, much nearer to Kashmir. Various embassies were exchanged, but without affecting the racial purity of the Kashmiris. To the north of old Kashmir were the mountain Darads; to the south and west the mountain tribes of Khasas; to the east the Bhauttas, or Tibetans, who are mentioned as being naturally white, so that you could not tell when they were frightened. At least twice, when the colour of the bodies of Kashmiris is spoken of, it is called "yellowish"—which is not so very far from the truth even yet. Kashmir must have been a jolly place then, as almost always. The people loved

their Valley, hated to leave it, could not bear the food in India, or the summer heat. Dr. Stein speaks repeatedly of the population of old Kashmir having been larger than at present, when it is in the neighbourhood of a million. But nothing could alter the area of the Valley, which is inside 1900 square miles. To this day, Kashmiris are unable to grasp the real relation of their little land to the continent of India, with 300 times the population. India is to them an interesting appendage, the control of which naturally follows the rule of the Valley, as in the case of Akbar. So we see the legendary Kings of Kashmir, like Lalitaditya (who certainly built the fine temple at Martand) sweeping in conquest around the coasts of India, from Bengal to Sind.

Old Kashmir was foully overrun with Brahmans, priests, mendicants. Much need not be said of this here. But a quasi-ecclasiastical atmosphere pervades Kalhana's Chronicle. Among the secular delights of Kashmir which he mentions in a famous passage, is the more doubtful advantage, that there is not a piece of ground as large as a grain of sesamum without a Tirtha. It becomes utterly nauseating, to go on reading about Stupas, Lingas, Tirthas, and Agraharas, or landed endowments for priests. One is tempted to say that half the bulk of the Chronicle is given up to such matters. Kalhana was a rich Brahman, of the official class, with a high ideal of Brahmanic dignity. But even he, like the better Brahmans to-day, cannot tolerate the vile doings of the *purohitas*, or temple priests. These last, when they wanted to carry a point, used to assemble and hold solemn fasts, directed against some one in particular, a king or a minister. The wonder seems now that the priests were not told to fast away to the utmost, but they generally had the contrary effect, and could make the strongest tyrant yield to their tyranny. Once a king Damodar, merely told some Brahmans, who asked for food just as he was going to bathe, to wait. For this he was changed into a snake, who must wander thirsty on a desolate heath near Srinagar, and cannot be delivered from the curse until some one is kind enough to recite the whole Ramayana to him in a single day. Kalhana wrote only upon birch bark. Paper was not introduced into Kashmir until about 300 years ago. There was some cruelty in old Kashmir, death by impaling being common, and a sign of submission being the cutting off of one's own finger. The fearfully cruel death by *sati* was common and meritorious, though not quite obligatory. Yet it was performed not merely by widows but by mothers, by daughters-in-law, and by other relatives. Kalhana tells an amusing story about a rascal merchant of Srinagar, whose type was apparently as contemptible then as it is to-day. "A thing deposited in a merchant's

hands is never again recovered. . . . For as with this merchant, a harsh treatment would be right like that employed by the illustrious Yasaskara." Some of the characteristic immorality of Kashmir may be accounted for by the fact that the popular deity was Siva, in his form of Ardhanarishvara, conjoined with Parvati.

Kalhana is perhaps most valuable as a storehouse of national legends. Several of the most deeply poetical of these might just be indicated. Nothing in the Kashmir mythology is more unique than the worship, still kept up by the people after they have become Mohammedans, of the Nagas, or deities of the springs and lakes. These, when feminine, as in one pretty story, suggest the nymphs. But they are also male, and have formidable power. When they are hungry they take the form of hail-storms, and obtain food by destroying the crops. We see them close to, and humiliated, in the story of the Naga Mahapadma, who gave his name to the great Lake Wular. When the Dravidian sorcerer had dried up the lake: "The King saw wriggling in the mud a human-faced snake, a span long, together with many other small snakes." The king, the conquering Jayapida, saved the Naga's life. But Mahapadma could not get over the shame. "How shall I in self-respect see the faces of those women who have seen me incapable of offering protection when another disgraced them?" So, instead of showing the king the gold mine he had promised, he showed merely a copper mine. An earlier legend, that of the destruction of Narapura, tells quite idyllically how a young Brahman, by a shady pond, met two Naga maidens, and rendered them a service by enabling them to eat up a rich harvest, amid thunder and hail. He married one of them, with whom the king afterwards fell in love. Then, in brief, "the lord of the Nagas . . . rose blind with fury from his pool," destroying the whole countryside. No legend is more poetically conceived than that of King Ranaditya and Queen Ranarambha (who was Lakshmi) loving each other from earlier birth. Here need be mentioned only some resemblances to Greek legend which Dr. Stein has not noted. Like the Euripidean Helen, Ranarambha eludes her lover, substituting "a phantom woman resembling her;" and on her husband's death she goes to the White Island (Leuke). The story of how a king fell in love with a rich merchant's wife has touches worthy of Coventry Patmore. "In her appeared to be embodied the feast of love and the feast of the household;" but the second half of the *shloka* is unquotable. The merchant cedes her voluntarily to the King, with the anticlimactic remark: "What need be said about mere objects of the senses?" Omitting other good matter, we may note that the early Kashmiris placed in the far north a nation of Amazons

but not maimed like those of the Greeks. When Lalitaditya invaded the *Strirajya*, the inhabitants "made the resolute hearts of his warriors melt, not by displaying the fronts of their elephants," but as Phryne vanquished her judges.

Coming to the authentic history, which covers the three centuries preceding Kalhana's own day, few episodes are more vivid than that of the engineer Suyya, who, more than 1,000 years ago, in about the time of our Alfred, delivered Kashmir from constant floods by his masterly handling of the rivers and lakes. This was genuine work, which has held its own to the days of Major Lotbinière. Suyya is said to have been a founding, discovered by a Chandala woman in a fresh earthen vessel on the road. "Raising the cover, she saw lying in it a babe, which had eyes like lotus-leaves, and was sucking its fingers." It illustrates the horrors of caste, that this outcaste woman, who gave her name to the child, could not, despite her great tenderness, risk defiling it by her touch, but had to provide another nurse. The boy grew up a prodigy, well looked upon by his elders. When he heard people talking about the floods, he used to say: "I have got the knowledge for preventing it. But what can I do without means?" The king, Avantivarman, heard of this, and gave him the means for canalising and altering the course of the Jhelum, then called the Vitasta. Suyya built Suyyapura, now Sopor, which, by all subsequent accounts, is *not* "a town resembling heaven."

Coming down two centuries, the characters of Ananta, the weak king, with his shrewish, pietistic wife, Suryamati, and his poor son Kalasa, who was crowned by his father, but who really never had a chance until his parents were out of the way, are grasped with much force. The son of Kalasa was Harsha, who reigned from 1089 to 1101. His character, and his end, amazingly resembled those of Nero. "His many and varied attainments and the strange contrasts in his character must have greatly exercised the mind of his contemporaries." He was a poet whose songs long lived in Kashmir; yet Dr. Stein finds in all his actions, an excess, a kind of *dementia imperatoria*. The account of his death, closing Book Seventh, is probably, from the literary point of view, the finest thing in Kalhana. Harsha's kinsmen, Uccala and Sussala, were marching upon him from the north to the south. He made his last stand on the bridge before the palace, which stood a little below the present structure. Behind him his wives, in despair, were ready to burn themselves. But his elephants turned hostile, like fate, and he had to flee down river. Even then he was quoting verses, while the palace blazed. He was refused a refuge by his favourites, and "was left with his property consisting of a single garment, wit

his bare life," and a single follower. "Then the clouds began to let flow their waters, as if to cleanse the earth defiled by the touch of treachery. A lonely place, pouring rain, darkness, bad company, fear of enemies,— what evil did not befall him?" He found shelter in the hut where a vile mendicant lived with his mistress. In this misery, Harsha received the news of the death of his son, whom he had always kept suppressed. He had long been afraid to slay himself handsomely. But when the mendicant had betrayed him he fell fighting bravely, aged 42. Kalhana's narrative here is just as close, vivid, poignant, as anything can be. "This story of Harsha is, indeed, long and somewhat astonishing, like a kind of Ramayana or Bharata." Such was the writer whom Sir William Jones dreamed of translating and whom Dr. Stein has produced in absolutely final form. If life were long enough, we could wish ardently that he might do as much for that fine but inchoate epic, the Mahabharata which has never been truly edited.

H. BRUCE.

Kashmir.

CENTRAL INDIA UNDER SIR HENRY DALY.

AT the end of my article on "The Consolidation of the British Supremacy in Central India," published in the issue of the *Calcutta Review* for July 1904, I had remarked that the foundation of that supremacy was laid by Sir John Malcolm and the structure over it was built by Sir Henry Daly. The former settled the interests of the various classes in Central India by making them look up to the British Government as their protector, which had for its result the advent of peace and contentment; while the latter, besides being a recognised authority on the political system laid down by the former, introduced railways and education, which insured the continuance of the former blessings. Naturally, no other names are more remembered or revered than these two, throughout the length and breadth of the administrative division known as Central India.

The career of Sir Henry Daly was a chequered one. Half of it was spent on the battle-field, while the remaining half was employed on works of statesmanship. His son and successor in the high office which he held in Central India, the Honourable Major Hugh Daly, C.S.I., C.I.E. has done a public service by placing the history* of that interesting and instructive career before an admiring public. The wealth of material at his disposal has been devotedly sifted, carefully selected and expressively used. Its reading affords pleasure with profit and promotes weighty reflections. Major Daly has accomplished the task—always difficult to a biographer and highly more so in the present case, considering the relation between the author and the subject of the memoirs—of making it at once warmly sympathetic and austere just.

† Born in 1823 in India, Sir Henry was early sent to England to receive his necessary education. Equipped with that he was enrolled in the service of the East India Company, at the age of seventeen, as an ensign in the army. Perseverance and the force of his abilities, came to the notice of his discerning superiors, almost at the beginning of his

* "Memoirs of General Sir Henry Daly, G.C.B., G.C.I.E.," John Murray, London

service. The first active service which he saw was at Multan, where Diwan Mul Raj raised the standard of revolt in 1848. This event was followed by the campaign which led to the annexation of the Punjab. Throughout this period he was actively engaged and distinguished himself by his bravery and sagacity. Wherever any work was to be done, any danger to be surmounted, or any difficulty to be solved, he was to be found in the front. Writing at a later period, to the person, who later on became the first Lord Sandhurst, he said "I long and long to be where men are working and where work is followed by honour." In this temperament lies the key to his eminence and fame.

Scarcely had he returned from a well-earned rest in England, where he married an accomplished lady, who became a devoted wife, than he was thrown in the thick of the Mutiny. A man of action, he was disgusted at the inactivity shown by most of the army commanders and civil administrators of the time. The only exception were the Lawrence brothers and one or two men belonging to the Punjab. He, however, did his duty and displayed conspicuous gallantry before Delhi and in the subjugation of Oudh. The journals of the period kept by him and his letters to his wife, who was the anxious recipient of them at Simla, throw many sidelights on that dark period.

Sympathy for the natives, generated by close intercourse with them and heightened by a just appreciation of their qualities, distinguished him from his early life. When he was at Lucknow, shortly before the outbreak of the Mutiny, he rescued from poverty a great-grandson of one of the late Nawabs and placed him in a good position. This man was dragged into the vortex of the Mutiny and it so chanced that on a fearful day when Daly, at dusk, lay wounded and helpless on the battle-field, this very man, though fighting as an enemy, pointed out the place where Daly lay, and caused to be brought such succour to him as saved his life. The devotion of the men whom Daly, at one time or another, had helped, was amply tried in the Mutiny and many gave up their lives fighting in his cause. About the distinguished statesman of Gwalior he wrote, "The more I see of Dinkarao the more I esteem his rare purity. What a governor of a province he would make! Calmly wise, honestly good. That man should be an Indian councillor nobly paid. So should we recognise ability and *service*."

Daly's health, never strong, was shattered by the exertions which he had undergone during the Mutiny. He therefore went to England and stayed there for about three years. On his return he was appointed to command the Central India Horse, to which were attached some political duties, which circumstance delighted his heart, as he foresaw

that peaceful times were coming on, and therefore the field for distinction would lie in diplomacy and not in war. In his new capacity he was stationed at Goona. After a few years in this position, which was uneventful, he was promoted to be Resident at Gwalior. For many years this post was regarded as a stepping-stone to the higher appointment at Indore.

By his affability and his liberal and sincere notions of friendship, he won the regard of all those into whose contact he came, including that of the noble though astute, Maharaja Jayajirao Scindia. "Friendship," Daly once wrote, "does not go far enough unless it broaches on familiarity," and he guided his acts accordingly. What the most cunning diplomacy could not have done, he did, by reason of his inborn virtues. Maharaja Jayajirao regarded him as a real brother and without detriment to the interests of the Government which he served, he acquitted himself fairly in that capacity. In fact, the benefit to the Government was incalculable. Matters which might have caused heart-burnings and increased the disgust and anger of that valorous prince were smoothed over, Maharaja Jayajirao once said: "I take wishes to be orders; tell me what is wanted and I will do it." What was a sneer in the mouth of Macaulay, was proved to be a harmless and spontaneous thing by Daly.

When in 1868 Daly was appointed to the headship of the Central India Agency, the country was slowly recovering from the effects of the Mutiny. But the administration of the Native States was conducted in the same good old ways as were current some centuries before. The long term settlements of the land revenue by Raja Sir Dinkarrao had given immense satisfaction to the subjects of the Gwalior state, and to this fact Sir Henry Daly testifies in many places, but in no state was there any attempt at the opening up of the country. There were, excepting the Grand Trunk Road, between Bombay and Agra, built by the Government, no roads. Excepting the indigenious village schools, there was no attempt at imparting any sort of education. The administration of justice was conducted in the most haphazard manner: powers were undefined and officers did what they liked. The combined result was poverty, ignorance, oppression and corruption.

Sir Henry Daly's description of Central India as it was when he took charge and when he was about to leave it is minute, accurate and picturesque. Such was the lack of conveyance that grain which was selling at Bhilsa at 40 or 50 seers per rupee was to be had at Indore, a distance of barely 100 miles, at 10 seers per rupee. There was a succession of famines in the sixties and seventies, and this want of proper modes of com-

munication was grievously felt at the time. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and these famines indirectly produced one good. The thoughtful administrators were impressed with the necessity of building railways into and within their dominions. "Sir Salar Jung," writes Daly "told Maharaja Holkar that it was the saving power of the rail which had induced him to invite the Government of India to introduce it within the Nizam's territory. He gave an instance," continues Daly, "which had occurred to himself. Anticipating a want of food, he made a large purchase of grain for transport; before this could be effected the country had become impassable, and the store rotted, and those for whom it had been provided starved. Salar Jung resolved that, if money could supply an iron way, such a calamity should not recur."

Few other persons could have done what Sir Henry Daly did for the introduction of railways in Central India. He induced the rulers of the three biggest states in Central India to contribute loans for the building of the railroad. Even that keen financier Maharaja Tukajirao Holkar was moved to give a substantial share of his savings towards this project. This support of railways involved some sacrifice on the part of these chiefs in the shape of the loss of their transit duties. But such was the force of persuasion that they willingly consented to undergo the loss.

A line passing through the rich province of Malwa and skirting the desert of Rajaputana was built from Khandwa to Ajmere. The capital of Scindia, Gwalior, was connected with the broad-gauge rail at Agra, while that of the Begum of Bhopal was to be connected with the main line, running between Bombay and Allahabad at Itarsi. Later on, when Sir Henry was living in retirement in England, he promoted a line connecting these two capitals.

The needs of Central India in the matter of railways are by no means satisfied. The Nagda-Kota-Muttra line will no doubt open a hitherto land-locked country. His Highness the Maharaja Scindia would also do well to convert his Gwalior light railway into a metre gauge one and join it to the R. M. Railway at Ujjain. It is gratifying to note that a survey for a possible Narbada Valley Railway to start from Berwaba, an important town of the Holkar state on the R. M. Railway and to join the Gaekwar's Railway has been sanctioned. It is to be hoped that although at present the survey is ordered to be done for a small gauge railway, yet the line will be eventually built on the metre gauge one, the Gaekwar's railway also being converted to it. A broad gauge line to start from Manmar, thence to Dhulia, whence crossing the Tapti Valley Railway to proceed to cross the Narbada at Khull Ghat, and then to follow the Grand Trunk

Road to Mhow and Indore, whence again to proceed to Dewas and eventually to join the Ujjain-Bhopal Railway, may also be feasible. If such a line were built, it would, besides opening up a country rich in forest produce and backward in civilisation, give an alternative route between the Southern Presidencies and Northern India. Most of the administrators of the States in Central India are fond of constructing metalled roads, but they have not yet come to see the superior advantages of railroads. Even the late Raja Sir T. Madhavrao confessed a partiality for the former before he went to Baroda, where the advantages of the latter appeared him to be greater. The fact is that metalled roads are required to be kept under repairs; in the absence of which they are rendered useless, and they return no interest on the capital spent. While railways, when built as feeders which these roads are intended to be on the small gauge, though involving a little more initial cost, do pay a return on the cost, and in course of time, having earned the capital spent, become clear gain to the state or states, which build them. As regards capital, a state might find it out of its treasury, or if a loan were to be started under the guarantee of the state or states concerned, there will remain no difficulty in the matter, as capital will be easily forthcoming.

During Sir Henry Daly's time, through his impetus schools flourished at Indore, Dhar, Dewas, Gwalior, and Rutlam. At the latter place, the state intended to start a second grade college, but the departure of Sir Henry from Central India proved discouraging to the success of the idea. Sir Henry started a school at Indore, within the Residency limits, and got it recognised as a second grade college by the Calcutta University, but it too met with the same fate as the former one. He also attached to this a class for educating the scions of noble houses and young chiefs.

Sir Henry lost no opportunity of presiding at prize distributions in schools. If he met a clever boy or one who had distinguished himself in any examination, he would warmly congratulate him and shake hands with him, however humble the position of the scholar might be. These marks of personal attention and favour by the highest local authority gave such a stimulus to education throughout Central India, as would have scarcely been given by any other means. The appointment of the most qualified teachers, improvement in school buildings, pompous prize distributions, founding of scholarships, donations for prizes, were the orders of the day. All vied with one another in doing one or the other thing for encouraging education. It was the remembrance of the interest which he took in matters educational that led the princes and nobles and commoners of Central India after his departure to perpetuate the memory of his rule in

Central India by building a place where education was to be given to the chiefs and nobles of the province. Before that, owing to Sir Henry's representation, an European teacher was appointed for their special training, but they had no proper building where they could get it. This want was removed by the building of the Memorial to Sir Henry Daly. His name too is most fittingly connected with the institution, which he founded.

The period during which Sir Henry Daly was at the head of affairs in Central India was a remarkable one. Maharaja Jayajirao Scindia of Gwalior was equally devoted to the arts of war and peace. He was at once a soldier and a statesman. For many years after the fall of Raja Sir Dinkarrao, he conducted the administration of his state with conspicuous ability and attained a degree of success—an accomplishment which was made difficult by the ability with which Sir Dinkarrao had conducted the administration. Maharaja Tukojirao Holkar was another ruler, who to his clear insight and keen common sense, added a noteworthy mastery of finance. During his reign of nearly fifty years, he doubled the revenues of the state and at his death he left a full treasury. It was his ministers—Raja Sir T. Madhavrao and Dewan Bahadur Raghunathrao—who with his sanction introduced British laws and British methods of Government. It is mainly due to them that in his report for the year 1878-79, Sir Henry was able to say "There is an increasing tendency in the administration of Native States to conform to the general principles of Government in force in British India." Ten years before he had said, "It is a pretty thing to talk of 'a well-governed Native State.' Where is this to be found?" To Raja Sir Madhavrao also belongs the credit of having introduced the system of collective responsibility of heads of departments or ministers. It is this system which has ever since been followed by the British Government itself in cases where minority occurs in Native States, while formerly one man was made responsible for the whole administration. This system, as even the most perfect system in the world, is liable to abuse. Nawab Shah Jehan Begum of Bhopal added to her queenly virtues, a perfect literary taste—she is the author of a history of her state—and a praiseworthy administrative capacity. Hazarat Nur Khan, C.S.I. at Jaora and Mir Shahamat Ali C.S.I. at Ratlam showed of what development native administrators were capable. Of the latter Daly wrote "His experience, is varied and deep; it is a well which will always bear dipping into." And lastly, there was the late lamented Pandit Swarup Narayan, C.I.E., who rose to such high distinction in the Political Department of the Government that on one occasion he wa

privileged to officiate for Sir Henry Daly himself—a thing which cannot be dreamt of in these days !

Not by his railway policy alone, but by his other acts, Sir Henry Daly greatly encouraged trade. The rich black soil of Malwa, with its equable climate and an almost unvarying rainfall, produces the best opium in the world. It is mostly exported to China. As early as 1822, the British Government had entered into treaty negotiations with the different states of Central India for a proper conduct of this traffic. Later on these were given up, and a scale was established at Indore, where all chests of opium were to be weighed and a passport obtained for their exportation to Bombay, the only port from whence they could go to China. Each chest was sold in China at a price which varied between Rs. 1,300 and 1,500. The Government's duty was about Rs. 600. Opium was sown in Malwa, wherever the soil and irrigation permitted this to be done. Such was the value attached to it that while a *bigha*—a little more than a third of an acre—devoted to the cultivation of any other thing was scarcely sublet for more than Rs. 10 or 12, the one devoted to poppy invariably fetched any amount between Rs. 40 and 60, according to the nature of the previous rainfall and the prospective demand of China merchants. These two uncertain factors were responsible for much speculation and the fortunes of many a person were marred or made by it. Men of capital also derived much benefit by advancing money to cultivators on the security of the future crop. Thus trade flourished in many ways. As Daly wrote, "wherever the opium trade flourishes, there must be merchants of capital, and, as the natives of Malwa say, opium imparts the fragrance of prosperity wherever it has a recognised mart." There were wealthy mercantile houses in Malwa, of such prominence that one was christened "The Rothschild's of Malwa" by Daly. Owing to the existence of the Government scale at one place only, this trade greatly suffered. Therefore Daly established sub-agencies at Ratlam, Dhar, Bhopal, Mandesor, and also at Udaipur in Rajaputana. Probably it was from his time that Government also began to buy opium in Central India for mixing it with that grown in Behar. This has been totally discontinued, but so long as it was continued it was locally beneficial to the people and traders and the trade, as Government insisted on having the best—unadulterated—quality of opium. Latterly the trade has diminished, owing to the uncertain rainfall, the cultivation of opium in China itself, the lessening of the habit of opium drinking and smoking in that country and the turning away of the Rajputs of Central India and Rajputana from the habit of opium eating to that of liquor drinking.

Sir Henry Daly founded a school and left a tradition. His sincerity and earnestness were so intense that they impressed themselves upon those who came into contact with him and were infused into them. Most of the officers, who either at one time or another served under him, rose to distinction. They based their conduct on his model and were all beloved by the people. Even Sir Lepel Griffin, who was an outsider when he came to Central India immediately after him, was permeated by his ideas, and the name of Sir David Barr, who, it may be hoped, may be induced to bring out his reminiscences—Sir Henry's most trusted and distinguished disciple—is pronounced almost in the same breath as that of Sir Henry Daly. Colonel M. J. Meade is now the only representative of the pupils of Sir Henry's school and during his short tenure of office as officiating A. G. G. for C. I. he gave a foretaste of what his rule would have been like, had he been confirmed. Indeed, the universal disappointment caused by his non-appointment to Central India was not severely felt only because the selected person happened to be Sir Henry Daly's son, about whom no less a person than the Hon'ble Mr. Bayley observed "who has, in the important position so long held (Major Daly's previous post) of Deputy Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, shown in a conspicuous degree that Sir Henry Daly's talents and political instincts have been handed down unimpaired to his offspring." The first year of Major Daly's administration bids fair to justify the description.

What were the distinguishing features of Sir Henry Daly's school? What traditions did he hand down? The shrewd observations of his son, interspersed in the book, supply an answer. "Personal influence," says he, "was the key-note of his (Sir Henry's) success." He did not like reports or remarks. Wherever any point needed solution he was to be found ready to discuss it with the men concerned on the spot, and decide it at once. It is remarkable that never, throughout the dozen years that he was in charge of Central India, did he leave his post. "He made it his home," says his son. The same authority further says "with natives his popularity was great, owing to his accessibility to men of every class and to the sympathetic hearing which he accorded to all." Many are the stories still gratefully remembered of his general good nature, freedom from ceremony and sincere sympathy with the desires and aspirations of others. "It was his frank, honest, impartial mind and acts and words," wrote the late Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, who had worked with him and known him for many years "it was his frank, honest, impartial mind and acts and words that won for him the confidence and respect of all he

associated with, European or Native. By instinct he fathomed the mind of all classes of Natives, and they at once felt that he judged them rightly. They, on their part, were at once led to trust him ; and they accepted him as a just judge, and as a friend who would do his best to see that their rights were respected by the State." "There is not a corner," says Sir David Barr, than whom there is no higher authority in matters connected with Sir Henry Daly, "of any of the states of Central India to which he did not penetrate ; there is not a town, hardly a village, where he was not known ; and his bright, cheery manner, his quick, decisive judgment, and his hearty desire to do good to all were known and appreciated by all alike, from the greatest chiefs to the humblest of petitioners."

Sir Henry Daly left Central India in the early part of 1881. At home he led a peaceful and useful life for nearly sixteen years, passing his days in London and in the Isle of Wight. He twice attempted to enter Parliament. It is pleasant to recall to mind that various marks of esteem were shown to him by our late gracious Queen Victoria.¶

The get-up of Major Daly's book is excellent. Its pages are enlivened by the reproduction of numerous photographs, some of which represent the paintings drawn by Sir Henry Daly's artistic helpmate, who during the greater part of his career cheered him and helped him to discharge his obligations and duties. Along with him she is affectionately remembered by all his friends and acquaintances. A few extracts from her letters, which are reproduced in the book, discover her to be a high-minded, keenly-observant and noble-souled lady, fully worthy of her great and good husband. Her representations of Lucknow, Bhopal and Ujjain are very attractive. The only defect, from the point of view of the personal admirers and friends of Sir Henry Daly, in the book, is that it does not give an adequate account of his descendants. The book may be commended to all persons, who wish to have an insight into the working of the British rule in India with regard especially to Native states.

MADHAVRAO V. KIBE.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN INDIANS AND ANGLO-INDIANS.

THE vexed question of Social Intercourse between Indians and Anglo-Indians is one that appeals more strongly than ever to Briton and Indian, if only because the irritation has been felt for so many years.

We boast of our Imperial interests, we are proud of India and Indian loyalty, yet the humiliating fact remains that the Anglo-Indian social problem is still, after fifty years, awaiting a solution.

The facilities for travel and the reduction of rates have brought Britain and India nearer together geographically, but there has been no corresponding *rapprochement* between her peoples. The *entente cordiale* is still in the future. That it is in the future we thoroughly believe; whether that future be near or distant depends not a little on the Briton and his capacity for sympathy—in other words, his ability to put himself in the place of the native of India.

In considering some aspects of this vexed question, we here disclaim our intention of looking at it from the time-honoured and somewhat exclusive point of view that India is of so vast an extent and contains so many races and languages that social intercourse between Indians and British is impossible, inasmuch as we candidly admit that we are not of opinion that such a consideration really affects the matter to any marked extent. The plea that the various races of India live to a certain extent apart is not sufficient reason for our “splendid isolation,” on the contrary it indicates a weakness in us, inasmuch as it may be urged that amongst these numerous races it is possible to find some with whom we might be expected to find the difficulties of social intercourse removed.

The barrier is not polyglot India; it is rather the spirit of the

Little Englander with its want of constructive imagination and ready sympathy on the part of the Briton, the antithesis attributed to Mahomet who diminished the distance between himself and the mountain by personal approach.

We propose in this paper to attempt a cursory survey of this formidable mountain barrier.

We find that its bold outline may be sketched in six lines.

- (1) Race.
- (2) Language.
- (3) Manners and Customs.
- (4) Different outlook on life.
- (5) Religion.
- (6) Competitive examinations which place the wrong men in responsible positions.

We propose to shade in these lines in the order in which they are sketched, offering in due course some suggestions for their deletion.

First stands the "Race" difficulty, with the sore point of "Colour." Twenty years ago a contributor to the *Indian Review* writing on this subject said, "Educated and semi-educated natives are in the habit of asserting that Europeans do not meet them socially in a friendly spirit. . . There is an idea among these natives that the fault is all on one side, and that this dislike on the part of Europeans is due entirely to colour and race." In a recent *Times* review of Sir Montague Gerard's "Leaves from the Diaries of a Soldier and Sportsman," we find a striking corroboration of this statement: "We have never read a book which shows more pertinently how the ruling class, from sheer carelessness or from inbred contempt for the coloured races, lay themselves out to court unpopularity," says the *Times*, and it then quotes in support of its opinion the following instances culled from the book:—

"A subaltern gets into a railway carriage where, to his disgust, he finds a couple of Hindu gentlemen. He quietly waits till the train is in motion, and then, as he expresses it, fires them out of the door. A petty Rajah, going on a state visit to Agra, takes his seat in a first-class compartment, with a magnificent send-off by his loyal subjects. On his return he sneaks out of a third class compartment and explains to the expectant crowds that on the

former occasion he had been boxed up with a couple of Sahibs, muddy from snipe-shooting, who had made him shampoo them all the way.' The truth of this story is vouched for by Sir David Barr, the late Resident at Hyderabad.

Sir H. J. S. Cotton, K.C.S.I., in the chapter on "Bitterness of Race-Feeling" in his admirable work "New India" says, "It is but too common an outrage to assault respectable residents of the country because when passing on the road they have not dismounted from their horses in token of their inferiority." I have known a case in which an unfortunate old man died from the blows so received. The great shoe question, as it is called, has convulsed society a hundred times. The comparative independence of the lads of the rising generation has excited in countless instances the ire of the officials who come in contact with them, and a crusade against the muslin-coated students of Bengal has culminated in more than one unjust and ludicrous prosecution before a magistrate. It is with the extremest jealousy that the official community has tolerated the omission by the natives of the country of any one of the extravagant signs of humility to which it has hitherto been accustomed. But, adds Sir Henry, "with the wide dissemination of English education and the growth of Western ideas it has been compelled to accept a change. Men who speak better English than most Englishmen, who read Mill and Comte, Max Müller and Maine, who occupy with distinction seats on the judicial bench, who administer the affairs of native states with many millions of inhabitants, who manage cotton mills and conduct the boldest operations of commerce, who edit newspapers in English and correspond on equal terms with the scholars of Europe, these can no longer be treated as an inferior breed."

Sir F. S. Lely, C.S.I., K.C.I.E., in his "Suggestions for the Better Government of India," tells us that it is often said, and with truth, that the recent famines, so far as their influence has gone, have drawn the races closer together, but the reason was not the action of the Government itself so much as the sight of the Englishmen and women devoting themselves with true gentleness, even to death, to mitigate pain and save life In a hundred ways the Indian understands us as little as we understand him; but it lies most on us, as the stronger side, to lead the way to a broad view of each other."

It has also been asked, nor is satisfactory answer on record, "Is it altogether just to lay the blame of absence of social intercourse on the English?" And the interrogator urges that so long as caste prejudices interfere with the free intermixture of natives among themselves they cannot look for free intercourse with foreigners, asking pertinently, "If young Indians, educated in England, on their return to India, never make any attempt to bring about reforms domestic and social, if they never bring the influences under which they have been placed in England to bear on their life in India, who is to blame?" The superior attitude taken up by Anglo-Indians has drawn the following observation from Mr. K. Srinivasa Rao, B.A. "What a great difference," he exclaims, "Anglo-Indians suffer geography to make. Had I the power," he continues, "I would, in the interests of English rule, no less than in those of my countrymen, issue a general order that every important station in India should have a mixed club, of Europeans and Hindus, for the better understanding of the rulers and the ruled, and add the penal clause to it that should any European Government servant object to becoming a member of the club on the score of his superior birth, he would incur the severe displeasure of the Government." A more reasonable attitude is that of the writer who says that "Many people who complain of want of intercourse would find that they had the same complaint to make if they were suddenly turned into Englishmen of similar position and manners," yet he too admits that it is a well-known fact that the Anglo-Indians who have been born and bred in the country entertain far less liberal ideas towards the natives and sympathise with them much less than Englishmen who have received a good education at home. The wider a man's intellectual culture the easier it is for his sympathy to overlap the barriers of race.

In an interview kindly accorded us by Mr. Shaikh Abdul Qadir, through the kind introduction of Mr. Arnold, Assistant Librarian at the India Office Library, we discussed the engrossing subject of the difficulties connected with the social intercourse of Indians and Anglo-Indians, arriving in time at the "Colour" question.

"The colour difference is no doubt, one of the sorest, if not the sorest spot," said Mr. Qadir. "It is most unfair, to say the least of it, to take the view that many English people do. It should be

remembered that both British and Indians spring from the same stock. They are both of the great Aryan race. Of what use is the establishment of this fact by education and research if it does not bring the nations closer together? If the British would realise that they are in reality distant cousins of the Indians, but nevertheless cousins, they would regard them in quite another light." It may here be cited as some slight extenuation of the conduct of Englishmen in India that tradition teaches a Hindu to look on a foreigner as an interloper, and Indian witnesses are not wanting who affirm that there are innumerable instances of ill-behaviour on the part of young Parsees, Hindus and semi-educated natives towards the English. It is admitted that they swagger, jostle, talk and laugh loudly, crush and push and behave in an overbearing manner or with veiled insult,—in fact it may at once be said that there is a curious similarity between the grounds of complaint on both sides. It is just at this point that it would seem that a natural digression from the plan laid out at the beginning of this paper tempts us for a moment into a by-path, yet be it conceded, a not inconsiderable by-path. It is that of the influence of the Indian Civil Service Competitive Examinations which pass into India a constant stream of Englishmen of not the highest social standing in their own country. The test selected by the Civil Service of India is wholly educational, and the personnel of the service is therefore chosen exclusively by its ability to answer certain sets of questions, the answers to which can be acquired by hard work and cram. Qualifications that have little or nothing to do with the mental gymnastics of the schools, the breadth of mind, the code of honour, the esprit de corps, the chivalry that looks beyond commerce and sets some value on abstract qualities, the outlook on life that caused Livingstone to cross African deserts to keep his word to a native boy, have no significance, no value, no connection with the competitive examinations that admit to the Civil Service.

The fitness that is recognised now under the competitive system for the responsibilities of life and work in India is solely the fitness of the schools. The successful competitor probably has little interest in and less sympathy with India and her peoples. He cares nothing for her history, her literature, her beliefs, her teeming life, but he

does care greatly to secure a post for life that will give him a rise in the world and keep him in food and clothes, dressing him in a little brief authority. To use a familiar figure a poor orange on a fine plate remains a poor orange; it is no better or worse than its nature as it gains or loses nothing by its surroundings. The old system of appointment by nomination may have had its faults, but the newer system of appointment by the results of competitive examination has but comparatively few virtues.

The scope of the syllabus laid down for the student who seeks a civil service staff appointment is not sufficiently comprehensive to include as a subject of examination an elucidation of the meaning and true inwardness of the term "gentleman." It would be an innovation that we imagine would somewhat startle both candidates and examiners were an obligatory paper set on a subject such as the writer of Ecclesiastes had in mind when he recorded as one of his most remarkable observations of life that he had seen servants on horseback and princes trudging on foot; or, such as King Solomon of proverbial fame describes as that which maketh the earth to tremble and which it cannot bear, the man of low degree in the seat of the ruler. If the exhibition of arrogance moved the wise easterns of elder days to reflections on the abominations wrought by the man of low birth and narrow soul in a position of authority over his betters, is there reason in expecting the Easterns of to-day to accept with a sincerely good grace officials who have only determination and ambition sufficient, assisted by cram, to carry them through the necessary educational examinations?

The eyes of native Indians are, to-day, open, and the constant stream of young men who come from that country to this to acquire information first hand, has made it clear beyond controversy that the pretensions of the Civil Service Staff that its members are of the "noblest sons of Britain" are claims that have no basis in truth. It has still, however, to be recognised that a thoroughbred gentleman is as distinct a type as a thoroughbred racehorse, and that as no amount of training can call out qualities that are wanting, or educate a cart-horse into the superior animal, so no social machinery, whether it be constructed by the schoolmen or put in motion by the industry and ambition of the man of low descent, can turn out a "gentleman." A gentleman is a man with such a delicate sense of

the true proportion and relative value of things that he never offends unless it be unintentionally. The fine perception of the gentleman he owes to many generations of culture and restraint ; it is the gift of the gods *via* birth, and therefore intuitive, and no more to be acquired by the laying on of scholastic veneer than was the gift of the Divine Spirit for the price offered by Simon Magus. Nor is the social standing in their own country of the personnel of the Indian Civil Service the only deplorable mistake of the Administration of India. The entire system of the educational tests is at fault. It should be absolutely compulsory that each candidate entering for an examination should satisfy the examiners, who should be native gentlemen, in this subject, in the vernacular of the province in which his services are to be rendered. He should not only be able to read the language in its native characters, but also to speak it with tolerable fluency and not in a broken halting manner that is an offence to educated natives to hear.

Many of the difficulties that arise in connection with official work between British and Indians would never occur were it incumbent on every member of the Indian Civil Service to be able to converse easily in the vernacular. But we shall have more to say on this point when we reach the third line of the barrier against social intercourse. Again, if the acquisition of the vernacular is essential, it is also essential that the Home Government, considering the weakness of open competitive examinations, should promote by other rules than that of seniority, which method of promotion is on a par with the "kick up" to a higher form of the unintelligent dunce who has wearied out his form master. Promotion should be by merit, and worthiness, and accorded for special aptitude evinced for special work and conditions. By this means those whose sympathies and abilities were wider than those of their fellows, would receive definite recognition, and encouragement would be given to other members of the staff to make the good better, and thus would be evolved the best. The low standard that many young men who go out to assist in the Government of India have set before them is significantly shown by the recognition of a state of things that calls out the following expression of opinion from a native Indian gentleman. Writing to the "National Association Review" he says : " It should be the duty of the Home Government before sending out young men to govern the natives of

India to strongly advise them as to how to behave towards the subject races. It ought to be made compulsory for every new civilian to be acquainted with the habits, manners and wants of the natives: They must be strictly enjoined not to molest and insult the natives."

Mr. D. D. Davar, a native Indian gentleman, writing with reference to this subject says: "There is, unfortunately, a small class of Englishmen in India who are so bloated with self-importance that they are blind to the harm they are doing to the Government and society at large. The sooner this class is effaced from India the sooner will Indians and Europeans meet on friendly terms," and with the citation of this opinion we discontinue our digression to resume progress along the lines originally laid down for our paper, and consider briefly the language line of the existing barrier.

"There is a great difficulty on the score of language," admits a native Indian writer, and himself a master of English. "So long as there is no common medium of verbal communication on the part of both, the realisation of social intercourse between the two races must necessarily have a very limited practical range." It is a matter for deep regret to many thoughtful people that Englishwomen in India during their stay in the country do not acquire the vernacular, and this, in spite of the fact that native nurses take charge of their children and speak to them in a language of which the English mothers are unable to understand a sentence. It seems almost incredible that Englishwomen can be so neglectful of what these nurses are saying to their little children, such negligence surely comes very near to culpability. Again, it is urged by those who have bestowed disinterested thought on the matter that a knowledge of the vernacular opens the door to intercourse between Englishwomen and native Indian ladies. What a world of new interests a knowledge of the language would open up! We are not here advocating the formal visit of the English lady, but intend rather the informal visit, accompanied possibly by the lady doctor or a member of one of the committees of ladies that flourish in different parts of India to promote social intercourse between the races. It has been pointed out that in these visits knowledge of the language would steadily progress, intercourse become easy, friendships be formed, and in a quiet private way the visits would be returned. A crying need in the direction of the acquisition of Indian languages is the establish-

ment of schools in England where Indian languages, Bengali and Hindustani would be taught, and children would study these languages just as Indian children do the English language. It does not become us as the paramount power to take an unworthy advantage of our position by insisting that India should learn our language while we ignore acquaintance with hers. If we think it worth while that our sons and daughters in this country should learn Continental languages while yet they are children, how much more worth while is it that we should see to it that they fulfil their duty to India and improve their relationship with Indian peoples by taking sufficient trouble to acquire the vernacular of one or more of the provinces of that vast country ?

It is an easy transition from a consideration of the language difficulty to that of the manners and customs of this Eastern land with its different outlook on life. As an apt word on this subject we may quote Sir Monier Williams's "Modern India and the Indians." He says : "The impenetrable barrier with which the Hindus surround their homes and their refusal to sit at meals with Europeans are fatal to mutual friendliness and sociability." Mr. C. T. Buckland says on the same subject : "Two of the main elements of social intercourse, according to English ideas, consist first in dining together, second in the interchange of ladies' society." Mr. S. Sathianadhan, M. A., has a word to say for English ladies. He asks very pertinently : "How many English ladies other than those who belong to the small and noble band of Zenana workers, to whom India owes so much, try to learn any of the vernaculars to say a few kind words to the Hindu women ?" Yet an English lady can do much by her sympathy. Perhaps it is not sufficiently remembered that if the English possess such sterling qualities as sincerity, straightforwardness, and passionate regard for truth, courage and manliness, it must be admitted that there is also much that is good and lovely in the Indian character ; as for example the following: patient perseverance, calm endurance under suffering, a love of simplicity, filial obedience, reverence for superiors, tenderness towards animal life, faithfulness in service and toleration of religious diversities.

Sir F. S. Lely, whom we have already had occasion to quote, expresses himself thus : "The break begins with mere social man-

ners. Scott tells us in 'Ivanhoe' how the first cause of offence between the Normans and Saxons at a social meeting was the derision of the Norman Knights at Cedric, who, ignorant of their etiquette, 'dried his hands with a towel instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air.' We sometimes allow quite as trivial causes to prejudice us in our intercourse with the natives of India. It is indeed not easy for a stranger to understand off-hand how one and the same man regards it as a compliment to one's host to eructate after dinner and as piggish to touch with the lips the vessel that one is drinking from. . . . A European may be excused for feeling a shock when he learns that a man brings more shame on his relatives by taking water from a low caste than by committing a felony; that another man thinks it as great a sin to kill a flea as to kill a man; that eating beef is to the Hindu worse than cannibalism." Another writer has well observed, "The stern obstinacy of the Hindus in refusing to join the Europeans in social intercourse brings to recollection the words of Shylock; 'I will buy with you, sell with you, walk with you, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.'" It is, then, a well recognised truth that the social distance shows itself especially on two points; first in the refusal on the part of the native to break bread or to eat salt with the European; secondly, in the different position which he assigns to the ladies of his household, as compared to that which the European lady occupies in the family. As long as those obstacles remain, social intercourse between Anglo-Indians and natives will be restricted to what it is now, namely a mere formal calling of men on men. In order to overcome the deterring difficulty raised by the second point, it has been suggested that young Indians educated in England should endeavour on their return to elevate the condition of women in India in order to bring them into a position for free intercourse with their English friends. "Lectures to Hindu ladies might be delivered on subjects of general and scientific interest." "Will English women at least learn to realise what a wide field is here in India for them to work in, removing one by one the shackles that bind their sisters' necks and in lessening the ignorance that still besets the large majority of the population?" asks an Indian native writer. "If," he urges, "Hindu ladies could look upon the European

with a sisterly feeling, and could invite them to their houses to share with them their vegetarian diet, Christ's ideal would have been realised whether Christ's name is incessantly uttered or not." And he adds, "This great and glorious work of fraternising caste-divided India need not be confined to missionaries alone, but could be undertaken by sympathetic Englishmen, official and non-official." He strongly emphasises the intense need for sympathy between the races, to the absence of which he attributes the want of touch between Indians and Anglo-Indians.

There is more than a grain of truth in his charge of selfishness against Europeans. The following from his words may not make pleasant reading, but should be welcome as the wounds of a friend, and therefore wholesome in their influence. He says of Europeans resident in India, "Their pleasures, their garden and tea-parties, their clubs, their gymkhanas and races are enough to engage all their attention, and why on earth should they bother themselves about the Indians, who at present are so far removed from them in their manners and customs that Englishmen have only learned to treat them with contempt! . . . this feeling against the blacks is visible on the railway platform and in the railway compartments. It is visible on the race-course, in the sullen superiority which the whites put on towards the blacks," and "it is visible in the criminal law of the land." It is only fair to state that these remarks have not passed uncriticised by other Indian gentlemen, one of whom, writing on the social question, indicates how he thinks the difficulties attending social intercourse may best be overcome. A summary of his conclusions may not be without interest. He urges that the natives of India should try to understand English manners and acquire tastes and ideas in common with Anglo-Indians. He points out that the most prevalent and deep-rooted taste among the latter is a love of manly games and sports. "Natives and Englishmen," he writes "do meet freely for sport. They like and mutually respect one another." For this reason he has a good word in favour of the gymkhana, as he considers that it offers a most useful way of bringing the different races together. Englishmen, Mahomedans and Hindus of a district who meet at the station gymkhana get to know each other and chaff and joke in a way that no formal intercourse could secure. Again, cricket, which bids fair shortly to

become the national game, brings together elevens of English and natives on the terms of the most perfect equality and friendliness. The cricket eleven of the Aligarh College, which constantly plays English Civil or Military teams, is almost invariably entertained at lunch by the English elevens with which it plays. All this points to the fact that the opinions of Englishmen about the natives of India depend not on the varied colours of their skins but on the quality they find in them." This writer gives it as his opinion that signs of increasing social intercourse, which were absent half a century ago, are now not wanting in the North-West Provinces. In order to increase this intercourse it is desirable that English gentlemen should take a little trouble to enable them to find native gentlemen with whom they can mix socially, while it should be remembered by Indians that so far as intercourse between the ladies of both races is concerned the initiative must come from them. It is pre-eminently desirable that Hindus should have a thorough insight into English family life. It has been well expressed by a native writer that it is to his incalculable benefit to learn the eminent virtues of an English home. Englishmen in India might do a great deal in this direction by giving them such opportunities. There can be little doubt that notwithstanding the long stay of Englishmen and Englishwomen in India, very little use has been up to this time made of the benign influence of Englishwomen to improve and alter some of the habits and customs of their Hindu brothers and sisters.

We now briefly consider the fourth line of the unwelcome barrier --the outlook on life. It is quite beyond controversy that the Englishman has, in common with all Westerns, a very different outlook on life from that of his brother in the East. The latter is contemplative and conservative, not regarding commerce as the be-all and end-all of life, as unfortunately, alas ! do too many Englishmen. Entering into the very nature of the composition that constitutes the picture of that outlook is Religious Belief. A considerable quantity of ink has been expended on this subject, yet it still remains true that although men may be of an equality in birth, social position and education, yet if they differ in religion they are frequently as alienated as were Jews and Samaritans. It is still incumbent on the orthodox man to regard strangers as practically unclean. These

religious restrictions touch the daily life of the people at every point, affecting their food and friendly participation at meals. Perhaps the best, may-be the only remedy, in the matter of divisions on account of creeds, is broad-mindedness. It may at once be conceded that the Englishman, as a rule, does respect the religious scruples of the Indians, frequently showing the most delicate respect to the individual conscience. The vast majority of Indians in India and the majority of Englishmen in England are not cultured ; in both countries the prejudiced and narrow are the ignorant. It is only a man of education, broad sympathies and a large mind that could either use or appreciate the pregnant words of wisdom credited to the late Lord Hobart that : " Mere accident of race or faith can neither affect either the motive or the obligation of mutual friendliness or respect and that whether born in England or India, and whatever be the creeds and dogmas which have kept them so lamentably asunder, their mutual interest for the present and their hope for the future is, in reality, the same."

In concluding this attempt to face some of the difficulties that impede social intercourse between Indians and Anglo-Indians, there is yet one stumbling-block, or as it were a derelict in the waters of sentiment that we cannot pass without observation. It is the frequency with which we insist on our position as the conquerors of India. It may not have occurred to the Englishman that after all England has not "conquered" India by force of arms. The pull of diplomatic strings here and there at the right moment has yielded us India. Yet even if we had obtained the country solely by military conquest, it was not wrested from the present generation of Indians by the present generation of Englishmen. The Indian of to-day might very well reply to the arrogant Englishman, "If my great-grandfather was weak enough or foolish enough to yield to stress of circumstances, yet were I now in his place I would not yield but fight, and if need be die."

As the final word of this incomplete paper we give a brief summary of the remedies proposed :—

- (1) A broader sympathy.
- (2) Acquaintance with the language of the country, either Hindustani or Bengali.

(3) A humble and sincere desire to learn from Native Indians the best they can teach.

(4) A hearty recognition of brotherhood, of the common wants of a common humanity, and the banishment of the spirit of inflated pride, whether of religion, race, colour or nationality.

(5) English ladies should visit more frequently and freely the zenanas where they are always welcome for a chat, particularly the wives of laymen, whose visits cannot be attributed to the desire to make converts, but purely to friendliness.

(6) Admission to the Civil Service of India should be restricted to gentlemen by birth, and of good social position in their own country, and the subjects of examination should include Hindustani and the vernacular of the province with which their services will be more particularly concerned.

Promotion in the Service to be by merit and special aptitude as opposed to promotion by seniority.

Our last sentence, even at the risk of an accusation of triteness, shall be one culled from the speech of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall Banquet subsequent to his return from his Indian tour. His Royal Highness said: "I cannot help thinking from all I have heard and seen that the task of governing India will be made the easier if we on our part infuse into it a wider element of sympathy. I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever-abundant and genuine response."

JAMES CASSIDY.

* * * As we write the last word of our paper the news arrives that a native Indian gentleman—A. T. Rajan—is bracketed with an Englishman as Senior Wrangler in the examination for Classical Tripos at Cambridge. Mr. Rajan is a student at Trinity College

THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE'S INDIAN CAREER.*

NOW that Lord Curzon, an able statesman and a Wrangler, is wielding the destinies of the great Indian Empire, we think a record of the sayings and doings of other Wranglers who filled the office of Viceroy before, will not be found uninteresting. The Earl of Dalhousie was Viceroy upwards of half a century ago; he came out to India when young; and it is a strange coincidence that Lord Curzon is not old. Lord Dalhousie extended the Indian Empire more than any of his predecessors; and Lord Curzon is engaged in the work of consolidating that Empire. When the system pursued in imparting education to the sons of Indian Chiefs in Rajkumar Colleges is improved and the services of young Indian Chieftains are enlisted in the higher ranks of the Army, the way will have been prepared for the growth of an affection in the hearts of our Indian Chiefs, already wedded to the English Rule, towards His Most Imperial Majesty, King of England and Emperor of India.

Few of the present generation are acquainted with the Indian career of his Lordship who landed on these shores on 12th July, 1848. One of his first acts was to lay the foundation stone of the huge fabric, the Fever Hospital, in College Street. He was a Master Mason. The writer of this article distinctly remembers the day on which the foundation stone was laid. The Masons in a body and in gorgeous apparel marched down the College Street with their Chief with banners flying and music playing. This indeed was a sight worth seeing. It should be noted that the land on which the Fever Hospital stands was presented by the late millionaire Babu Mutty Loll Seal. The speech which Lord Dalhousie delivered when laying the foundation stone was his maiden speech in India. The late Lord Bishop of Calcutta, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, pronounced it to be one of the finest speeches that he had heard. The estimate which Bishop Wilson formed of his ability and strength of character was verified in a brilliant manner during the early days of his administration.

* This paper was submitted to us when Lord Curzon was still Viceroy of India.—ED., E. & W.

Immediately after Lord Dalhousie had taken charge of his exalted office, he was called upon to settle the affairs of the Punjab. The Sikhs were a warlike race and the work of reconciling them to the British Rule was no easy task. He selected some of the best members of the Civil Service to help him in this great work. The Lawrences and Edwards, who afterwards so distinguished themselves, were placed in charge of some of the most important provinces. Lord Dalhousie found to his satisfaction that they were well fitted for the trust reposed in them. The two brothers Sir John Lawrence (afterwards Lord Lawrence, Governor-General of India) and his brother Sir Henry Lawrence proved very good lieutenants. They fully met the expectations of the noble Earl. Sir Henry Edwards also proved a worthy lieutenant and greatly distinguished himself. At this time Moolraj rose against the Government. He was a noble warrior, a gallant and brave general to boot. The people fully sympathised with him, especially as they had recently lost their independence, which they valued above all price. The turbulent spirit of the newly conquered race had not yet sufficiently cooled down, and therefore the task of subjugating it was one of great difficulty. But Lord Dalhousie would not yield under any difficulty. The greater and more formidable the difficulties with which he was beset, the greater would be the resolution with which he would set to work. And it was not long before the Sikhs were reconciled. The conciliatory policy adopted proved highly successful; and the Sikh soldier rendered invaluable service during the days of the Mutiny.

After the subjugation of the Punjab had been accomplished, the work of internal administration occupied his Lordship's attention. Never before in the annals of India were carried out so many reforms, changes and improvements in the different departments of the State during the reign of a single Viceroy. Amongst the several reforms the first and foremost which occupied Lord Dalhousie's attention was the introduction of Indian railways and telegraphs. At this time Dr. W. B. O'Shaughnessy, afterwards Sir W. B. O'Shaughnessy, employed as a Deputy Assay Master of the Calcutta Mint, was trying to introduce telegraphy, by which messages could be carried from one point of the country to another through the medium of the iron wire. Lord Dalhousie knew that no railway would work unless there was a telegraph. His Lordship greatly encouraged the worthy doctor in his arduous work. The first experiment was made in a big tank in a garden at Garden Reach belonging to the late Babu Mutty Loll Seal. Lord Dalhousie was present on the occasion and the experiment was a great success. This enabled the doctor to carry his experi-

ments further. Lord Dalhousie sanctioned the expenditure required to be incurred in laying down a line up to Diamond Harbour. This line worked with success and proved a great blessing to the shipping of the port. Gradually the telegraph was extended further on. It was at this stage that Lord Dalhousie passed a minute strongly recommending the construction of railways in India. The minute was very lengthy; it filled a full sheet of the "Englishman" and the matter was indeed very readable. Those who were best able to judge of its merits pronounced it to be a very clever production. The experience which Lord Dalhousie had obtained of English railways, whilst employed in the Board of Railways at home, proved of great service to him on this occasion. The late Court of Directors, however, declined to sanction the proposal on account of its heavy cost. They thought that the success of the experiment was doubtful and the money spent upon it would be wasteful extravagance. But Lord Dalhousie was always persevering in all that he did. He passed a minute in reply to the despatch of the Court of Directors and refuted the arguments contained in it and exposed them threadbare. The newspapers teemed with articles on the subject and the Indian thunderer, the "Englishman," came out very strong, and the mercantile community unanimously supported the scheme, which was subsequently sanctioned. The land required for the purpose was acquired. The site fixed was at Howrah, and owners of land in the vicinity made fortunes and blessed the noble Earl. At this time there was no bridge. We were required to cross the river by boats and dinghies. The railway materials began to pour in. Teak-wood merchants got large contracts and they, too, made large fortunes in a short time. Lord Dalhousie laid the foundation of Indian Railways in the year 1851, and the first sod was turned with great pomp. The work was pushed with great vigour and we were greatly amazed to find ourselves at Chinsurah having travelled the distance in a short time, and the sight of the Emambury and the Chinsurah College greatly pleased us. At that time we were compelled to travel in open carriages with umbrellas above our heads, as the number of seats in covered carriages was insufficient, and the number of passengers very large.

Lord Dalhousie was opposed to divided responsibility and the system of Boards. He used to remark that where two or more persons were entrusted with the same work, it was hard to expect any good from them. All the men were able, it is true, but the consequence was that each individual left the work to his coadjutor, thinking that as the latter had gone through it carefully, all that he was required to do was to record in plain language "I concur." Thus the department where two or more persons were

employed upon the same work, had little chance of gaining much from the combined experience, knowledge or ability of the different members. Besides this disadvantage, there was another from which the system of Boards laboured. If one of the members had a dislike to any one of his colleagues, the first thing that he would do in taking up a question was to oppose him, whether right or wrong. And thus there would be a battle of words between the two members when any important question came up before them for discussion. It was this waste of time and energy to which Lord Dalhousie was opposed. At the time of which we are speaking there were three distinct Boards, viz. the Military Board, the Board of Revenue and the Board of Customs, Salt and Opium. Lord Dalhousie's attention was drawn to the working of the three Boards, and chiefly to the working of the Military Board. It had three Military members; usually, one of these members had charge of the work of the department of which he had special knowledge. The other members also saw what orders he passed in special cases. His action was opposed or upheld as they thought proper. When there was opposition, there was delay in the disposal of cases, which entailed much labour and trouble and hampered the work of the Executive. There appeared letters in the columns of the *Englishman*, under the heading "The Dilatory Board," which exposed this state of things. The Commissariat section of the Board was specially singled out for attack. In one instance a charge of a few annas for which there was no precedent formed the bone of contention between the three members. One was for passing the expense, the two others were opposed to it. They wrote strong minutes upon this item. No less than half a dozen sheets of foolscap were wasted in minute writing. It was this particular case which formed the subject of the letter in the *Englishman* and specially attracted the notice of Lord Dalhousie. His Lordship was satisfied with the reasonable view of the complaint, not only in this particular instance but in other instances also. He thought that the public was justified in condemning the Military Board. Colonel Ramsay, who was at this time a Deputy Commissary-General and an officer of great repute and experience, was related to Lord Dalhousie, and thus His Lordship had ample opportunities of acquainting himself with the work of the Board in connection with the Commissariat Department. Some time after, it was determined to appoint a Commission to enquire into and report upon the action of the Military Board. Mr. Charles Allen of Sindé was appointed President, and Colonels Anderson and Stewart members of this Commission. In course of time they finished their enquiries and submitted the usual report. It was a masterly document. It contained appendices giving

the depositions of witnesses competent to answer the questions formed by the Commission to throw light upon the subject of this inquiry. The Commission took the same view of "divided responsibility" as Lord Dalhousie did, namely that when more than one individual was responsible for the performance of a certain duty no one was responsible. They recommended the abolition of the Military Board and the recommendation was carried out. The different departments which comprised the Board were placed under separate officers. The Commissariat Department was placed under the Commissary-General; the Ordnance Department was placed under the Inspector-General of Ordnance, and the Public Works Department under the Minister of Public Works. In a similar manner the Marine Board was abolished and placed under an official called the Superintendent of Marine. The Sudder Board of Revenue was also abolished and amalgamated with the Board of Customs, Salt and Opium, under a new designation, the Board of Revenue. The latter Board still exists, but the system of work was laid down upon a different principle altogether, and each member was held responsible for the working of the department of which he had special charge.

The Postal Department demanded important reforms. Lord Dalhousie directed his attention to this department and introduced changes for which the public cannot be sufficiently thankful. Mr. Beadon, afterwards Sir Cecil Beadon, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was appointed Commissioner for Postal Reform. The uniform system of postage which was introduced by Sir Cecil we owe to Lord Dalhousie. Previous to this, there was great irregularity in the delivery of letters at destination. There was also great difficulty in posting letters. Each letter had to be weighed and charged according to the distance it had to travel. The rules and regulations under this system were of course complicated, and entailed much trouble on the postal clerk, who had to examine the tables and make the calculation before he was enabled to tell each individual the amount of postage which he was required to pay. The system was also liable to abuse. The communications through the medium of the post office were much restricted. Whereas under the present system one writes a dozen letters to his friends and relatives in the course of a month, it was then hardly possible to write a single letter during the course of two months. Thus nearly half a century ago people seldom thought of corresponding with friends and relatives on account of the inconvenience and expense to which they were put thereby. At present they delight in holding communion with them daily through the medium of the post office. Thus, whilst correspondence by letter has vastly expanded and increased, we are enjoying a real boon,

and the Government is not put to much extra expense by the reforms introduced.

Equally successful in the field and in the Council Chamber, Lord Dalhousie had always great resources at his command. His own mind knew what to do and what to undo. In all that he said and did he had one object in view, the extension of the territories of his masters, the Court of Directors, whether by conquest or annexation. When once he thought of acquiring a State nothing could shake him from his resolution. In his policy of annexation he took his stand upon the grounds of humanity. He would often remark that when he found tyranny and misrule rampant in a native State he could not rest satisfied till he had annexed that State. He would say that peace and comfort to a whole population was of far greater importance than the comforts and luxuries which a single individual enjoyed at the expense of his subjects. This was the guiding principle of his life, and it was this principle that prompted him to conquer or to annex the dominions of others. In this, he would say, there was nothing wrong, on the contrary, he thought he was perfectly justified in the course which he followed. The "Bombay Times and Standard," whilst giving a list of the territories which he added to the British Empire wrote as follows:—

"The extent to which the policy of annexation was carried during the eight years of the reign of the Marquis of Dalhousie seems hardly to be understood by the general public in spite of the discussion that has been provoked thereby. The acquisition of territories by that nobleman runs as follows:—

		<i>By Conquest.</i>			Square Miles.
1849	Punjab 73,534
1852	The Pegu 20,000
		<i>Seized for Misconduct.</i>			
1850	Part of Sikkim 1,670
1852	Sind 5,412
1856	Oudh 23,738
		<i>Failure of Heirs.</i>			
1848	Sattara 10,222
1849	Jaipur 105
1849	Sumbulpur 4,693
1850	Baghat 30
1852	Odeypur 2,300
1854	Nagpur 80,000
1854	Jhansi 2,432

				Square Miles.
1855	Bhoosawal Khandesh
1856	Tanjore
1852	Kerowli, Rajputana 1,800
1855	Adyghur (Boondala) 340
1856	Inchal Keronji 800

A list of the territorial acquisitions made during the short space of eight years' administration cannot fail to take those unaccustomed to hard work by surprise. The annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie had its admirers and detractors. Some contended it was good, because it relieved the people from suffering which misrule inflicted on them, whilst others were of opinion that annexation was an act of spoliage which cannot be justified on principle and equity. Lord Dalhousie, however, annexed several native States. Under the British rule the people of these States are no doubt more happy and contented and their lives and properties are secure, a state of things undoubtedly desirable. To Lord Dalhousie India is indebted for many things, barring annexation, which we pass over in silence. It owes to His Lordship the Railways, the Telegraphs, Postal Reform, the abolition of the Boards, the Fever Hospital, the University, the acts for the marriage of Hindu widows and *Lex Loci*, the Irrigation works, and others too numerous to detail. Lord Dalhousie, however, did one thing which cannot be justified. He got an act passed by which Native Chiefs were deprived of the right of adopting a child on failure of heirs. That caused great dissatisfaction, enabling, as it did, the Government to do just as it liked. The matter was left entirely in the hands of the authorities. In the year 1855 Lord Dalhousie sent his wife home sick, and she died on the way. On the occasion of his departure an address was presented to him, to which he gave the following touching reply :—

“ You have made kindly allusion to the future which may await me. I do not seek to fathom that future. My only ambition has been to accomplish the task which lay before me here and to bring it to a close with honour and success. It has been permitted me to do so. I have played my part, and whilst I feel that, in my case, the principal act in the drama of my life is ended, I shall rest content if the curtain should drop now upon my public career.”

The day after the Address, Lord Dalhousie left Calcutta.

GOBIN CHANDER DHUR.

*Sobha Ram Bysack's 1st Lane,
Calcutta.*

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL AUTHORITY IN EUROPE.

II.

THE English thinker, Hobbes, has tersely characterised the Mediæval system in the sentence : "If a man considers the original of this great ecclesiastical dominion, he will easily perceive that the Papacy is no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof."* With the non-fulfilment in the order of nature of the interpenetrating idea of the earlier Christian organisation, of an impending world-cataclysm, that of social continuance as a Divinely ordained institution for the regulation of human interests, here and hereafter, takes its place. The practical alliance of Christianity with the State, set up by Constantine, is a strengthening factor in this regard, with the disruption of the Empire into its Eastern and Western divisions which precedes its ultimate break-up under the onslaught of Northern races, and the foundation of the various Frankish and Gothic kingdoms constituting the Christendom of the West that succeeded. Herein was provided a fresh unifying polity.

The ruins of the Roman Empire were drawn on, in many ways, for the reconstruction of civilised society in the West. The very tradition of Imperial power exercised an immense influence as a unifying idea, which survived to give definite shape to the ambitions of Charles (Charlemagne) and facilitated the general recognition of a central authority at Rome. . . . The physical relics of Roman civilisation remained throughout the greater part of the West; and in some cities vestiges of Roman administration were maintained. There was a great heritage of manual skill and mecha-

* Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, 1588-1679, one of the pioneers of the "Positive" school of thought.

nical arts which had been slowly built up in Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, and Carthage, and which was incorporated in the culture which the Romans diffused; and it may be doubted if any of the industrial arts as known and practised by the Romans was wholly lost in the West. There were, besides, forms of economic life which re-appeared when circumstances admitted of the revival; there was no need to invent them anew. The organisation of the mediæval estate has its analogue in the Roman villa; the mediæval city, with its guilds, is the reproduction of the Roman town and its *collegia*. The fiscal and the judicial system of the different lands were affected by the methods of Imperial Rome. . . . This then was the characteristic difference between the ancient civilisation and the new order which was beginning to flourish in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A capricious and arbitrary human ruler had been hailed with divine honours in ancient times; in the Middle Ages the supremacy of Eternal and Supernatural Authority over all human beings who might exercise magisterial power was maintained; the contrast is exemplified in the controversy between the Popes and Emperors regarding Investitures.*

Thereby arises the paramount significance of the developments of this region of Europe. The old order still largely persisted in the Eastern or Grecian division of the Empire with its centre at Constantinople, where the Church was to a considerable extent a department of state under imperial control—until its downfall under the stress of Asiatic and Mohammedan conflict and invasion. The one important aspect to be noted in passing is that herein was preserved some of the culture of the life of ancient Hellas, which was subsequently brought by roundabout means of intercourse to Western cognition.

The absolutist principles in directive faith and morals thus re-appeared with heightened power in European civilisation. We passed under review in preceding pages the Pagan social concept. To its basic idea of the safety of the State, ecclesiastical authority now added that of the safety of the Soul. Vague notions and terrors of future retribution had been current in the non-Christian world. Plutarch himself emphatically condemns the insensate fears in this regard set up by superstition. "They who fear the gods tear all things, land, sea, air, sky, darkness, light, sound, silence,

* W. Cunningham in *Western Civilisation in its Economic Aspects*, 1900. These were the new Frankish or German rulers invested with the titular honour of Roman Emperor.

dream Those who thought it important to maintain the recognised laws of Music, used to instruct their pupils to 'sing with a just mouth'; and we maintain that those who approach the gods should address them with a just mouth and a righteous Not only is this life full of torture to the superstitious, but their terrified imagination leaps the limits of the Afterworld, and adds to death the conception of deathless woes. Hell-gate yawns for them; streams of flame and Stygian cataracts threaten them; the gloom is horrid with spectral shapes, and piteous sights and sounds, with judges and executioners, and chasms crowded with a myriad woes." And the pantheistic poet, Lucretius, in the same spirit, had earlier acclaimed Epicurus for "daring to pass the flaming ramparts of the world" and delivering men from its fears. Through the developed theology of the Roman Church, as extended by its emissaries, a systematic purgatorial eschatology—similar in character to the above—was set up as a leading aspect of her saving mission and imposed on the ignorant barbarians brought under her authority; so forming one of the strongest elements of her spiritual dominion.* This association with temporal sovereignty initiated those controversies which have agitated the Church to the present day; and those conflicts with the advancing rival secular powers which culminated in the break-up of the Mediæval system. Those within the Church have centred round the issue in the first instance of the rightful interpretation of her mission, of her visible or invisible dispensation. To several of the leading reformers in the great schism of the 16th century, her invisible or spiritual nature was the true concept,

* Similar notions are found connected with various oriental faiths. This function of an intermediality between man and the Divine existence is paralleled, in certain directions, by the ancient Oracles. Speaking of the famous one at Delphi, Plutarch says of its apparent cessation: "Whether he (the god) is the sun, or lord and father of the sun and of the whole perceptible world, it is not right to believe that he would deprive the men of to-day of the help of his utterances, for he is the author and supporter of our life, and the master of our intelligence. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that Providence, which, like a kind and tender mother, has given us all that we possess, should wish to punish us in one single point alone by taking away from us that prophetic aid which was once given to us." Together with the widespread credibility given to the human incarnation of Deity, such notions place the Church system in true relation to universal religion—differentiated under its sacrosanct credential of a Sacred Scripture, and the peculiar organisation, analysed in the preceding examination.

manifest in "the whole body of the glorified, consisting of the holy angels and of the spirits of the just made perfect who have been redeemed by the merits (whether foreseen or actually wrought) of the divine Head of the church, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God," and in His continuing redeeming power. On the other hand, the view all but universally held by the Fathers, and even many Protestant exponents, is that of a visible dispensation. Augustine, the foremost Father of the Latin Church, "has seized on and represented this idea with sublime dramatic power in his *Civitas Dei in peregrinatione per terras*, where the *Civitas Dei*, or the Church, is set over against the *Civitas Terrena*, or State; and where the Kingdom of God, however grandly pictured, is almost as material, earthly, and sensible as the empire of Pagan Rome." And while in the earlier disputes within the Church over points of Scripture and dogma, sacerdotal persecution and ostracism had not been wanting to enforce the dominating views, Augustine deliberately invoked the secular arm—at a time (the fifth century) when circumstances rendered this available—as a legitimate and consistent attribute of the "Civitas Dei" to coerce opponents or "heretics." Whatever the exact truth of the hostility shown by various Roman magistrates towards the Christian movement prior to its eventual supremacy, that hostility appears to have arisen on political grounds, directed against an organisation opposed to the ceremonial, religious institutions of the State: for the Imperial power, as we have seen, was in nowise concerned with the expression of abstract opinion *per se*. This Christian opposition may be regarded in a sense as a certain manifestation of freedom of thought. Only, in its own rival theories was contained an absolutist principle carried into the very domain of abstract speculation, which, with their temporary triumph, came to be ruthlessly enforced in turn against their opponents as a proscriptive element in the Papal theocratic code. The English writer, Buckle, notes*:

* *Introduction to the History of Civilisation in England.* Buckle's work seems to suffer alike from his admirers and detractors. Regarded for what it is—a preliminary study to a definitive task, prevented by untimely death of completion—it undoubtedly contains valuable generalisations, despite its appearing just prior to the great discoveries in biology and human origins of the last century. Buckle's own open-mindedness where knowledge was imperfect, and his hospitality to ideas suggest that he would have been foremost in welcoming those gains to light and incorporating their implications in his completed work.

Early in the eleventh century the clergy first began systematically to repress independent inquiries by punishing men who attempted to think for themselves. As knowledge advanced, the opposition between inquiry and belief became more marked: the Church redoubled her efforts, and at the end of the twelfth century the popes first formally called on the secular power to punish heretics; and the earliest constitution addressed *inquisitoribus hereticæ pravitalis* is one by Alexander IV. In 1222 a synod assembled at Oxford caused an apostate to be burned; and this, says Lingard, "is, I believe, the first instance of capital punishment in England on the ground of religion."

Further ecclesiastical differences are connected with the relation of the Church as an interpretative medium to Scripture; questions of church governance; and the perenduring presence of the "Holy Spirit." Before the Canon of that body of Scripture distinguished as the New Testament was settled during the second century—which summation gives point to Tertullian's confident assertion of the exclusive divinity of these writings, cited in a previous study,*—the Old Testament, with various current evangelical and apostolic effusions and traditions, remained the source of doctrinal inspiration. So that the Church assumed, through its consecrated priesthood, a more than co-ordinate authority with Scripture, and "the traditions preserved in the Church are spoken of as to be venerated not merely as comments on the meaning of Scripture, but as deserving equal honour and reverence with Scripture:" a later fruitful cause of theological dissension. The belief in a continuing gift of prophecy and revelation through the Holy Spirit held by some at this period (though opposed for various reasons by the rising hierarchy) is a not illogical conclusion from the premiss of its supernatural origination. † In a community, then, constituted under the determining impulsion of Saintship (literally "set apart" from the mundane social order), reaching a temporal domination of the kind outlined above on the ruins of a civic polity, its legal jurisdiction came to partake of a cognate character. Hence the inception of the Canon Law in Europe. Codified Law is one of the distinguishing contributions of Rome to Western development.

Like all other peoples, the early Romans had lived long without any

* "Jewish Theocracy and Christendom."

† A belief that re-appears in subsequent forms, as with the Quakers. The subject of mysticism in itself is apart from our theme.

other law than that of traditional custom, the *adat* of the Malays. About 450 B. C. the Roman Senate, fired with great zeal, sent to Greece a commission to study the laws of Solon, and to draw up afterwards a written code. Then this code was offered to the three classes for acceptance, and acquired the force of Law. By this fact Roman legislation became secular and even progressive; it was no longer looked on as a collection of immutable precepts, as binding even as religion. But in primitive societies, anchylosed by traditions, changes are effected only with extreme difficulty, therefore the Law of the Twelve Tables held sway over the Romans for a very long time.*

As subsequently expanded by later jurisconsults under the Empire, this legal procedure was embodied in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*—a work with which is associated, amongst others, the name of Justinian. The rules enacted by the early Church for its relation with the secular power, its own internal administration, or the conduct of its members were called Canons (*regulæ*) in contradistinction to the *leges* of the Civil law-giver. The first Councils encouraged churchmen to submit their disputes to a spiritual tribunal. With the expansion of the directive influence of the Church into every department of life, the judgments of these tribunals, together with opinions of the Fathers and decretals of the Popes came to be codified into the *Corpus Juris Canonici*. Canon Law and Civil Law were studied and promoted during the Middle Ages side by side, wherein the University of Bologna was pre-eminent; though from the part played by ecclesiasticism in the State, the former practically dominated in many directions the legislation of the Church, embracing subjects which pertained to the sphere of municipal law. Churchmen, as the best educated class of the time, filled high office of state, exercised civil government over considerable tracts of country, and performed the duties of practical lawyers. The exemption of the clergy from civil jurisdiction was in accordance with the Teutonic principle that a man should be tried by his peers. In course of time the Church Courts absorbed all matters connected in the most distant way with religious duties or offences.†

It is not surprising to find the social order moulded under

* *Property: Its Origin and Development*. By C. Letourneau, 1892.

† As apostacy, heresy, blasphemy, simony, sacrilege, conjuration or witchcraft, and violation of personal and social morality, adultery, bigamy, fraud, perjury, lewdness and the like, most of which have now ceased to exist, as such.

all such influences partaking of a similar regulative character with, on its economico-political side, a defined hierarchy of status derived from the principle of the *feu* or *fief*. The institution of slavery, as such, forms no part of the ethical solicitude of Christianity, though sundry pronouncements on its amelioration may have come from the Fathers as they came from the finest Pagan thinkers. Under the modifications therein introduced through the changes wrought by the dissolution of the Empire and the advent of Christendom, serfdom, or attachment to a feudal tenure, became the basis of the new structure, with the return to manorial or natural economy* which succeeded the advances towards money-economy attained by the antique world. In the chaotic period intervening between the decline of the old and the establishment of the new order, the lot of the labourer seems to have grown worse; and the need of protection promoted the attachment of the landed man to a superior and the association of craftsmen into *guilds* which mark what is known as the Feudal System in Europe. This system, again, is not unique, but appears in various ethnic societies, though its detailed discussion is beside the present purpose. As Letourneau pithily remarks :

This system is supported from top to bottom on the very principle of serfdom—namely, the granting of an endowment or benefit on condition either of a quit-rent or some personal service in return. In the superior stages of the hierarchy the vassal owed chiefly military service. The structure of feudal society was therefore simple enough. At the apex, the King, theoretical proprietor of all lands in the kingdom, as were in England William the Conqueror and his successors; and then beneath this master the whole scale of the hierarchy, of which the grades went lower and lower by degrees. It was a society in which each was master of those below him, servant of those above him. The primitively allodial form of property vanished gradually in becoming feudal.

The theocratic polity whose salient features we have passed under review was one essentially *dualistic* in nature, wherein the care for social direction was virtually subordinate to the care for individual salvation in the hereafter. When, therefore, we get that antithesis insisted on of the lacuna between West and East

* Where, that is, men are bound to one another by customary ties and discharge their mutual obligations in service or in kind—as seen in the old rural communes of India—in contradistinction to reward of service in currency or money.

derived apparently from the modern world; of the West as materialistic, changeful, progressive, and the East as immobile and absorbed in supernatural solitudes; we may fitly adduce the facts of Western society as presented under a whole millennium of Christendom where a supernatural authority, having its roots in Eastern doctrine and *littera scripta*, dominated a corresponding defined social order. Its elements still permeate the widely-differing conditions which have since supervened. The moral and intellectual influence of this polity on Western life has been, and remains, the subject of keen controversy with contending schools of thought. As indicating the conclusions it is the writer's aim to demonstrate, we may note that the gravamen of this controversy centres round those supernatural pretensions forming the foundations of Mediævalism. It has already been shown how these presumptions were interpenetrated by that very superstition they countered and superseded.* That supremacy itself exhibits in the terms of social evolution a relative fitness to environing circumstances. Yet in their exclusiveness and hostility

* The absence of clear ideas of Natural Law is exhibited by the widespread belief in the reality of witchcraft and sorcery; a belief surviving from antiquity through the Mediæval period, and may be taken to include any claim of a power to produce effects by other than natural causes. Early Roman Law rendered the practitioners of diabolical and magical arts liable to burning, and those who consulted them to crucifixion; Church Law developed this notion into other related misdemeanours, supported by the countenance lent by Mosaic enactments and Scriptural implications. Burning was the usual punishment for conviction of sorcery: and the belief in diabolical agency continued in the post-Reformation age. An act of James I. specially declares: "If any person or persons shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil and wicked spirit to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of his, her, or their grave or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in his or her body or any part thereof—every such offender is a felon without benefit of clergy." The last prosecution in England for witchcraft was in 1712, though without execution, and a witch is said to have been burned in Spain so late as 1781. The worship of Satan by the oppressed and degraded is a further sinister feature of this mental state, with its licentious orgie of the Witches' Sabbath, held at night, and participated in, according to the French historian Michelet, by thousands of the peasantry. He remarks: "The mighty cry of pain, which is the true and inward meaning of the Witches' Sabbath, expresses not only material suffering, voices old miseries and wretchedness, but a very abyss of agony."

to all further innovating light on cosmic and physical speculation, the ascendant beliefs must be appraised as a deadly hindrance to the progress of Western science and culture in view of the measure of attainment therein reached by the ancient world. Thus one historian cites the phrases of the Paris schoolmen or doctors of the faculties of learning that were arising in the Middle Ages under the ægis of the secular power: "Nothing more can be known because of the science of theology." "The Christian religion prevents us from learning anything more." And a second is led to declare, speaking of the fearful persecution of the heretical movement within the Christian fold—that of the Albigenses in the 13th century: "Organised Christianity had contrived to murder the civilisation of Provence and Languedoc, while the fanatics of Islam in their comparatively bloodless manner were doing as much for that of Moorish Spain. It was owing to no lack of the principle of evil in the Christian system, but simply to the much greater and more uncontrollable diversity of the political elements of Christendom, that the whole culture and intelligence of Europe did not undergo the same fate."

Let us now consider some of the leading issues set up through the conflict of Mediævalism with modern developments.

The above reference to the diversity of the political elements of Christendom may seem paradoxical after what has been stated of the unifying Catholic polity. But in the races that established on the fallen Empire the nations of Northern Europe was contained a factor inherently inimical to the absolutism of Rome. Though endowed by the Pope with the title of Roman Emperor (hence the paradoxical Holy Roman Empire) the German inheritors of this distinction were soon quarrelling with their spiritual superior over matters of ecclesiastical policy. An eminent clerical scholar observes in this connection :-

The energy, the self-will, the fondness for adventure and the love of combat which have enabled the Teutonic people to extend their rule over the world come from the dolichocephalic race; but the intellect and genius of Europe, the great writers, and more especially the men of science, belong rather to the brachycephalic race which has so profoundly modified the physical type in Germany, France, Italy, and England.* Pösche and

* Referring here to what is called the cephalic index, which is that figure produced by expressing the greatest breadth of the head as a percentage of its extreme length.

Penka have drawn attention to the curious fact that though the lines of linguistic demarcation in Europe have small relation to race, the religious division adheres very closely to the racial frontiers. The reason they assign is that religion depends more intimately than language on the fundamental ethical character of the race. . . . The Jews speak everywhere the language of the land in which they sojourn, but everywhere they have clung tenaciously to the doctrines of their Oriental faith. And so the Christianity of the New Testament, with its peacefulness, its submissiveness, and its resignation, in which it agrees with Islam and other Oriental faiths, was contrary to the inner genius of life, and its contentiousness. Hence the Teutonic races, in which these Aryan characteristics are the most strongly developed, were the last to submit to the yoke of the Gospel. It was only when the Goths had settled within the bounds of the Roman Empire that they were converted, and when they were converted it was to a rationalistic form of Christianity; it was Arianism and not Catholicism which they were willing to accept. And now that Christianity has spread over Europe, it is divided into two opposed camps—the Catholic and the Protestant, the Church of Authority and the Church of Reason, the line of division coinciding very closely with the line which separates the two great races of Aryan speech. The dolichocephalic Teutonic race is Protestant, the brachycephalic Celto-Slavic race is either Roman Catholic or Greek Orthodox. In the first, individualism, wilfulness, self-reliance, independence, are strongly developed; the second is submissive to authority and conservative in instincts.* To the Teutonic races Latin Christianity was never congenial, and they have now converted it into something very different from what it was at first, or from what it became in the hands of Latin and Greek doctors. The Teutonic peoples are averse to sacerdotalism, and have shaken off priestly guidance and developed individualism. Protestantism was a revolt against a religion imposed by the South upon the North, but which had never been congenial to the Northern mind. The German princes, who were of purer Teutonic blood than their subjects, were the leaders of the ecclesiastical revolt. Scandinavia is more purely Teutonic than Germany, and Scandinavia is Protestant to the backbone. South Germany, which is brachycephalic, is Catholic. The Thirty Years War (1618-1648) was a war of race as well as of religion, and the peace of Westphalia drew the line of religious demarcation with tolerable precision along the ethnic frontier.†

* A popular movement of anti-clericalism has, however, arisen in recent years amongst some of these peoples.

† Canon Isaac Taylor in *The Origin of the Aryans*, 1892.

While this suggestive pronouncement contains highly controversial positions respecting "race," it does undoubtedly present some of the force of later mental and social movements in Europe ; with their incongruities of psychic survival, difficult of concise elucidation. In this work of opening up concepts of life and moral action detached from Catholicism, England has taken a peculiar part, herself created chiefly by an aggregation of the most virile Scandinavian peoples. Her jurisprudence too has been least affected by Canon or Roman Law.* A further factor in European development acting in various indirect ways has been the existence side by side with the Christian polity of the great rival theocracy of Islam, having its roots to an extent in the Judaism common to both religions and exhibiting yet another aspect, often overlooked, of the age-long pressure of the East on the West. The interactions of the Crusades ; the existence of the Moorish Kingdom of Spain and the countenance lent by its more enlightened rulers to scientific pursuits at a time when these were practically interdicted in Christendom ; the overthrow of Constantinople by the Turkish conquest in 1453, and the many Greek scholars who took refuge elsewhere, bringing with them treasures from the past whose study had been largely ignored in Latin Europe ; all promoted streams of thought antipathetic to Roman exclusiveness. Then the break-up of the Mediæval system on its social side was finally compassed by a convergence of causes acting in the 15th and 16th centuries, as the great schism of the Reformation and the rise of separate nation-states ; the introduction of gunpowder into warfare, so entirely altering its mediæval character ; the invention of printing and the assistance thereby lent to the popularisation of literature and knowledge ; the discovery of America and the opening up of the great sea-routes of the world, thus revolutionising commerce and the whole pursuit of industry. These last changes were finally wrought out by the introduction of the steam-motor and machine-production towards the end of the 18th century, and the re-establishment of money-economy in its fullest

* " England, as it happens, is isolated in jurisprudence. She has solved her legal problems for herself. Whatever element of Roman Law may exist in the English system has come in, whether by conscious adaptation or otherwise, *ab extra* ; it is not of the essence of the system, nor does it form a large portion of the system."—*Ency. Brit.*

expansion. The political consequences following the upheaval of the French Revolution, with their introduction of the principle of Democracy, and the vast addition made to our positive knowledge of nature by the achievements of physical science and its lumination on human science in the last century, complete the broad, determining features of modern civilisation in the West.*

This process has meant, in effect, the supersession of the dualistic principle by the virtual secularisation of life, without, however, completely displacing its theoretical assumptions. A curious antithesis is thus presented by modern Europe, tantamount to an intellectual and moral *anarchy* out of which new bases of authority are seeking to establish themselves; using the term authority here in the special sense of a reasoned criterion of guidance void of arbitrary assumptions. The *rationale* of this criterion is intimated by the propositions specifically condemned of the Vatican Decrees, referred to in the previous paper. Shortly restated, these propositions include the affirmation that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man and should be proclaimed in every well-governed state; that the will of the people as manifested by public opinion constitutes the ordination of government and the sanction of law; that man can and ought to of his own effort, by means of constant progress, arrive at last at the possession of all truth and goodness; that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions, even when opposed to revealed doctrine (so-called). The questions of cosmic philosophy also included in those condemnations may be touched upon later.

The Protestant relation, in its usual connotation, to; the newer social concepts is more nebulous and elusive. Though spoken of above by Canon Taylor as the religion of Reason, we find Reason bearing a wider signification to-day than that apparently accorded it by nominal religious Protestantism. A marked feature of Protestantism has been to evoke the original message of the "Gospel,"

* The problems presented by America are beyond the limits of the present survey. Whilst her national polity exhibits modern phenomena on all sides, having been established within the period of their emergence, there still remain therein survivals of thought and feeling from the past, similar to an extent to those dealt with in the following argument.

void of Church corruptions and accretions: a sufficiently difficult task, as we have already seen in reviewing the sources of Christianity in the light of critical research. One of the most pronounced of these attempts is that lately advanced by Count Leo Tolstoy, which calls for attention in the present connection on account of the importance of its author and the conclusion he draws therefrom regarding the institutions of the modern State. Taking for this purpose the work in which his special thesis is most fully adumbrated,* we find Tolstoy, at the outset, simply ignoring the weight of modern criticism as expressed in its best known exponents, whilst equally rejecting the greater part of the ecclesiastical system, of which a vigorous example was given in the foregoing *apropos* of the Russian Church.

Hence it is, (he declares), that all such men, from Comte and Strauss to Spencer and Renan, not understanding the purport of Christ's words, knowing nothing whatever of their intention, ignorant of the question to which they serve as an answer, and taking no pains to learn it—such men, if they are inimical to Christianity, utterly deny the sense of the doctrine; but if they are leniently inclined, then, from the height of their superior wisdom, they amend it, taking for granted that Christ would have said what they think He meant, had He known how to express himself. And the spirit of emendation is always such as to reduce the doctrine of the higher, the divine life-conception, to that of the lower and the social conception.

We get, in short, the Gospel according to Count Tolstoy. It is, at the same time, an indictment of the Church, in all its separate forms and a sweeping condemnation of the present social organisation, particularly that of the modern State-system resting upon military conscription. Its theory is, that there have been but three distinct conceptions by which the actions of mankind have been influenced, and save through these we have no means of comprehending life. These three conceptions are—firstly, the individual or animal; secondly, the social or pagan; and thirdly, the universal or divine.

According to the first of these, a man's life is his personality, and that only, and his life's object is to gratify his desires. According to the

* *The Kingdom of God is within you: or Christianity not as a Mystical Doctrine, but as a New Life-Conception* The modern Neo-Catholic view, on the other hand, is harking back, amid the present confusion, to the first six centuries of Church tradition.

second, his life is not limited to his own personality ; it includes the sum and continuity of many personalities—of the family, of the race, and of the state, and his life's object is to gratify the will of the communities of individuals. And according to the third, his life is confined neither to his personality nor to that of the aggregate of individuals, but finds its significance in the eternal source of all life—in God himself. The savage sees life only through the medium of his own desires. He cares for nothing but himself and for him the highest good is the full satisfaction of his own passions. The incentive of his life is personal enjoyment.* The history of the ancients, for thousands of centuries, culminating in that of Rome, is the history of the evolution from the animal life-conception of the individual to that of the society and the state. From the advent of Christianity and the fall of Imperial Rome we have the history of that change which is still going on from the social to the divine life-conception.

“Eighteen hundred years ago, in the Pagan world of Rome, there appeared a strange and novel doctrine, unlike any of its predecessors, which was ascribed to the man Christ : a doctrine that not only repudiated all deities, all fear of them, all augury and all faith in it, but also denied the necessity for any human institutions whatsoever. Instead of the precepts and creeds of former times, this doctrine presented only an image of interior perfection, truth and love in the person of Christ, and the attainment of this interior perfection possible for men, and, as a consequence, of the outward perfection foretold by the prophets: the coming of the Kingdom of God, when all enmity shall cease, when every man will hear the word of the Lord and be united with one another in brotherly love, and when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. Instead of threats of punishment for the non-observance of the commandments of the old laws, religious no less than secular, instead of tempting men by promise of rewards to observe these laws, this doctrine attracted mankind only by proclaiming itself to be the truth.

The chief practical element in this “divine life-conception” is the non-resistance to evil by violence, as set forth in the “Sermon on the Mount”—to Tolstoy, the whole essence of Christ's teaching.

It is only through a series of misapprehensions, errors, one-sided explanations, corrected and supplemented by generations of men, that the meaning of the Christian doctrine has become more and more plain. A man has but to understand his life as Christianity teaches him to understand it ; that is, he must realise that it does not belong to himself, nor to

* A view hardly consistent with the evidence advanced in the earlier part of this survey.

his family, nor to the State, but to Him who sent him into the world; he must therefore know that it is his duty to live not in accordance with the law of his own personality, nor of that of his family or state, but to fulfil the infinite law of Him who gave him life, in order to feel himself so entirely free from all human authority that he will cease to regard it as a possible obstacle.

This power does not require from us what is unreasonable and impossible—the organisation of our temporal, material life, the life of society, or of the State. He demands of us only what is reasonable and possible—to serve the Kingdom of God, which establishes the unity of mankind, a unity possible only in the truth, to recognise and profess the truth revealed to us, which it is always in our power to do And this is not a matter of personal selection, but because I must obey the commands of Him who has sent me into the world, and has given me an unmistakeable law by which I am to be guided through life.

These extracts give the gist of a contention developed through some three hundred pages into a virtual social nihilism. It is unnecessary to discuss the soundness of this view, of the real purport of Christianity and of Christ's words, or of the various "life-conceptions" which have influenced the world. It obviously rests on the selection of that portion of the Gospel that suits the temperamental leanings of the writer, ignoring all other passages of the New Testament Canon concerning "salvation," Christ's personality and sacrificial mission, around which the historic Christian dogmas centre.* Its special interest is in relation to other new interpretations of these doctrines which present Jesus as a social revolutionary—through the simple process of taking certain texts by themselves—born of the same desire to bring harmony into the discords of the modern world: that world whose contradictions Tolstoy

* Remembering, too that the narratives are compilations made long after the events and teachings they record, containing many discrepancies and inconsistent elements. Of the latter we may note the doctrine that "the kingdom of Heaven is within you" appears with the promise of the speedy arrival of the Son of Man (or, of God) whose coming to judgment is equivalent to the Kingdom of God; stipulation for the simple fulfilment of the Law as a passport to eternal life, with or without, further self-denial; again for simple benevolence and righteousness; and stipulations for blind faith, and for blood-redemption; confused statements respecting the restriction of salvation to Israelites, and its vouchsafement to all peoples; conflicting assertions of the supersession of the law (the Jewish Law) and that not one jot or tittle thereof is to be superseded, a chronic source of trouble down to our own day.

asserts, "are enough to drive one to madness and to suicide." Moreover, whilst repudiating human authority and the institutions of the modern State, he asserts this particular view as being of Divine authority. And the notion that man's life belongs not to himself nor the State but to the Source of all life, not only raises metaphysical problems of the ultimate end of existence of which we have *no* definitive explication in universal consciousness, is in nowise due primarily to historic Christianity, but is found diffused through various pre-existing religious philosophies; and seems to particularly pertain—in its quietist connotations—to certain Oriental physical conditions, having little practical relation to the rude and energising circumstances of northern existence.

We have, therefore, no option, on this great intellectual and moral issue, but to judge the whole matter on its total merits as historically presented in the foregoing. And we will conclude this survey by developing in greater detail some of the inferences of our examination, rationally extended to the concrete facts of the modern world.

HENRY CROSSFIELD.

MUSIC OF THE EAST AND WEST.

THE music of India bears a strong affinity to Celtic Music. Japanese and Chinese music are also closely connected. Very few foreign melodies crept into these countries owing to the spread of Buddhism and the conservatism of these nations, with their ancient customs and their division into castes.

To the historian of music it is a very interesting study to compare the music of India with the music of the Highland Scotch and Irish.

Wales, although a Celtic nation, has lost its affinity, owing to the close neighbourhood of the Saxon, who modernised the Welsh scales and brought in a taste for hymn-singing, which soon caused the Welsh to lose their taste for ancient modes, and therefore the glamour of ancient airs soon passed away, leaving in their place a breezy modern school of music and a leaning towards the tonic solfa notation, which is a lazy method of reading by sight.

The Hindus, like the Celts, are possessed of a lively and emotional imagination, and in days of old, like the Irish, had their priests and bands of musicians and singers to minister in their beautiful temples. Women also took part in the performance of music, and danced in religious processions, as Miriam did before Moses. In early times we find the Irish had attached to their different courts, poets, story-tellers and harpers, and in an ancient record we hear "that the people deemed each other's voices sweeter than the warblings of the melodious harp." The Hindus also regarded music as a special gift from the Gods; and Sarasvati gave the Vina to the people of India. Besides the Goddess, a God called Nareda was the geni or patron of musicians and he was a wonderful player on the Vina. Ancient airs called "Ragas" were supposed to be capable of miraculous effects. Nature

was supposed to move according to the power of the singer. Another "Raga" was supposed to be sung when a drought was on the land, and the singer by this wonderful melody was able to call down rain. Yet another Raga when sung had power to obscure the light of the sun.

The Hindus, like the Irish and Scotch, were believers in the supernatural, and music was able to perform magical deeds, hence in India the magic deeds of music were named Sandharven, and their performers Apsarsen. On looking into the musical history of Ireland we find a close connection in the power of music over mankind. The Irish had their three wonderful melodies the Geuntraighe, which excited to love, and softened the pillow and soothed in times of relaxation; the Goltraighe which stimulated warriors to glorious deeds of valour, and the Swantraighe, which cast a deep sleep on the listeners. Many legends there are relating to the power of these three wonderful airs. Walker the historian states that the Greeks borrowed the same idea from the Egyptians. I am inclined to believe that all the countries borrowed from one common source—India. In examining several Hindu songs I was struck with their ending, being composed in exactly the same manner as the old Irish airs. The Irish usually conclude in repeating the tonic three times, and a general rule to the musical antiquarian is, when you come across a tune ending like this it is commonly supposed to be Irish. Now one air which I examined is so like the Irish, with its final ending and all, that it could be placed in an Irish collection without fear of detection. The song was named "Night doth on the River Fall." For the benefit of musicians I might mention several interesting collections of Indian Airs—W. Bird's "Oriental Miscellany," C. Truck's "Collection of Hindostanee Songs," T. G. Williamson's "Original Hindostanee Airs," and "Saurindramohana Hindu Music" published in Calcutta, 1875. In playing over these old airs, one is lost in amazement at the construction and similarity of these airs to our Irish airs, and it makes one believe that we must all have sprung originally from one common family. Besides the musical lute called Vina, there was another instrument called Kitar, upon which the young Feramorz struck "careless and melancholy chords" before commencing to tell his story of "Paradise and the Peri" to the lovely

Lalla Rookh. Thomas Moore, the Poet and Musician of Ireland, fills pages with glowing allusions to the power of music, and all through the story of Lalla Rookh runs a fairy tinkle of dancing feet encircled with tiny golden bells, the music of an enchanted fountain, songs of joy or ecstasy, until the unhappy Princess finds her heart belongs to the singer Feramorz. "The Feast of Roses" is also mentioned as having "many tents pitched with crowds of men and women, and boys who made music and danced." The Irish had at their fair of "Carman" story tellers and countless singers and dancers.

One of the Pagan customs which linger on in Ireland is the huge bonfires that are lighted at Bealtaine, and these fires which burn on the tops of the highest mountains were lighted originally in honour of the Sun. Edward Bunting writes in his treatise "On Ancient Music in Ireland," published 1840, "Odd as it may appear, a warm admirer of Irish music was found in those remote parts in the late King of Oude. This potentate had contracted a partiality for our harp and music from the resemblance they bore to the music and to some of the instruments of his own country, which were like the Irish harp strung with wire. In consequence he caused application through the late John Williamson Fulton, Esq., of Lisburn, then a principal of the mercantile house of Mackintosh & Co., at Calcutta, to the Editor (Edward Bunting) at that time one of the managers of the Harp Society at Belfast, requesting that the Society would send him a harper and piper, for whom he purposed to make a splendid provision. The society was unwilling to part with Rainey, then Master of the School; and there was no other harper who could be deemed sufficiently master of his instrument to support the musical pretensions of the country at a foreign Court. However, not to treat his Highness' commands with disrespect, the society sent him a very good piper, provided with an excellent pair of Irish Union bagpipes. The piper was honourably received and much caressed at Calcutta, but having addicted himself to arrack, he lost his opportunities and never reached his destination. The story goes, that he was drowned in the Ganges, having fallen off the forecastle of the pleasure barge sent to convey him to his Highness' residence, while performing on the pipes. It is further said that the tune he was playing, when he fell overboard was Carolan's Receipt,* but

* An Ode in praise of Whiskey.

this probably is an invention." Strange, again, that help should come from India, when Belfast was trying to keep the Harp School alive, and money was sent by the following residents in India :—the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, General Sir William Casement, Sir Francis McNaghten, Major Charles Kennedy, John Williamson Fulton, A. Gordon Caulfield. These gentlemen sent over one thousand and one hundred pounds, and the Harp Society flourished for several years, but after the death of Rainey the Society ceased to exist.

In conclusion I should like to quote from Mrs. Hugh Fraser's brilliant book on Japan, for here she describes an Indian dance which was performed at the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Japan. The programme for the pleasure of the guests consisted of several ceremonious dances. The first dance was composed with music by the Emperor Yorner 1,300 years ago. It represented the flight of a bird of Paradise in the golden age. The second dance was composed 987 years ago by a general in the Life Guards. The third dance was arranged from the Chinese original, 1,037 years ago. It represented the idea of the establishment of peace by the regulation of every disorder and discrepancy. The fourth dance named Baero music was transmitted from India 1,160 years ago in the reign of the Emperor Shcomu and represented the idea of the submission of enemies. Mrs. Fraser's vivid description of the warlike dance is as follows.

" Ah ! this is Indian music— a strong, many-throated strain with tender intervals and pauses, and swelling notes of sober joy. Who knows what voices gave it birth four thousand years ago ! Strange indeed, are the dresses of the dancers now, six tall men, straight as palms, lithe as the spear cut from the young bamboo ; with close shod feet and close-wrapped sleeves that show every turn of the fine wrist as it darts or draws back the spear that implies the submission of enemies. Are the men six or one, I wonder ? Faultlessly matched in height and figure, they go through their rapid evolutions with such precision that every streaming end of drapery makes the same curl on the air the same moment. Their dress seems like a close clinging tunic and under robe of some soft silk tissue, in which threads of red and gold are closely intermingled, so that the folds which seemed red and gold are closely

intermingled, so that the folds which seemed red in the shadow break in dusky gold, when the light falls on them. But the whole costume is composed of ribbon-like bands of material, which hang close when the wearer is in repose, but shake and part and float on the wind produced by his motion, and as the movement swings on in a triumphant step, these bands fly aside, all at the same instant, at the same angle, and reveal gleams of splendid armour beneath—breastplates where the light twinkles on gold and lacquer, arms where a sleeve of mail clings to the supple muscles—show the sword hilt on the hip, and a long straight blade, hanging by the swift straight links.

“ Six great spears dart upright, cross their points, are laid out in a square on the cloth, while the dancers thread quick steps across and across them, and at last, as the music screams for victory, the men fall back, each in his place, stretched almost on the ground, his head by the spear’s head, his feet at the spear’s foot ; they hang for an instant, as if in the act of falling still, and at a sudden note spring to their feet with their draperies whirling behind them, they drop the spear points in low obeisance towards the Emperor ; their heads touch the ground in uniform homage and they are gone ; the screens have closed behind them.” Such is Mrs. Hugh Fraser’s graphic description of the music and dance of India, and as every item has been handed down carefully all these years, we may assume that we have seen a piece of old India in all its glowing wealth of colour, grace and poetry through the spectacles of Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

O. MILLIGAN FOX.

AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL IN THE HILLS FOR INDIAN BOYS

NEARLY twenty years ago an article appeared in the *Pioneer* under the heading, "If it be real what does it mean?" from the pen of an eminent statesman who carefully watched the progress of events in India and noted the changes which were taking place in the moral, material and political aspects of her people. Education was gradually dispelling the clouds of prejudice and steadily advancing the cause of Western civilisation even into the "unchangeable East." The stern influence of oriental might was giving place to the softening but enduring sympathy of a broader conception of humanity ; the old order was changing and slowly but surely giving place to the new, and all this was wrought by education on western lines, which western benevolence and the large-hearted principles of the foremost British rulers of India had initiated.

It is only now, after half a century of education, that we have come to appreciate its manifold blessings and cry out for more and more of it. The country is ringing with news of noble donations for educational purposes, and patriotic thoughts are echoing from one end of India to the other. In the United Provinces alone more than forty lakhs were subscribed last year towards this cause, an unprecedented fact to which the memorable resolution of Sir James La Touche bore ample testimony, not long ago. In Bengal, Bombay, Madras and the Punjab we find the same spirit abroad till we are forcibly reminded of the well known couplet of an immortal English poet,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep or touch not the Pyerian spring."

We do indeed long to drink deep of the western knowledge of arts and sciences and some of us are contriving to approach its spring.

We had the ways and the means placed before us by a paternal Government which has brought us up so far, but now that we are grown up, we must strike out for ourselves. There is ample evidence to prove that all over India there is an undefined feeling of self-help, but the very first thing to enable us to attain our object is obviously the solid comprehension of facts which can bring about the consummation of our desire. We must first of all learn the arts of cohesion and co-operation and then look to extended education, and education alone in every shape and form, to be the guiding star of our destiny. We must strive with every nerve to preserve it, maintain it and multiply it. East and West must meet and join hands together under the noble and all-absorbing sympathy of education; and the communion of minds must work the miracle of solidity which no other conceivable influence ever can.

Western education has revealed itself sufficiently for us to appreciate and comprehend it. It is, therefore, absolutely incumbent on us to provide means for bringing it, in perfection, closer home to those who for various reasons find themselves unable to approach it. There are hundreds of those in India who have drunk deep from its bright exhilarating spring in her own beautiful and free country, which providence has endowed with the choicest blessings of climate and surpassing scenery of hills, dales and emerald meadows, where stately elms have stood guard for centuries, giving restful shade to both man and beast, where sunshine and shadow blend together forming marvellous effects in the sweet scented air on a summer eve. We have our own blessings to be thankful for, and the grandness of our own hoary Himalaya beckons us back from the dreams of a lovely country, with which God has so closely united us.

Those who can afford to send their sons for education to England must, of course, continue to do so, but the majority have only moderate means and must be content with the institutions in this country which have not the same resources at their command. Natural ability very often shows itself even here, but where is the scope for its expansion? Can we not supply the defect in our own country? Yes, we surely can if we only set ourselves unitedly to work for it. For a good boys' and a girls' school on the up-to-date English public school model we must find at least ten lakhs of

rupees to cover the initial expenditure of buildings, equipment and masters' passages out from England. Their salaries also will have to be paid till the school becomes self-supporting. Any profits accruing will go towards the school funds, and its management will be entirely in the hands of the trustees duly appointed. We must find a thousand stout hearts in the whole of India to come together and subscribe one thousand rupees each for such public schools in the salubrious climate of our lovely Himalayas. For our boys must undergo a special training to become more or less self-reliant if they wish to proceed to England, Japan or America to finish their education or acquire professional knowledge or mercantile experience. The parents, too, will then have confidence, in more ways than one, that their money will not be wasted and that their young hopefuls will do credit to their previous training in our own country.

In view of this it is proposed to establish a boys' school first at or near Mussoorie, which is more central than any other hill station, with a climate particularly suitable to growing boys—but any other hill station chosen by the majority will do equally well—to be called, if we are fortunate in obtaining the Royal assent, "King Edward's School," so as to work it on the same lines as the King Edward's School in England. The education imparted in it will be on a broad basis, as it is intended that the school should be nonsectarian. The life and surroundings, so far as possible, will be the same as in the English public schools. There will be two separate departments, one for junior boys, and the other for senior boys but they will both be under the same headmaster. Special regard will be paid to diet and objectionable articles of food will be excluded. Otherwise attendance at Hall for meals will be rigidly enforced.

Day scholars will not be admitted under any circumstances, so as to leave no loophole for interference with the strict discipline and healthy tone which are the desiderata aimed at.

As there are possibly many who advocate the cause of "Indianised institutions under purely Indian supervision," it may at once be explained that the public school is intended principally for the children of gentlemen, educated abroad, and those who wish to proceed to Europe, Japan or America to finish their education and

also for those who are not bound by prejudices. It is necessary that a clear understanding should exist at the outset on this important point. The school will be under the control of an eminent staff composed of experienced English gentlemen from England, and Indian gentlemen who have been educated abroad and know something about public schools.

One cannot fail to recognise the extreme importance of religious instruction along with moral, physical, and intellectual training, but where so many religions are represented it is futile to attempt the impossible in providing religious instruction for boys of every creed. It would, therefore, be enough to instil into the young minds broad moral principles, and leave the rest to the parents.

Such are the lines, on which "King Edward's School" is to be established for Indian boys. The girls' school will have our earnest attention where the one for boys is an accomplished fact, for the time has come, when male and female education must go hand in hand.

Throughout the east there are signs of awakening from a contemplation of its past glory, but India is still rubbing her eyes and can scarcely look through the mist which ages have created. Her ancient philosophy, the boundless faith of her children in the old beliefs of their fathers, and above all the spiritual tendency towards the undefined of the high and low in the land, all blend together to surround her with an impenetrable atmosphere of mystery.

Although the rough beaten tracks are relinquished by some for the high roads which lead to a wider landscape, yet the majority prefer to travel along them, single file, carrying their burdens of woe, ignorance, and simplicity to the cramped horizon which limits their view. Everything to them is "*Maya*" in this world, if they know something of philosophy and possess the knowledge of India's past greatness. They prefer to dwell in the past. The ignorant, on the other hand, appear to be content as long as wages are good, the harvests plentiful, and the bare necessities of life cheap. They have no ambition, no ideas, and no high and noble thoughts, for themselves, their children, or their country. The cattle of the fields have the same wants as they have; and why should their condition be any better? "*Maya*" and "*Trishna*" have done their work in bringing us to the state of "*Pashus*"!

Surely we may believe in them and yet work for the good of each other so long as it is given to us to pass our lives in a pilgrimage of this world? If there were only "Maya," where would "Karma" come in? Karma does not mean sitting idle in contemplation. It means *work*, good, hard, substantial work, and contemplation too, but the work must be unselfish. We beg to be pardoned for this digression but it was unavoidable, as India really needs a good western shaking to wake her out of her slumbers. Patriots who have the love of their country at heart do not belong to one sect or society, nor do they limit their vision to a particular sect. Syed Ahmads and Ishwar Chandras do not appear every day, and the age in which such men have lived, and the people among whom they were born, and for whose good they worked, must consider themselves the objects of a special blessing. They appeared like the great luminaries, for a time, showing us the way, and have disappeared, but their influence is everlasting. Unselfish, self-denying, fearless, they initiated that which the country most required. They knew that Urdu and Hindi were not the best mediums for education in India to dispel the crass ignorance in which their countrymen were steeped; they knew that their countrymen must come into touch with the civilising nations to rise above the slough and stagnation of ignorance, inertia and prejudice into which they had fallen. For this end they devoted their time, nay, their lives, to advocating the cause of Western Education, and the results of their far-sighted policy are seen and felt now all over India. That splendid institution, the Aligarh College, is too well known to require any praise from me, and its work is appreciated wherever it is known. We would be proud indeed if our school acted as a feeder to it and other useful institutions in course of time. Who does not know of the enduring work of Ishwar Chander Vidya Sagar in the cause of educational reform and social reform? The widow remarriage act and its operation owed the initiation to him. It is western knowledge and western education which produced the revulsion of feelings of that saintly man at the awful horrors of Indian widowhood. Can we forget that there are even now child widows, oh, horror of horrors! *even baby widows*, who without education, without the comfort of higher influences, are destined to pass their whole lives in the miserable

drudgery of a widow's *triste* existence! Her sad lot, alone, is awful to behold, and who can deny that if there were aught in Hindi and Urdu education, without western training and advanced ideas, humanitarian instincts would not have prevailed long ago? We refrain from touching on more delicate matters for fear of offending susceptibilities. Suffice it to say that we owe much to the West, and unless East and West, in the words of your most apt and excellent motto "mixt their dim lights like life and death," there would be no broadening into the "boundless day."

S. N. SHIVANATH SINHA.

Tajpore, Bijpur.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN IN EGYPT,

IN Pharaoh's palace every chattering slave
 Stands hushed and trembling, while the haughty King,
 Humbled at last, kneels by that stricken thing—
 His own dead son no human help can save.
 Dumb, stunned, he learns how anguished mothers rave
 All throughout Egypt for their eldest born,
 How funeral on funeral 'neath morn
 Hurry the corpses to a common grave.
 And Israel, moving out of Goshen, led
 By Moses, sends triumphant shouts on high ;
 While from all Egypt wailings for the dead
 Assault with vehemence the dawning sky,
 Against whose blood-red sun the vultures fly
 Upwards, and wait aloft with wings outspread.

HENRY CAMPBELL.

Nagpur.

OUTCASTES, SHUDRAS AND PLAGUE.

“ THE open letter to the Indian Medical Service ” by Sigma, in the September issue, *East & West*, is admirable, and voices ideas that have been growing upon me since many years ago I became a vegetarian. Why? because I was in miserable ill health, the doctors failed to cure me, and only made me worse. I therefore had to do as the Brahmans did thousands of years ago when Alexander, the foreign Greek, first showed foreigners how to dominate India. They, the Brahmans then gave up animal sacrifices, gave up eating the sacrifice and drinking Soma, *i.e.*, alcohol, with immediate benefit to health. Unfortunately the teachings of Brahmans have been selfish, everything for their twice-born selves, nothing for the Shudra, and hell upon earth for the Outcaste. The people oppressed beyond all endurance by the vicious system of the kings farming the taxes, and excessive interest on debt from father to son. The result has been that the Shudra and Outcaste have joined the invading army and received peace for a generation. The foreign king has been obliged to employ in his Administration the only educated man in the country, the Brahman, who has selfishly kept education restricted to his own caste or *Varna*, not even educating the children of the king. The Brahman has taught these children to immerse themselves in vices, or at least not made these vices difficult. The king or his children have found it politic to become Hindus, and be initiated into the Kshatriya caste or *Varna*, or the Brahmans have favoured a revolution, and put in a Hindu king. Then the misery of the Shudra and Outcaste has returned, for the Brahman is naturally dominated by the ancient Greek aphorism which I quote somewhat altered: “ He who believes himself to be in possession of uncontrolled power is tempted to become a tyrant.” The Brahman is no worse than any other class that has been in possession of power. The English working men, now the backbone of the nation, have gone through just the same experience. The three classes of Priests, Peers and Merchants kept in their own hands the educational privileges initiated during the reign of Elizabeth, and the

working class was sunk in vice, drunkenness and misery ; they were practically serfs. They were rescued only one hundred and fifty years ago by the God-given Wesleys, John and Charles, who, divinely inspired, went as missionaries among their own countrymen. They first pointed out to them the way of conversion, the method taught by the Lord Jesus in the New Testament of salvation from evil. This gave the people hope. They then set to work to educate them. They selected as preachers those who had been touched by the Divine Spirit, and were willing to devote themselves to teaching those who had not yet found the way. Curious is it not? that "preacher" is an old Sanskrit word, "*pracharak*," showing that in the former days there were Hindu missionaries in India, Buddhists, I think, not Brahmans, who spent their lives in evangelising their countrymen, a work now, alas, left to Europeans. It was nothing to the Wesleys that their preachers were uneducated. All they asked was self-denial, self-sacrifice, devotion. Then the Wesleys, dominated by the spirit of organization, of real Swadeshism, set to work to teach them. They prepared a cheap English dictionary, about the same time as Samuel Johnson published his immortal book, and educational books of all sorts, social as well as religious. They set up presses to print these books, and schools in which to teach from them. The Wesleys were educated men, fellows of the University of Oxford, and clergymen of the Church of England, but their fellow clergymen were so incensed against them for teaching "the common people," that they closed their churches against them, and the Wesleys had to preach to their thousands of followers on the hill sides in the open air.

The work begun by the Wesleys has gone on to this day. They have been the means of uplifting in the social scale the skilled artisans of England and Ireland. The Reform Bill of 1832 and subsequent reforms have been the fruits of their efforts. Religious reforms have brought social reforms in their train. The Wesleyans are usually called Methodists, such as Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Free Methodists, and in America Methodist Episcopalians, each of these bodies numbering millions of members. They are the salt of English and American political life, and are helping the development of all that is good and wise in the government of the Colonies and of India. The Wesleys permanently improved the social status of those willing to be educated, but failed to reach those living in the back slums of cities, who were too poor to go to school. This last work has been left to the Board Schools who teach the children, and to the Salvation Army led by General Booth, originally trained as a Methodist preacher, who are evangelising the adults

all over the world. It is not a little curious that Swadeshism is only successful when carried out by the method of education in successive sectional countries. For instance John Knox commenced the education of the boys and girls of "the common people" in Scotland during the reign of James I, just three hundred years ago, and it was due to his wise organization that these boys and girls were taught side by side in the Parish schools all over Scotland, that the Colleges were thrown open to every one, the terms being so arranged that the young men were able to study during the six winter months, when field cultivation was not possible. The result is that the cost of Collegiate education in Scotland is only one sixth what it is in England. It is for this reason that so many of our administrators have been and are Scotch, due primarily to the facilities for collegiate education in Scotland.

India is a continent of many languages and peoples, each of whom must be separately educated in religious and social reforms by their own God-given (Sansk. *devadatta*) preachers. There is no shorter way, nothing is possible but the gospel, the good news of hard work in a tropical sun. Each preacher must be skilled to teach, to speak eloquently, sympathetically, convincingly, in the language understood by his own countrymen, he must have nothing to do with caste, good in its way as a series of Trades-Unions, his work must be to raise "the common people," may be, Shudras first and then the Outcastes, the sweepers, halalkhors, mochis, chamars, mangs and dheds of Western India, and the Paraiyahs of Madras. If successful, the preacher must stick to his own people, not be tempted by success to stray over the border into the adjoining country. He must start printing presses to disseminate his teachings in his own vernacular. No man can be fluent in more than one language. Above all he must start primary school houses, or agitate for the Government or his Municipality to start them—schools which can be used for his preachings in the evening, on holidays and Sundays.

Look at the India of to-day. The people are starving for lack of spiritual food, they are perishing of plague for want of reasonable sensible hygienic teaching. They ought to feel disgust, horror at doing the evil thing, but they do it, knowing that it is evil, because there is no vernacular preacher to teach them the better way, that of a little self-denial. Look at the village tank from which everybody drinks till in our famine times it dries up. It is the receptacle of all uncleannesses. Early in the morning before sun rise every one, man, woman, and child goes to its banks to evacuate, and then close to the water to make his ablutions with his hands because he is too poor to keep a special brass cup for this purpose to take with him in a decent way into the jungle, and it is contrary

to caste to use for cooking a cup which has been devoted to this purpose. They all soap, wash and rinse their dirty clothes in the same tank on flat stones placed for the purpose, and then walk in a little deeper to draw water for drinking and cooking. In how few tanks do you see a built masonry well, which acts as a filter to keep these abominations out of the drinking water. The rich man of the village invariably builds the temple, the Brahman priest forces him to do this by the threat of punishment on the other side after death, but I have never yet seen a masonry washing place near the village tank, so constructed as to drain the dirty water away from the tank, and save the drinking water from pollution:

Look again at the misery of drunkenness overspreading the land. The people drink in ignorance, because they think it does them good. The highest medical authorities in England are now teaching that it is a poison, worse than useless in health and sickness, and that the public Hospitals in London and elsewhere in England have largely given it up, using milk in its place. Curious again, is it not? using an Indian remedy! In London and the large towns on every Sunday and holiday, you find in the parks and other public places, preachers of the working classes denouncing the evils of alcohol, and preaching the benefits of total abstinence. Look at Hindus a little higher in the social scale who live in a room which has a masonry bath place, used for washing the cooking pots. They all micturate in this bath place before retiring to rest, the children, sick and aged are allowed to evacuate in the same place, because the masonry privy is too far distant and too dirty to go into oftener than necessary. It is dirty because it is contrary to caste to touch with their own hands broom and water to cleanse it after use, the hell upon earth—the sweeper—is never allowed to enter and cleanse this dirty privy, this is done by special high caste Marathas called Ghatees, from whom Sivaji drew his soldiers, who have descended to this lowly work. The practice has this awkward result. Every Hindu habituates himself to walking in the middle of the road, to the no small disgust of the driver of carriage and car, because the house-widow or house-wife is in the habit of throwing out of the window packets of soft something wrapped in bits of paper. Handling these is allowable by caste to her, but very unpleasant to him on whose clothes they fall. She does not trouble to call out the Hindu equivalent of "Take care," as was the practice in Edinburgh one hundred years ago.

Where is the Hindu who is devoting his life to teaching his own countrymen the way of salvation, religiously and socially? There are a few Vedantic Brahmans who go to America to teach Englishmen the Vedanta, forsooth because Europeans have come to India to teach Chris-

tianity to Outcastes. Sister Nivedita, an American lady, a convert of the late Vivekananda, has come to India and is doing her good work in teaching Bengalis the cult of Ramkrishna. She is alone in her good work.

I have referred above to the gospel. The Lord Buddha first taught his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation" *i.e.*, to animals as well as men. From that time animal sacrifices became irreligious, and the eating of flesh-meat a thing to be denounced. Five hundred years later the Lord Jesus taught his disciples exactly the same aphorism: But unfortunately the "the whole Creation" of the former was translated "every creature" in the latter. The Roman Catholic, the dominant church has always wrongly taught that the word "creature" was restricted to the human race, and that it had no reference to animals. Hence cruelty to animals has in the West a quasi-religious sanction. It is taught in the Buddhist scriptures, that the Lord refused salvation to the Chandala, to the mixed offspring of Shudra man and Brahman woman. This word has no reference to the reverse, that of the Brahman with the Shudra woman, which was quite or almost proper. The word is so contrary to the teaching of the Lord, that it is no doubt in that place a Brahman interpolation.

In writing this paper the dominant feeling in my mind has been "how to cure the plague." Frankly, I do not know. I wish I did. Our doctors don't know. They make a great show of changing their ideas about it every two years. The latest theory is "rat fleas." As with this theory it is essential to evacuate your house, to that extent it is good. But you must be careful what you do. You have to run away from the flea of the black rat. In Bengal they teach that the flea of the brown rat is good, *ergo*, you must not kill the brown rat on any account! I have mentioned some of the gentle habits of our Hindu friends, all of them due to caste teachings and prejudices. I will mention another, common to Marathas only—their habit of crowding up a sleeping room, for the sake of warmth and company. They used to live in Bombay four in a room. Now, owing to the operations of the Improvement Trust, rooms have become scarce, rents have doubled, and therefore Marathas now sleep eight in one room. It cannot be stopped. It will right itself; more houses will be built to meet the demand. But in the meantime, it makes it all the more difficult to deal with the plague. I have frequently had to visit "U. H. H." houses, vacated because "Unfit for Human Habitation" on account of the plague. Once I found one room crowded with fleas. They jumped up my legs and thickly covered my whole body. I had to flee. I thought at the time that they were poultry fleas. When I got to office I found one had half buried

itself in the skin of my forehead. It could get no deeper. I could not pick it out with my nails, and had to amputate it with the point of a penknife. I ought to have taken the plague, but I did not. Rat fleas were not known in those days. Another reason for the tenacious hold of the plague in the Bombay Presidency is that basalt rock is everywhere close to the surface. Dirty sullage water remains on the surface of the ground, a nest for all kinds of disease germs. Calcutta and Madras are to that extent better off. Their water sinks below, out of harm's way. There is the same sandy loamy soil in the Punjab. But here the analogy fails, due as I think to the severe course of inoculation which the Panjabis suffered three years ago.

In this paper I am writing frankly upon what in modern India affects the hygienic surroundings of the people. We cannot ignore the pig. In many parts of India he is the only scavenger obtainable. Years ago I passed through the city gates of Jaipur, Rajputana, early in the morning. At the same time were passing out troops of wild pig that had entered before the gates were closed in the evening, and having done their work would sleep the day in the jungle. On the outskirts of a walled city of a Native State in Western India, in a field reserved for the purpose, I have seen the human droppings so close that it was difficult to walk safely. The wild pig did their work during the night, and kept the city free from disease. In Bandra and in Goa territory they make no pretence of employing men, the tame pig and myriads of the large black ant do the work effectually. If plague comes the people camp out in the jungle till it is safe to return to their houses. In Bandra the subsoil is unabsorbent basalt, while in Goa territory it is sand and laterite, *i.e.*, oxide of iron rock, very absorbent. In both cases camping out in leaf huts is all that is needed to keep the plague within reasonable limits. The holy cow and the fowl are very unclean feeders, they greedily eat any droppings of man or animal at which they can get. The sheep and goat are the cleanest feeders known. Hence the reason, as I think, why Hindus and Parsees never eat beef or fowl, but carefully restrict themselves to mutton. The Musalman, who eats beef as a religious duty, ought really to be more careful, at least in India. He knows that such food is unsafe. The European sins from ignorance, but some, long resident in India, are careful only to eat mutton.

I am inclined to think, as with cholera so with plague. Both these diseases are endemic with us. They have never left India. They are Heaven's curse upon India for the treatment which the Brahman has always taught the Hindu to bestow formerly to the Shudra, now to the Outcaste. For the Shudra artisan is no longer treated as a Shudra, he has become a respectable citizen. But the Law Courts are to him a curse.

He is ruined, when for the sake of caste he has to borrow of the village banker for occasions of birth, marriage or death a few rupees on the security of his lands or of his pay at one anna per rupee per month, equal to seventy-five per cent. per annum, and is always in poverty and wretchedness. The Outcaste cultivates the village lands and reaps the crops for his hard task-masters. He at least is deserving of protection. But his wage at this work is threepence per day. He starves during the remainder of the year, except on such work as he can get as a labour cooly at a railway station. I have talked with coolies at Matheran, who informed me that their home was near Panchgani, 150 miles away. Their lands mortgaged, they made four trips daily, walking thirty-two miles, and two miles vertically in the tropical sun for twenty pence! On each trip each man and woman carries half a hundredweight on their heads. At another of our hill stations, also near a railway, I have talked with outcaste coolies who lived in the same outcaste village on opposite sides thereof, and who would not drink water from each others' hands, because one outcaste eats only buffalo that has died a natural death, and considers himself of higher caste, more respectable than the other, who eats dead buffalo, and also dead cow, and any other animal! Why do they eat such disease-breeding, dangerous food? Their poverty and not their will made them consent when the Aryan, and his selfish, cruel, thoughtless teacher the Brahman, first took possession of the country. The outcaste tanner is an artisan we cannot do without. He ought to be considered respectable. When he is starving because the village cattle refuse to die, he buys a pennyworth of arsenic, sufficient to kill half a dozen cattle, then skins and eats them, arsenic and all. If he is not a tanner he sells the skins to an outcaste merchant, who salts and rails them to Bombay for shipment to Europe. And I see no hope for the salvation of India until the outcaste is lovingly taken in hand as a "creature," one of God's human creation, who for three thousand years has been under the yoke of servitude to his hard taskmasters. The Shudra also must be relieved from the heavy yoke of interest, of servitude to the Law Courts. At present he pays in interest one-fourth to one half of his daily wage. How it is to be done I do not know. I sometimes think it would be better if every cultivator, every artisan, every outcaste were by law relieved from the judgments of the Law Courts. But if this were made the law, these classes would bring to the judges documentary evidence to show that they were not cultivators, artisans or outcastes. And the Judges would believe the documents rather than the evidence of their eyes! Because each Judge, with one hundred

and fifty cases daily to try, has no time to enquire into the facts of each case. But perhaps if such a law were passed, they would have no cases left to try, the cruel moneylenders would give up filing their false suits upon stamp papers in duplicate, filled up after the shudra artisan has attached his signature, the only truthful word in the document !

Our duty is to sacrifice ourselves for the outcaste, not because he is an outcaste, but because he is poor, and, to place it on the lowest ground, because his poverty is the direct cause of all the diseases that vex the human race. In this matter we have to put caste and ceremonial purity on one side where these come into conflict with our duty. The Master, belonging to the caste of Jewish Shudra carpenters, drank water from the hands of the Samaritan outcaste woman, one also of loose character. One came to Him and asked, " Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life." " Keep the ten Commandments." " All these have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet ?" " If thou wilt be perfect, sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me." But he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. The young man misunderstood the teaching of the Master, it has been misunderstood from then up to now. The Master did not teach that the young man should give it away, but that he should hold all his wealth of goods, of intellect, of learning, as a matter of duty, at the disposal of the Master. Nothing should be his own, all should be the Lord's, to be used in His service, for the advancement, the evolution of the race in strength and wisdom, goodness, beauty, truth.

It is the poor who suffer, from ignorance no doubt. The betterment of the race is only possible through self-denial. There is no shorter way. What is the antidote to prostitution ? Celibacy in the home. The abstinence of the husband towards the wife. No more running away into the jungle to avoid the obligations of the family. The real forsaking is rather to be found within the family. Riches are not given for the purpose of indulgence. Health is to be found in abstinence from many things now considered allowable, such as the flesh meats, fish and eggs, tobacco, betel-pepper leaf, hot spices and curries, alcohol and intoxicating drugs. No hard and fast law can be laid down, each one has to use his own judgment in the things from which he will abstain, but it is certain that the nearer the simple life is approached, the clearer becomes the intellect and heart, the more definite the Vision of the Supreme within the heart, when the body by self-denial has been first made pure. And when health has been established in one's own body, then only does one see clearly how health can be given to others.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**A National
System of
Education.**

The race for power is ever exciting : the race for knowledge often causes fatigue. Eastern political institutions concentrated power : Western political institutions diffuse it. Hence the march from despotism to democracy attracts an increasing number of recruits : the army that believes itself to be marching towards the promised land of self-government swells at every stage. It scarcely halts at one stage, when it thinks it is quite prepared to march on to the next. Very different are the feelings which are engendered in the course of an intellectual pilgrimage. The cry there is for slow and easy marches, unless a nation is filled with youthful enthusiasm, as Japan is. The Japanese are an ambitious race : they wish it to be acknowledged by the world that their Universities aim at a high standard. If the standard is so high that the Professors have very few pupils to teach, they may devote their time to research ; yet the standard must be high. The Professors may set easy questions at examinations and deal leniently with the candidates ; yet it must appear that no one can pass without securing 50 per cent. or even more, of the aggregate number of marks. The ideal must be high, though the failure in its realisation may be leniently treated. Such is the Japanese notion. In India every one knows how bitterly and strenuously the attempt to raise the "altitude" of University education was resisted. The Indian intellect has lost its youth and its enthusiasm. Whither are we speeding? Where have we left our old moorings? What has become of our national heritage? What do we gain by our feverish pursuit after Western knowledge? Such are the doubts and questionings which oppress the sincere, but not overbold, thinkers of an ancient land. In that good company may

perhaps be found a few whose reasons for resisting "efficiency" may be personal and selfish. But the general desire for education on national lines cannot be attributed to a selfish origin. There is, indeed, something vaguely attractive about the very word "national," and its adoption is often due to its attractiveness, rather than its appositeness. In the schemes of national education sometimes proposed, there is very little that is really national; on the other hand there is a great deal which is Western, and it is inevitable. The true national system of education came to an end with the famous controversy between Orientalists and Occidentalists, which resulted in the discomfiture of the former. Since then Western knowledge and the English language have been acquired with great avidity, and the real national system is now gathered among institutional antiquities. No one wishes to revive it in its old form: it is not fit to live in the midst of the new surroundings. In the famous Banquet chronicled by the Greek idealist, Secrates questions Agatho into admitting that pleasure consists in pursuit, rather than in possession. Water flows in consequence of inequality of level: the current becomes sluggish as the inequality is reduced. In the early days of English education, he who could understand the "Merchant of Venice" was a prodigy, and he who could draw off a spark from a Leyden jar, was a wizard. England was far away, it was visited by very few. English books were in the hands of a few *chelas*: Englishmen were the Mahatmas. All that is now changed. England is next door to us: the mail steamer carries Indians to England almost every week. The leading firms of English book-sellers have branches in India. Libraries introduce us to every important book written in the English language. Newspapers quote or paraphrase every important article published in English journals. English literature is the breath of our nostrils. Nay, there are now small currents in the opposite direction. Indian students beat English students in their own Universities; Indian scientists show cunningly devised experiments in physical science to English audiences; and Indian *sannyasis* claim before American audiences that the Vedanta is destined to be the universal religion of mankind. The pursuit has ended, and possession has supervened. What is the result? The English language does not pay the milkman's score: the Leyden jar does not make land more fertile and grain more cheap.

Something is felt to be wrong somewhere and a vague discontent prevails in many quarters. What is the good of exacting a high standard of Western knowledge from the youth of the land, when their prospects in life are not brilliant? Why should we give up the distinctive features of the past intellectual life of the nation, when poverty, competition and misery are to be found in the West as well as in the East? Such are the inquiries that have suggested themselves to minds which have travelled far on the road of Western knowledge and which feel the fatigue of the journey. Yet to go back to the days before Macaulay is impossible.

Science knows no distinctions of race and nationality. The chemistry of the rice plant responds to the labours of the black farmer as to those of the white. Nature's laws reveal themselves to the Indian inquirer as they do to his Western brother. There is nothing "national" about a system of education which assigns the first place to a study of the physical sciences. Indeed that system is associated with the name of Herbert Spencer, the English *guru* of Japanese educationists. Ancient India had to teach, rather than to learn from, foreigners; but where there was something to learn the Indian scholars, with all their prejudices, did not disclaim to learn. The Indian astronomer at least was a humble individual. Diligent scholars have unearthed from Sanskrit works nearly two scores of Greek mathematical and astronomical terms disguised in an Indian dress, as, for example, "centre," Greek *kentron*, is disguised as *kendra*. The signs of the zodiac are now popularly known by their Sanskrit names, but at one time Indian astronomers knew and used their Greek names also. This dual nomenclature is exactly what one finds in Japan at the present day. In the gradual replacement of the Greek by Sanskrit names we see one of the crucial tests of the national intellectual vitality. Knowledge, before it is absorbed, is dissolved in a language, and the true test of a national system of education is whether knowledge, be it Eastern or Western, is imbibed through a national medium. If Japan may be said to have a national system of secular education, in spite of the study of Western science and the European languages, it is chiefly because instruction is given there in and through the national language from one end of the course to the other. It is the medium which makes it possible to diffuse a knowledge of Western science beyond the narrow circle of those who

learn the European languages. The whole of the Western scientific terminology has not been converted into the vernacular : nothing is gained by calling a commercial article like naphthalene or phenol by a different name. A total exclusion of foreign words, when contact with foreign countries continues, might amount to linguistic fanaticism, while a wholesale absorption of foreign words would argue an intellectual insolvency and a lack of the artistic sense unworthy of any nation which has a literature of its own. In Japan a large number of words have been translated, while others have been borrowed with a slight modification of sound. It is just possible that eventually the foreign element will be excluded almost as entirely as it is in Sanskrit. In India neither the Universities nor the Education Departments have taken any trouble to make the vernaculars more efficient as vehicles of new ideas. Native scholars have from time to time endeavoured to give currency to new words. The most recent, and perhaps the most successful, of such attempts is that of the Hindi scholars of the United Provinces. Elementary books on science have been written in certain provinces under the auspices of the Education Departments, but the creation of a scientific terminology seems to have been left more or less to the discretion of the individual writers. The authorities have taken a very lukewarm interest in what is called the development of the vernaculars. The *laissez faire* policy, which the Government has so long followed towards the development of agriculture and the manufacturing industries, has also been adopted towards the vernaculars. We shall no doubt be told that languages must grow slowly and that they are made by the people and not by a few scholars. This is not entirely correct : there is a language which the people make, and there is also a language which scholars make. There are three important reasons why the example of Japan cannot easily be followed in India. They have been set forth with great lucidity by Principal Sharp of the Bombay Elphinstone College in an admirable volume on Japanese Education, issued from the office of the Director-General of Education in India. The language of business, both public and private, in Japan, is the vernacular of the people : foreign languages are learnt mainly because an access to foreign text-books on science and to current scientific literature is indispensable. In India a knowledge of English is indispensable to the educated classes for obtaining

any lucrative employment. It is the language in which the public business of the country, and a large amount of private business also, is carried on. Naturally the language which pays most is learnt with greater earnestness than one which does not. In many walks of life, success depends upon the recognition of merit by patrons who are ignorant of the vernaculars. Education is directed practically by men who are acquainted only with foreign literatures. Young men and old, therefore, have to think and talk in the English language outside their homes. Secondly, India is a country of many languages, while the Japanese are a homogeneous nation speaking the same language from one end of the country to the other. This need not in itself be a reason for the neglect of the vernaculars, for the principal Indian languages are spoken each by many millions, and each language may be as independent of others as Japanese is independent of the population of the rest of the world. But no one would think of parcelling out India into a number of intellectually isolated provinces for the sake of the vernaculars. A common language is required to promote and maintain political and social commerce between the different parts of the continent. Thirdly, education is not as widely diffused in India as it is in Japan. The complaint of the vernacular writers here is that they do not get sufficient patronage from the people, unless they employ their talents in sensational journalism. If wholesome literature is to be appreciated by the people at large, education must create in them a taste for such literature. We believe it will be found to be the case that the vernacular literature of the modern type is most popular in provinces where the study of English is deferred longest and the vernaculars are accepted as the media of instruction till late in a school-boy's career. The study of the best authors in the higher classes, side by side with English and other subjects which claim by far the greatest amount of energy and attention, does not seem to create a love for the vernaculars. A study of ancient works too often produces pedants : it is no guarantee of a capacity to wield the modern language with power and facility for purposes of swaying the mind of the general reader. The Bombay University carries its worship of the English language to an extreme when it asks candidates for the M. A. degree examination in the vernaculars to answer their papers in English, except where the examiners require the answers

in the vernacular—the very language in which the candidate's proficiency is to be tested ! While in Japan, European knowledge is conveyed through the vernacular, here the knowledge of a vernacular at the highest examination is to be tested through English ! No national University in any country would tolerate such an extraordinary inversion of the relations which ought to subsist between a vernacular and a foreign language. The vernaculars cannot occupy here the same prominent place, relatively to English, as they might in a country like Japan. Yet, if the patriots who desire to found a national system of education in India have a true conception of what such a system ought to be, we would expect them in the first place to turn their attention to the vernaculars, and secure for them a place appropriate to their importance as a medium through which the majority of the people must express themselves and acquire knowledge.

Another essential trait of a national system of education in India would be religious instruction. Here Japan does not set us an example. The God of the educated Japanese is their Emperor, and their religion is patriotism. "The sole aim of education," as one writer has explained, "is to establish a foundation for the social system by means of the development of the abundance of our national wealth and the expansion of the national power abroad." Wealth and Power are to the educated Japanese what Indra and Agni were to the Vedic Aryans. Instead of religion the Japanese teach morality throughout the educational course. The peculiar attitude of the educated Japanese towards religion was probably the result of the superposition of Buddhistic philosophy upon a system of faith in which the worship of ancestors was the most prominent feature. It is possible that in India too, if the contest between Buddhism and Brahmanism for victory had ended in the complete triumph of the former, and Western education had suddenly dawned upon a country from which the Brahmanical Vedantism and the Semitic monotheism had been excluded, the sole object of education, in the opinion of the leading men of India, would have been to lay a foundation for the acquisition of wealth and power. The history of intellectual development in India, however, followed a different course, and whatever our opinions about a morality dissociated from religion may be, such divorce cannot be effected in a national system of education. If the

multiplicity of languages has been one cause of the comparative neglect of the vernaculars, the multiplicity of religions has been the principal difficulty in the way of introducing religious instruction even in private schools. The most successful attempt that has been made in this direction is due to the exertions and influence of an English lady, who has established a Hindu College at the seat of Hindu orthodoxy.

Thus the absence of at least two of the principal features of what would be recognised as a national system of education in India may be attributed as much to the difficulty of maintaining them as to the peculiar point of view of the authorities presiding over the destinies of education. That difficulty will be experienced with undiminished force by the promoters of the idea of National Universities. It is not so much the personnel as the ideal pursued that would make a University or a system of education national. We do not get nearer to that ideal if we merely criticise existing institutions. One may hear it stated that the present system of education promotes cramming, and that national educationists will devise a system in which cramming shall be unknown. Principal Sharp's book must dispel all hopes of suppressing cram. Every means to that end has been adopted in Japan according to the most advanced principles of education, but without complete success. Examinations are conducted by the teachers themselves and not by outside examiners. The questions are simple, the valuation of answers is lenient, and the percentage of passes is very high. Every attempt is made to withdraw the attention of the students from the terminal examinations, but apparently without avail. It would seem as if the only way to abolish cram was to abolish examinations. Cramming in India, however, is quite national: the indigenous system of education loaded the memory. The development of observational powers is a distinctly modern idea, which we derive from Pestalozzi and not Manu.

CURRENT EVENTS.

With the reopening of Parliament several of the rumours that had gained currency in India regarding Mr. Morley's attitude towards certain important questions have been disproved. The Prime Minister's reply to Mr. O'Donnell that Mr. Morley was willing to reconsider the partition of Bengal, if substantial grounds were shown for the procedure, was naturally misunderstood. It was given out that Mr. O'Donnell's threat about Bengali loyalty and the unceasing agitation in Bengal had so frightened the Cabinet, that the Ministers had been called together specially to discuss the situation in Bengal. Mr. Morley was understood to have dropped a hint in a conversation with a leading Indian publicist that he might reconsider the partition if he received a fresh memorial from Bengal praying for such a step. Indeed, the Muhammadan pro-partitionists were led by all these reports to entertain such serious misgivings that they sent an earnest prayer to the Secretary of State not to reopen the question. Mr. Morley is apparently unmoved by all these memorials and counter-memorials. He has taken his stand on the great principle of political expediency that a decision once deliberately arrived at after full discussion by one Ministry should not be reversed by another Government, unless substantial grounds are shown for the reversal. This saving clause is very tantalising. In the case of a statesman who is credited with a desire to placate public sentiment, a vague hint of a possible change of mind is apt to be understood as a proneness to yield to agitation. Mr. O'Donnell, indeed, assured Mr. Banerji, in a confidential letter, that Mr. Morley will yield to agitation; and another Indian publicist, believed to have picked up a close acquaintance with Mr. Morley's inner self, opined that it was the habit of all Western statesmen, especially in a self-governing country like England, to yield to popular agitation. Mr.

Morley reiterates the Prime Minister's promise, but his meaning may be better understood than before in the light of the reply given by him to a question on simultaneous examinations for the Indian Civil Service. He replied that no new *facts* had been brought to his notice to alter the decision once arrived at on this latter question by a previous Government. Mr. Morley's view of political expediency in reopening questions once settled after full discussion is analogous to the policy followed by the law courts in reviewing their decisions. Some new facts, which would presumably have altered the previous decision, must be advanced before a settled fact can be unsettled, or a decision once given can be revoked. What is judicial may not be always be judicious. In the present case Mr. Morley's philosophy of expediency has at least the definiteness of a principle followed by the administrators of law.



The failure of banks is not an uncommon occurrence. The most remarkable feature about Messrs. Arbuthnot & Co., whose failure has caused widespread disaster in the Southern Presidency, seems to be that they were trusted so largely by Europeans and Natives in every part of the presidency. The firm was believed to be as stable as a Presidency Bank. No one perhaps is able to say why he believed in this firm more implicitly than in others. Man is a believing animal; faith is more comforting than scepticism, especially when it is tempted by a high rate of interest on deposits. Many a charitable institution finds itself to-day unable to carry on its work. Who knows how many widows and orphans have been reduced to privation by the gréat financial disaster! The grief and resentment caused by it in Native society are as intense as they are widespread. The causes of the failure are not yet fully known: the resentment is due to the suspicion that Indian money must have been sunk in questionable speculations in foreign lands. The telegrams state that the English branch of the firm had invested vast sums of money in copper and tin mining. If the money had been lent for Indian enterprises—so it is argued—it would have remained in the country of the depositors, though the creditors might have been personally ruined. The Svadeshi sentiment has given special poignancy to the grief caused by personal misfortune. Small events sometimes stimulate great ideas, and the prevailing idea in several

places now is that Indians must start banks of their own. There are native banks in almost all provinces--the *nidhis* of Madrás have earned a name for themselves. But they are generally on a small scale. Why did they not develop into great firms? Was it because there was not enough enterprise in the country among Natives to give employment to the capital collected by the banks? If so, how can Svadeshi banks on a large scale succeed? Did the Native banks demand such perfect securities that even Native merchants and speculators had to resort to banks managed by Europeans? If so, will the Svadeshi banks, hereafter to be started, adopt a new and bolder policy? Such are some of the questions suggested by the new enthusiasm for founding Svadeshi banks. In whatever channels this patriotism, goaded by sadness and self-impeachment for the past, may ultimately find its vent, the calamity in the Southern Presidency, synchronising, as it has done, with the Svadeshi movement, will have far-reaching effects on Native confidence in the safety of British enterprise. It has been hailed by some as a blessing in disguise. The real blessing has yet to be realised.



His Majesty King Edward VII. travels on his mission of peace in Europe. Other members of the Royal family help in the extension of that mission to the farthest corners of the earth. H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught was present at the Delhi Durbar to represent the Royal family and every one knows with what intense enthusiasm and delight his presence was hailed. It is reported that His Royal Highness will again visit India. Will he meet the Amir of Afghanistan, or test Mr. O'Donnell's threat about Bengali loyalty?



The House of Lords has not accepted the Education Bill, as passed by the Commons, without substantial alterations. Though a few pugnacious politicians flourish their fists at the Peers, the national temper does not seem to favour any campaign against the Upper House. Where Gladstone failed signally, it is not given to smaller men to succeed. The Premier's threat was vague and produced no effect. In India the friction is as yet between Government members and the elected members. The native members of the Legislative Councils who vote with Government, except in a few

cases, are not marked out for the guillotine by the newspapers at the back of the elected. To those who hope that India may have at some future day a constitution similar to that of England, the occasional friction between the Lords and the Commons is instructive. Perhaps on the whole it is more discouraging than otherwise, because it reduces the chances of the constitution being imitated in other parts of the world. However, the day when the Indian noblemen will be differentiated from the Commons seems far distant. It depends less upon the past history of the aristocracy in India than upon the influence which it will hereafter wield under British Rule. The landholders of wealth and hereditary distinction have already realised the importance of united effort in certain provinces, and are beginning to realise it in others. In the Punjab it is proposed to start an association of the noblemen of the province, with objects similar to those of like associations elsewhere. The Indian aristocracy, however, cannot form a distinct caste, and an upper class cannot have an exclusive and consolidated existence, so long as caste distinctions prevent intermarriage and social intercourse between the aristocracies of different provinces.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of EAST & WEST.

SIR,—As a faithful reader of your magazine from its first number, and especially, as a Roman Catholic, I cannot allow Mr. Crossfield's article on "Intellectual and Moral Authority in Europe" to pass without attempting to supply what seems to me necessary for a proper understanding of the Catholic position.

Among the Western influences acting on the East, here, in India, the action of the Catholic Church, through its mighty organisation, is certainly not one of the least. Unobtrusively, yet persistently, she is carrying on her work of evangelisation. The Catholics of Southern India and the numerous recent converts in Chota Nagpore are evidences that her labour has not been fruitless. Christianity works its way upwards from the most degraded strata of society from the slaves of Imperial Rome to the Emperor on his throne. Such has been its history everywhere. We have no right to expect a departure in our day.

As, therefore, I propose to deal with one of the agents of the West that is here at work in the East, I trust you will recognise that these few remarks are quite in keeping with the scope of your magazine and will allow me definitely to put before your readers the nature of the claims made by the Catholic Church to special consideration and exceptional treatment.

Mr. Crossfield is evidently nourished on Protestant literature—all English literature is such—and like him are almost all the pastors and masters that India has received from the West. It is but just to express the views of the other side.

I have no word to say against Mr. Crossfield's summary of the claims of the Catholic Church to intellectual and moral authority. I do not even attempt to dispute his account of the genesis and evolution of this author-

ity. If Mr. Crossfield had remembered Bossuet's great work on Universal History, he would recognise that some such process as that which he has described, is just what the Catholic would expect.

That a parallel process should have produced an apparently similar result in the case of the Greek Church is merely to say that both processes have been natural. The differences between the Greek and Roman Churches, however, are sufficiently marked to deserve attention. Roman Catholics in Europe have been backward in no branch of scientific research, and individuals amongst them have been the intellectual equals of the greatest. The Greek Church has no intellectual giants to place beside great Catholic names. If at times the Church's organisation has been misapplied, out of her proper sphere, in some cases, this check on intellectual development has never been more than trifling and temporary.

Besides this superiority, it must be remembered that the Greek Church still remains *de facto* a national church, while the Catholic Church is what it claims to be, really universal, and is revered and obeyed by millions in America as well as in what are complacently called the backward nations of Europe.

That Catholics have not been bold speculators in philosophy may have its drawbacks from the point of view of the individual, though I do not admit this. Socially, at any rate this has had counterbalancing advantages inasmuch as the power of the Church has always been on the side of orderly progress and social morality. The pessimism of Schopenhauer in philosophy, anarchism in politics, and American divorces in social morality are sufficient evidences of the "giant evil" that threatens humanity without the restraining influence of an authoritative body.

The Catholic Church is the only body—not even with the exception of the Greek Church—that formally claims to be the infallible mouthpiece of God, that is to be specially preserved by God from all error "in matters concerning faith and morals." She does not, however, claim to be, at every hand's turn, aided by continual miraculous intervention. The God of revelation is the God of nature. Taking this as a working hypothesis, what else could the history of this Church have been but what it has been? Even an Alexander VI. has left her moral teaching in unstained splendour. Indeed, I have heard it said that her bad Popes are amongst her strongest evidences of God's special providence over her.

If I were controversially bent I might take exception to Mr. Crossfield's statement that Rome's "great Greek rival— had steadily repudiated the Roman claims *from the outset*." I, however, need do no more than urge Mr. Crossfield to study the question for himself, *audi alteram partem*.

"The social evils or vices concurrent to the inception of the imperial office of the Cæsars," are not considered by a Catholic as determining the advent of Christ so much as the fact that the unification, in Government and language, of so many nations under Rome gave the best of *natural* opportunities for the spread of Christianity. Neither does the prevalence, at that time, of virtue and virtuous ideals imply anything more than that the world was riper for Christianity than many have believed. Moreover, no Catholic denies that in all ages and all places "God fulfils Himself in many ways." He has His witnesses even now, "testifying to righteousness," among the most degraded peoples.

In short, the Roman Church, claiming to be a supernatural institution, demands to be judged by that standard. The justice of this claim of hers is another question. Her development according to natural laws will make the researches and speculations of Mr. Crossfield and his sources of real value to her historians in the future.

Agra

CHAS. A. DOBSON.

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FOOD IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

THE West has learnt so much of late years from the East that I think it may not be without interest to your English readers, who are living in heat and sunshine, to hear a little of what I have to tell of the radical change in diet which is affecting a great number of educated and thinking people in the old country. The central idea of this change is fairly well described by my title "Food in relation to health."

It is beginning to dawn on sensible people that to injure themselves first, and then to fly to doctors and remedies afterwards, is certainly not the right way to reach the high level of good health which we all should strive to attain. At the same time it is very difficult, in a short article, to explain that the change I speak of certainly is not mere ordinary vegetarianism, or only leaving off the eating of meat, which is sentimental, as a rule, rather than scientific.

Of late a few dietetic doctors have devoted their lives to trying to discover the cause of so much modern bad health; certainly the average health of civilised communities in Europe is about as low as any believer in food reform could wish. Any one curious to know the result of these investigations will find the whole theory clearly and medically explained in books a list of which is placed at the end of this article.

Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood altered the whole medical science of the world, and I believe that in time the new theory, that the presence of an excess of uric acid in the body is the chief cause of the low state of health so prevalent in all climates, will be universally accepted as an incontestable fact. This low state of health, which leads ultimately to disease, is the result of food poisoning, that is to say, eating food which contains what is called by different authors "uric acid, xanthin or purin."

In a normally healthy life the system is cleared each day of the uric acid naturally formed, but if we are continually swallowing it in our food and our organs are not able to eliminate it, we either get an excess in the circulation and the result is headache, epilepsy, mental depression, Bright's disease, anæmia, heart disease, liver complaint, etc., or the uric acid is deposited in the fibrous tissues and joints, which produces gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, eczema, etc. Gout and rheumatism are more common in the northern climates, but in hot countries, where Europeans eat ordinary food, they suffer more from the poison going to the internal organs, especially the heart, liver and kidneys, where it is stored instead of in the joints and limbs. The latter is much the safer and brings about less serious consequences. I have always been told by those who have lived some time in India that the craving to go to a cool hill station is indescribably strong ; this is because the heat, rendering the blood more alkaline, causes it to hold the excess of uric acid in solution, making people feel great discomfort, often to the point of being faint and ill. This is instantly relieved by going into a cooler air. On going up to the hill stations they are braced up by the cold, that is, the blood is cleared of uric acid by the falling alkalinity of the blood which the cold air produces, and they at once feel comparatively strong and well.

The same thing happens in this country ; in fact, there is an illness called " the Ben Nevis cold " which has this especial characteristic. In those persons who go to the top of the mountain, a cold, which they have at the foot of it, takes its departure, but these same people, when they descend from the mountains into the plain, not only catch colds and suffer from them, but they catch them more easily and suffer more severely than those who have not been at the top of the mountain. I fancy that your experience will tell you that much the same thing happens in India when invalids return to the plains after a stay in the mountains or in a bracing place. The explanation is that the bracing air has acted as a tonic and diminished the alkalinity of the blood ; consequently, the excretions of uric acid have been small ; there has been but little in the circulation as it has been retained in the system, and a feeling of extra health has been experienced ; on returning to the plains or a relaxing place, the alkalinity of the blood has been raised, bringing a larger quantity of

uric acid into the blood than usual, and a feeling of depression or weakness is the result. This is not real weakness, and a proof that it is not so is that it is quickly relieved for those living on uric-acid-free foods by bicarbonate of soda, which is generally supposed to be a depressant.

How are health and strength to be obtained, how are the young to keep well and even the old to suffer less? Is it to be by a continuance of what has been called "feeding-up," the treatment so long prescribed by the medical profession, tonics, stimulants, meat diet, etc? Judging by my own experience and that of many others, I say no—distinctly not; neither is it to be obtained by the fashionable newspaper phrase, "we all eat too much."

Vegetarians half-starve themselves by their ignorance of food values, living on fruits and vegetables containing little or no nourishment; it is just as impossible to keep up strength without nitrogen as without oxygen, and for nitrogen we depend on substances containing albumen. It is undeniable that meat and the pulses contain a larger proportion of albumen than any food except nuts—the latter being uric-acid-free; but unfortunately, meat and pulses also contain a large quantity of uric acid. A certain amount of uric acid in the blood is necessary for the control of our circulation, and in healthy people this passes out of the body daily so long as the blood is kept alkaline, but if the blood becomes acid by cold or other causes, or we take in uric acid in our food, we get an excess and suffer accordingly. Let us give the proofs that man is not carnivorous but frugivorous.

The first proof is the often disputed formation of his teeth. No one can be otherwise than startled at the resemblance between the teeth of men and those of the fruit-eating apes; both are as entirely different from the teeth of the carnivora as can possibly be. Further proof is that the blood of the carnivora is so alkaline that it holds the acid from the flesh food in solution, consequently it is eliminated daily; but in human beings the case is different; their blood is acid, very often excessively so, and this acidity is the cause of the retention of the uric acid which is normally formed by the food we take or is introduced into the body by the flesh and pulse foods. Then again, any one who will take the trouble really to masticate their food properly will, I am sure, realise that it is absolutely impossible to

masticate meat sufficiently to get rid of the fibre ; it has either to be swallowed as it is, or to be treated as the pips of an orange or the stones of a cherry.

These proofs, I own, convinced me. Being an enthusiast, I fail to see why they do not convince others. In a word, man is provided neither with the teeth to cut flesh, nor the power to hold its poisonous salts in solution and pass them out of the body ; whilst the carnivora are provided with these powers to a very considerable extent. It seems a bold thing to say, but after many years' experience I am more and more convinced that man has mistaken his food : in adopting the uric acid or stimulating form of diet, the human race entered upon a path which could only gradually lead, as it has done, to the mental and physical disease and decay which now baffle the scientific man and the moralist alike. It is impossible to exaggerate this fact already visible in so many ominous signs, such as we see not only in our children, but in the adults around us.

How are we to cure and, better still, prevent these ailments ? How is the body to be cleared of these uric acid poisons ? By a complete, and to most people most trying change of diet ; by avoiding the animal foods, meat, fish, fowl and game ; these all contain uric acid or substances of the xanthin group. It is also worth while to remember that what we have mentioned as the pulses include peas, beans, lentils and peanuts ; and alas ! asparagus and mushrooms are also forbidden ; they all contain large quantities of xanthin, which produce the same effect in the body as that produced by the uric acid contained in flesh-foods

But the most serious difference between the diet we are pleading for and vegetarianism is that tea and coffee have to be given up by those who wish to start on the road to health. This is, in my experience of fourteen years on the diet, the hardest deprivation of all and entails the greatest self-denial. Over and over again it has been said to me, " Anything but that—I cannot give up my tea—I would rather die." Well, if this is so, there is nothing to be said, but I am quite certain that though a little poison is better than a great deal, no one gives the diet a fair chance who continues to partake once or twice daily of tea or coffee ; and the way it is

taken by some people six or seven times a day, long drawn or stewed on the hearth, is certainly one of the causes of physical deterioration in England, and many doctors attribute to it the great increase of alcoholism amongst women, as the reaction from much tea-drinking produces excessive depression. An excess of tea or coffee has probably done more harm and sent more people to asylums than alcohol itself; and in Ireland, where the great mass of the people are underfed, this fact is boldly stated in the official statistics. One of the chief causes of my enthusiasm for the diet is that there is no doubt that in time it puts an end to that sense of fatigue and lassitude so common amongst the highly fed, and to that craving for food and stimulants which makes the missing of a meal an excessive hardship.

It is an interesting fact that the principles of this diet are identical in effect with the much talked of American cure for inebriates, the Keilly Gold Cure, which treatment costs £40 a month. It drives the uric acid out of the tissues into the circulation, whence it is able to pass out of the system, thereby doing away with the craving for more stimulants and restoring health to the blood of the patient. The diet I suggest, by curing the acidity of the blood, acts in the same way; it draws the uric acid from the soft tissues or from the joints and muscles, as in the case of gout, rheumatism and neuralgia, into the circulation, and gives it a chance of being eliminated. This elimination in many cases is helped by small doses of bi-carbonate of soda, say 10 to 15 grains taken occasionally in the early part of the day an hour before breakfast and luncheon. If one perseveres with this diet, it brings about at the end of a few, say two or three, years, a restoration to nearly perfect health, which has probably been absolutely unknown for years and years, giving an immunity from climatic effects and changes of weather, from sedentary life or even bad air, from hard work or want of exercise.

Europeans who go to India and feel weak are under the impression that by feeding up they will regain their strength, having constantly before them the dangers that come about from under-feeding among the natives. By taking the right quantities of lbumen the under-feeding difficulty can easily be overcome, and

all the sufferings from the diseases that afflict the underfed disappear.

In order to be strong and well we must nourish ourselves on a uric-acid-free diet, and this can perfectly be done on various bread-stuffs, biscuits, rice, macaroni, etc., milk, cheese, fresh eggs when they suit, fruit, etc.

Many vegetarians starve themselves and try to obtain a false strength by the help of tea, which is almost the only present of food given by the well-to-do to the poor, and the kind teetotallers recommend it far and wide. I once more repeat, the first requisite for strength and power of endurance is a satisfactory and sufficient supply of albumen. Given a sufficient quantity of albumen, nutrition, strength, and power of endurance will not only be as good on vegetable albumens as on those of animal origin, but far better, as the circulation will contain no excess of uric acid.

Before I go into details as to how to carry out the diet, I think I had better make some allusion to the many difficulties that have to be encountered. First of all, and this specially affects children, doctors object to it and associate it with vegetarianism. Vegetarianism they associate with fads, magic, christian science, etc., and they cannot believe that any one who is connected, however indirectly, with vegetarianism can be at all serious, still less scientific. Another attitude of the profession is that there is a good deal in these theories and that every one eats too much meat, but that leaving it off altogether is going too far. Other doctors, when they cannot cure their patients who suffer from nerves and incomprehensible debility, tentatively put them on a vegetarian diet, without telling them anything about food values or warning them against any of the pitfalls which are the result of underfeeding, and therefore these experiments often fail, and they put it down to the theory that a meatless diet suits some people and not others.

What I wish to emphasise is that the theory of a meatless diet is entirely right or entirely wrong, and that the attitude that there is only a "great deal in it" is an unreasonable one. Another great difficulty is the division it often brings about in family life, and the carrying on of two diets at the same time complicates housekeeping considerably. This will be made easier by the help of some of the books in the list at the end of this paper. The third difficulty, and

perhaps not the least, is the social one, but every one who has been some time on the diet and feels its value and importance, finds some way out of this difficulty. People can easily have a meal of milk and biscuits before they start, and at every table there is sure to be some food they can take.

I have left to the last the practical and most helpful part, how best to adopt the diet. It is very important to make the change gradually, and even then almost everyone passes through a certain *crise* at the end of six months or perhaps even a year. And this, I advise every one to remember, is a satisfactory result and not the contrary. The diet, while rendering the blood alkaline, draws into it the uric acid stored from years of wrong living. Generally speaking, three meals a day are quite sufficient and the best plan for an alteration of diet is as follows.

1st Stage. Give up tea, coffee and meat soup. Replace by milks, milk and water, soups made with milk, etc.

2nd Stage. Alter Breakfast. Leave out bacon, egg or fish. Replace by an increase of porridge, toast, biscuits and bread-stuffs, and half to three-quarters of a pint of milk, with some nuts.

3rd Stage. Alter Luncheon. Leave out fish and meat. Replace by an increase of toast, biscuits, bread-stuffs and puddings, half a pint of milk, and 1 oz. of cheese.

4th Stage. Alter Dinner. Leave out fish and meat. Replace by an increase of toast, biscuits, bread-stuffs and puddings, a cheese dish and half a pint of milk.

I do not know whether it is easy to get milk in India, but if not I would like to recommend a form of milk powder which keeps perfectly good in any climate. This is the Dried Milk, "Cow and Gate" Brand, made by the West Surrey Central Dairy Co., Guildford, Surrey. It only requires hot water to bring it to a liquid state. It is made in three qualities, Dried Full Cream, Dried Half-Cream and Dried Separated Milk. Again I repeat the only danger of this diet is the one of underfeeding. Here is a table which will give you some idea of the amount of daily food necessary for a man of 10 stone (140 lbs) leadin a hard-working life. He would have

to consume 1,400 grains of albumen, and these might be got as follows :—

17 oz. bread-stuffs	(8 per cent. albumens =	34 grs. per oz.) =	578 grs.
2 pints milk	(3 " " =	13 " " =	525 "
1 oz. cheese	(33 " " =	140 " " =	140 "
2 oz. rice, etc.	(5 " " =	21 " " =	43 "
12 oz. vegetables and fruit	(2 " " =	8 " " =	114 "

1,400 grs.

This can be varied according to body-weight, age, sex, active or sedentary life : it gives a rough idea of what ought to be taken, The less appetite people have, the slower they should eat. This food cannot be bolted as people bolt meat. It must be very well masticated or it fails to digest and consequently to nourish. Those in the habit of taking alcohol must leave it off very gradually ; but after being some time on a simpler diet, they will cease to crave for it.

All I have been saying does not really touch the science of medicine ; diet will not cure real disease. It is a preventive and we recommend it to the comparatively healthy.

What we all want to avoid is the condition summed up in that one word " Degeneration." Max Nordau in his work on the subject contrasts those who are progressing with those whom he has described in his book, who are degenerating and decaying. He says, the freedom, modernity, progress and truth of these fellows is not ours, we have nothing in common with them. They wish for self-indulgence, we wish for work : they wish to drown consciousness in the unconscious, we wish to strengthen and enrich consciousness. Society has for its first premiss neighbourly love and capacity for self-sacrifice, and progress is the effect of an ever more rigorous subjugation of the beast in man, of an ever tenser self-restraint, an ever keener sense of duty and responsibility. Whoever preaches absence of discipline is an enemy of progress, and whoever worships his " I " is an enemy of society. The emancipation for which we are striving is of the judgment, not of the appetites. Emancipation from our appetites, that is what is required ; look at the tea which enslaves thousands, look at the alcohol which has

destroyed millions, look at the tobacco which is to-day creeping into our nurseries and boudoirs, look at the drugs that are given from babyhood upwards, which ruin digestion and teeth before we are free agents.

M. T. EARLE.

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For the benefit of those interested in the above article, who would like to study this very important health question more deeply, I give a list of useful books.

"Diet and Food," by Alex Haig, M.D., 2s. 6d. (Churchill.)

"The Building of the Body," by Albert Broadbent, Manchester, 2s. 6d.

"The Secret of Perfect Health," by Mrs. Hugh Bryan, 6d. Truslove and Hanson.

"The Third Pot Pourri," by Mrs. C. W. Earle, 7s. 6d. Smith Elder & Co.

"Muscle, Brain & Diet," by Eustace Miles. Swan Sonnenschein.

"Better Food for Boys," by Eustace Miles. 1s. Swan Sonnenschein.

"The Apsley Cookery Book," by Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Jessop, 3s. 6d. Churchill.

THE WORK OF DR. STEIN.

II.

CENTRAL ASIAN DISCOVERIES.

IT is a little hard to say offhand what is Dr. Stein's position in the field of history. He is very much more than a mason, a maker or user of bricks. That, at the happiest, is the function of the merely learned. Dr. Stein, with such sound and varied scholarship, is much more than a scholar. Indeed, the only wonder is that the pedants have not yet fallen foul of him, as they fell foul of Renan and of Max Müller. There is no wish here to make indiscreet comparisons, which none would deprecate more than Dr. Stein himself. Yet he shows how it is possible for the same man to be both a scholar and something of an artist. In particular, he resembles the late Oxford Professor of Comparative Philology in being an alert man of the world, and in writing so well in an acquired tongue. He has always had a saving sense that no learning is of any avail unless it can clothe itself in some sort of literary form. First of all, it has got to be readable, or as he says, legible. So he is not in the least disturbed by Professor Bury's announcement that history is a science, neither less nor more. This has specially distressed some who delight in the beautiful literary quality of Bury's own "History of Greece." Mr. Herbert Paul, for example, than whom no English writer to-day is more instinct with the spirit of fine literature, cannot away with the above definition of history. He has rather needlessly declared that, in this case, his incongruous hero, Froude, must be content to stand outside the pale of history, with the presumably five greatest historians whom the world has ever seen, and whose nationalities it is interesting to note: Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay, and Mommsen. Such marshallings of august names would probably seem mere child's play to Dr. Stein. He works, with passion and with method, to increase the available knowledge of the human past. Such labour is but vanity unless it be scientifically accurate.

But it is equally futile if it be so dull that only professional students care to look at it.

Dr. Stein may be called, with respect, a sort of showman, or *impresario*, of history. He has recovered, or discovered, several entire periods of history, which he has made speak to us through the original documents. In his "Kalhana" he threw almost too profuse floods of light upon the hidden little Kashmir of from eight to eleven centuries ago. In the case of Central Asia, a subject less intrinsically attractive, his work has been of a more grandiose sort. It is almost that of a *demiourgos*. An unsuspected stratum of history has here been revealed. Dr. Stein had first to make his material discoveries, and next to compel them to speak. In this respect, he has had to combine the practical exertions of a Henry Rawlinson with the charming recluse exposition of a George Rawlinson. Of course all due proportions must be guarded. Chinese Turkestan, or the whole of Central Asia, was never a Mesopotamia, in depth of human association. Nor have the discoveries in Central Asia, from the most enthusiastic view, the richness of those which glorified the lives of Layard and of Rawlinson. In its physical conditions, Chinese Turkestan greatly resembles Egypt. Yet here again, one must not make misleading comparisons, confounding the lesser with the greater. Dr. Stein's discoveries, concerning, as they do, chiefly the third, and again the eighth, centuries of our era, make no pretence of going back into immemorial ages. In mere amount, they were, however varied, capable of being taken to London in twelve large boxes. Lord Salisbury's phrase, about the "rather light soil" of vast desert possessions, has also an application to history. The human interest of desert history is apt to be rather light, at least for many readers. Yet a genuine minimum of interest there is. Many people do not care to go too deeply into Egyptology because of the chilling reflection that all this depth of detail concerns people who were, if not precisely negritic, at least Hamitic, and not indefinitely removed from negroes. In this respect, Dr. Stein's chosen field has an advantage. He has shown that the people of Chinese Turkestan were and are, not even Mongolian, but essentially Iranian. "The rural population. . . . shows on the whole remarkably good features—of course Caucasian as the popular term has it. Noticing the thoroughly European appearance of physiognomies in the great mass of this Turki population, I feel inclined to wonder at all the efforts that have been made to account for the same fact in the Western Turks and their kindred in Europe." It may be narrowness, but it is pleasanter to read about people not too alien to ourselves.

In another respect, also, Dr. Stein has been fortunate. He has to divide his fame with no one. Save for assistants after the fact, there was no fellow discoverer at these fascinating sites. In regard to Khotan history in particular, it is solely at his bidding that "A thousand years their cloudy wings unfold." He has been privileged to lift the veil in the case, by no means of all, but of several of those

"Golden cities, ten months' journey deep
In far Tartarian wilds."

The true appeal of these cities has been increased by the light thrown upon them and their past, though the imagination of the world seems to have lost something. Yet, as Dr. Stein says, "the time seems still distant when Khotan will see its annual stream of tourists." From the first he seems to have felt the call of this land, "this strange little world, between the desert and the mighty Kuen-luen." It was a world that was quite unknown only to the ignorant, though these included most educated people during all the generations. The little kingdom of Khotan stretches for 300 miles east and west, over oases widely broken by the desolate desert. This desert is the Taklamakan, which all may not have heard of. It comes as a relief to have a sensible Chinese Amban speak of it to Dr. Stein, on a single occasion, by the familiar name of Gobi. The Chinese name of Khotan is Yu-tien. The first syllable of the name means jade, the product for which Khotan is even yet best known. It may help us to realise our own ignorance to know that, already in 1820, Abel Rémusat, the Sinologist, had collected and translated many Chinese notices on this subject in his *Histoire de la ville de Khotan*.

It is strange what intelligent and amiable people are sometimes capable of quoting, in regard to history, that infinitely stupid saying: "Let bygones be bygones." That attitude, if it had to be accepted, would at once kill all other than physical science. As illustrating the opposite attitude in regard to knowledge, is a sentence of Dr. Stein when preparing in Kashgar for his memorable descent upon Khotan: "Bitterly I regretted the great gap in my philological equipment, my ignorance of Chinese." Few others, perhaps, would very bitterly regret the same detail of ignorance. Even yet, at 43, Dr. Stein says that if the Government of India would but give him two years to do it in, he would learn Chinese competently, though he could never hope to become an authority in it. In his universal thirst for knowledge, he has always found a special attraction in the lines of march through which India and China communicated with the classical West. It was this early interest in Oriental research, and not any need of a job, which brought him to India. The atmosphere of his

books on Khotan, and specially of the magnificent coloured plates in the larger work, irresistibly suggests that of the opening of "Kim," in the Lahore Museum. Dr. Stein happened to be present at the scene there described; but that is another story. This Græco-Buddhist art, this graceful, if never very powerful, mingling of Hellenism with a Buddhism at its very best, gives an unique atmosphere to many remains upon the Indian Frontier, and in Central Asia. One thus sees how naturally Dr. Stein's Turkestan discoveries were the continuation of his Indian work. One of the most competent early authorities upon this Græco-Buddhist subject, which is still quite new, was Mr. Lockwood Kipling. The remains of this art, which were lately to be seen along the Indian Frontier, have almost completely vanished, standing in regimental messes, and in all sorts of places where they ought not to be. A great and an almost untouched field for such remains, which it is to be hoped that Dr. Stein may yet be able to investigate with his quiet thoroughness, lies in Kabul, and throughout the perilous domains of our ally the Amin.

Lord Rosebery would appreciate the work of Dr. Stein, because of the efficiency there shown. The Hungarian scholar has only once tried to write a popular book. His "Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan" (Hurst and Blackett) is one of the more popular, as it is among the best, of recent books of travel. First published in 1903, it reached a cheaper, but still handsome, edition in the following year. The sub-title is: "Personal Narrative of a Journey of Archaeological and Geographical Exploration in Chinese Turkestan." This corner of Turkestan was described by Sir Henry Yule in 1865 as "the most inaccessible and least known of Asiatic States." The Russian railways have done much to bring it nearer to Europe, but not to India. In this volume it was Dr. Stein's hope to attract the interest of the non-Orientalist "to a fascinating chapter of ancient history which witnessed interchange between the civilisations of India, China, and the Classical West in that distant part of Central Asia, and which seemed almost completely lost to us." His labours would have been in vain if archaeology had not here had the help of a very effective ally—"the moving sand of the desert which preserves what it buries." Even his popular volume reaches to 33 chapters, with over 130 illustrations from his own photographs, and some 500 pages. To speak harshly, it would have been yet more readable if docked of 100 pages of over-minute descriptions of mountain and desert topography. Accounts of human beings are almost always interesting to human beings; but it is not so with accounts of mere things. While geography, again, is a noble science, topography is of the very essence of what can be dismissed as merely "local."

Khotan, as the crow flies, or would fly, is far from being remote from India. It is only a few degrees of longitude eastward from Srinagar, and in 37 degrees of latitude, or three degrees further north. It would seem a matter of a very few hundred miles. But one has to go over the Pamirs and by way of Kashgar, through the maddest mountain territory to be found anywhere outside of Tibet. The evil route, too, seems generally to move in zigzags. Only an athlete, and one of enduring patience, could survive this route. Dr. Stein, making long marches, and seldom resting, was just two months between Srinagar and Kashgar. He could not have done it, and still less his subsequent work, if he had not been many things besides a scholar. Mountaineer, mathematician, practical administrator, he refused no sort of taskwork. How many philologists could endure to keep minute cash accounts in complicated currencies, or to look daily to the health of a score of pack animals, so as to sell them again without a loss? Dr. Stein had, with much trouble, secured a special Government grant of Rs. 9,000, which is only £600, for the journey and the explorations. That he could keep within the sanctioned estimates of time and expense, rightly seems to him a notable fact "from a practical and quasi-administrative point of view." In his thirst for all knowledge, he must also needs carry with him a Government Sub-Surveyor, a plucky Hindu, Ram Singh, to triangulate mountain peaks, and take endless surveys of not very obvious utility. Dr. Stein closely supervised this surveying, doing much of it himself. What time could have been left, with most men, for "the quiet and still air of delightful studies"? He has a right to say, at the end of his Introduction: "Life must appear shorter still when the chosen tasks cannot be done in the study, when they call for the exertions of the scholar and explorer combined, such as are readily faced only while the optimism of comparative youth and physical vigour endures. To Fate—and to those who dispense it—I offer due thanks for having allowed me to work on Indian ground, and at last, after years of toil, to attain for a time freedom and the means to serve science." His best reward for his work at Khotan would be "the chance of repeating it elsewhere."

It was not until the spring of 1900 that Dr. Stein could, finally, let us hope, shake off these pedagogical duties which have repressed the flight of so many scholars. But he had long been making minute preparations towards Central Asia. One of these, a bagatelle for him, was the learning of Turki, which none of the Chinese officials on the spot seem to know. This language is a cousin to Hungarian, and has a much closer connection than that with European Turkish. Dr. Stein has made such extraordinarily

good use of all his visits to Kashmir that it is hard to realise how short they were—generally limited to two and a half months in the heat of the summer. Until 1900, he had never seen Kashmir even so early in the year as the end of April. For a month he was engaged, putting the final touches to his "Kalhana" with one hand, and completing his preparations with the other hand. On the evening of May 29th he slipped down the dark river under the seven bridges of Srinagar, past his old Pandit friends, who were waiting, each at the ghat nearest his home, to bid him farewell. It had little meaning for them, that he was going to the "Uttarakurus," the Ultima Thule of Kalhana. He went, by special permission, along the Gilgit road, at first through the country of the Dards, the old Darads who were the northern neighbours of historic Kashmir. "There is little in the Dard to enlist the sympathies of the casual observer. He lacks the intelligence, humour, and fine physique of the Kashmiri, and though undoubtedly far braver than the latter, has none of the independent spirit and martial bearing which draws us towards the Pathan, despite all his failings. But I can never see a Dard without thinking of the thousands of years of struggle these tribes have carried on with the harsh climate and the barren soil of their mountains. They, like the Afridis, who also are mentioned by the Father of History, have seen all the great conquests which swept over the North-West of India, and have survived them, unmoved as their mountains."

There are, throughout the book, many pleasant revelations of personality. But one must not pause upon the journey, save in the case of the very long, barren, dark and narrow valley which is occupied on one side by Hunza, and on the other by Nagir. It seems that there is a separate language, the Shina, at Gilgit. Beyond, there is the Burisheski, the language of Hunza. This is a linguistic curiosity, having no resemblance either to the Indian or the Iranian family of languages, or yet to the Turki dialects. It "seems an erratic block left here by some bygone wave of conquest. . . . How the small race which speaks the language of Hunza has come to occupy these valleys will perhaps never be cleared up by historical evidence. But its preservation between the Dards on the south and the Iranian and Turki tribes on the north is clearly due to the isolated position of the country." The Hunza people are tremendous walkers, and were, until only 15 years ago, great robbers and slave raiders, who imposed a sort of blackmail even upon the Chinese authorities. Later on, amid a too detailed account of the ascent of Muztagh-Ata, there is a picturesque passage where Dr. Stein's guides, from Hunza, look with envy over the rich grazing grounds of the Pamirs. "The old freebooting spirit broke forth

again in their talk, together with their contempt for the meek Kirghiz, those willing servants of whoever lets them graze in peace. . . . Were it not for the great powers that keep watch from south to north, there is no doubt that little Hunza would with ease sweep across all the valleys from the Oxus to the Kashgar border." So Dr. Stein fared onwards, reaching Kashgar, after a ride of 50 miles, on the 29th of July. He stopped for six weeks with the well-known Agent of the Indian Government there, Mr. G. Macartney, C.I.E., in the little Anglo-Indian oasis of Chiri Bagh which has been gradually made in the wilderness. Very elaborate preparations were now necessary, for a desert campaign of eight months, which in the end covered over 3,000 miles. Really *pukka* servants and animals were required, including eight camels and twelve ponies. For unskilled labour, often amounting to 40 or 50 men, Dr. Stein depended upon the nearest local centre.

He took good care to put himself, with Mr. Macartney's help, more than all right with the Chinese authorities. The way in which this was managed throughout was a masterpiece. That was the very summer in which, by an unequalled crime against civilisation, the Legations were being besieged in Peking. A little fumbling might have put Dr. Stein and his excavations hopelessly in the bad books of the authorities: Captain Deasy, only 18 months before, had suffered much from their obstruction. At the same time it must be remembered that the mandarins, with their Emperor in shameful flight, were in some anxiety, and may have been specially glad to show favour to a European. Dr. Stein repeatedly mentions another reason which goes far to warm our hearts, and to reconcile West with East. This is "the true historical sense innate in educated Chinese." Turkestan is called by the Chinese the "New Dominions." The whole of it, with something besides, seems to depend upon a Governor-General at Urumchi. But at Kashgar was an amiable old 'Tao-Tai, or Provincial Governor, with Ambans under him in the principal towns. These high officials, of several of whom we have really living character sketches, were open to the appeal of "the historical connection of ancient Indian culture and Buddhist religion with Central Asia." Dr. Stein, listening once to an animated conversation in Chinese between Mr. Macartney and an official, could not mistake "the spirit of true historical interest, that connecting link of Chinese and Western thought." Again, at the end of his excavations, it was a refreshment to him to find how well Fan-Darin, the Amban of Khotan, could enter into the import of the discoveries, even to the bearing of the handwriting of the various manuscripts upon their dates, explaining the modifications through which

Chinese characters have passed in successive periods. These are things which it is well to know and to remember. It is such things that may yet make the world one.

Dr. Stein journeyed eastwards, by a little south, through Yarkand, to his kingdom of Khotan. Not being yet quite ready to enter the desert, he spent a cold autumn month in exploring and surveying the huge desolate mountains to the southward of Khotan, establishing a triumphant connection with the Indian Survey. In one black, remote valley he found a strange penal settlement of select criminals from Khotan, which seemed to him "more lonely and depressing than the absolute solitude of the mountains. . . . Ice and dust—the combination appealed to me as characteristic of this strange and forbidding mountain land of Khotan." Once, after passing through silent, dead ravines, he came out, ahead of his followers, beside a lively stream in the sunshine. "It was pleasant to read in the tiny seventeenth-century edition of Horace, which always travels in my saddlebag, of the springs that gave charm for the poet to another mountain region far away in the West. And then the question touched my mind: What is this vast mountain world in human interest compared to the Sabine Hills?" A similar poetical touch is given when, on first reaching Khotan, and looking around for suitable quarters, Dr. Stein finds, in a large open garden, a fine looking, portly old gentleman reading a Turki version of Firdousi. Yet, with all goodwill, one is compelled to feel :

" Not here, O Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee !"

Dr. Stein nowhere states the present population of Khotan, but he mentions that there is "no surplus of population." Perhaps as a consequence : "Not only the average standard of living, but also the housing of the agricultural population of Eastern Turkestan seemed far above the level observed among the corresponding class in any part of India." Beggars, who have a questionable right even to exist, actually go on horseback in Turkestan.

Dr. Stein does not reveal a single trait about Turkestan which could make the reader, in the rashest moment, wish to go there. The capacity of the desert soil, when well watered, is indeed great. But a garden is there made much of which would pass unnoticed in India. "Even the cultivation of a field involves a serious struggle against sterile nature." Islam has been established in these regions for not much more than 1,000 years. The people are at least not bigots. But they are spoken of as neither very intelligent nor very moral. The Chinese regard Tur

kestan as a place of exile. There are large rivers, flowing from the south, which, without any outlet, suddenly end up in a waste of sand. The desert is steadily encroaching from the north to the south. Along this border line, anywhere from 1,100, to 1,700 years ago, flourished the ruined cities which Dr. Stein has unearthed, with their civilisation. That was in the days when many Indian influences, including Buddhism and Sanskrit writing, ran far along the road to Peking. Dr. Stein, on his way eastward, was proud of treading in the steps of Hiouen-Tsiang and of Marco Polo. "It is certain that, with the caravans that once trod this sand, the Buddhist religion and the elements of Indian as well as the classical culture and art, travelled to the land of the Sinae." Dr. Stein can have had little ease, though he had much happiness, during the heroic winter of his life, 1900—1901, which he spent in the desert. Without sheer good luck, too, he could never have found what he did. The winter seems to have been chosen as on the whole less intolerable for climate than the summer. He had often to march afoot across the sand which lay in great dunes and semi-lunes, making a progress of more than 10 or 12 miles a day impossible. When stationary, most of his day had to be spent in active duties, while he was either burnt or frozen. At night he worked at the large amount of necessary writing in his cold tent, until the temperature, falling below six degrees of frost, made writing out of the question. In addition to Yotkan, the not very important ancient site of Khotan city, there are four principal and fruitful sites which will always be associated with his name alone. These are Dandan-Uiliq, Niya, Endere, and Rawak.

The rich discoveries made at these sites are described in the larger work on "Ancient Khotan," to be mentioned below, as well as in the "Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan." At Dandan-Uiliq was found, among many other Buddhist relievos, the singularly graceful figure of a garland-holding woman rising from a lotus, and probably meant for a Gandharvi, which is reproduced on the cover of the popular book. All the more human figures are apt to centre around a Buddha or Bodhisattva enveloped with a halo. The Buddhas here are Hellenised and humanised, so that even the attitude of preaching does not repel. Nothing could be more achingly desolate than the look of one of these sites before excavation—sand, a little scrub, and, sticking up, a few splintered posts from the dwellings or more than 1,000 years before. Yet Dr. Stein found things of beauty beneath them, veritable honey in the lion's carcass. He came no more than in time, for these fair images are in friable material, generally stucco. Some have been successfully transferred to London, while others

are only transmitted in photographs. The coloured plates of the larger work alone can adequately represent the delicate, evanescent beauty of these relievos, frescoes and statues. There is even a suggestion of the Parthenon (remembering the distance from Athens), in a picture showing "rows of youths riding on horses or camels, each holding a cup in his outstretched right hand, while above one of the riders a bird, perhaps meant for a falcon, is swooping down on this offering." There is also Ganesha, with paintings of bathing and dancing women. At Dandan were also found paper writings, *pothis*, in the Brahmi-Sanskrit handwriting, but in some non-Aryan language. On Christmas Day Dr. Stein even discovered, on a Chinese coin, a definite date, corresponding to 781 A. D. Other Chinese documents at Dandan carry the dates on to 787, and even 790. It was probably a little later that Dandan was overwhelmed by the sand, its inhabitants emigrating, and abandoning it to death and solitude.

Further eastward lay the rich ruins called, from the nearest city, Niya. Here Dr. Stein made some unique discoveries, particularly in regard to early writing materials. The world was startled, several generations ago, to learn that the Assyrians could write, and so neatly, upon bricks. At Niya Dr. Stein discovered two other writing materials, anterior to paper. Leather, of course, is not unknown elsewhere, though it seems curious among a Buddhist population, with an Indian culture. But his wooden tablets, wedge-shaped or oblong, in Kharoshthi writing, seem to be without parallel. These were found in hundreds at Niya. The writing runs from right to left, and lengthwise. These thin wooden planks, or tablets, are never more than a few inches wide, though sometimes many feet in length. The language is an early Indian Prakrit. Most happily, too, the documents are no twaddling devotional texts, but real letters, usually of a business or official character. They used to be neatly fastened together, sealed (with clay) and directed, after a fashion which Dr. Stein has recovered. They are apt to begin with a formula like: "His Highness the Maharaja writes thus." It is easy to understand Dr. Stein's agitation upon discovering Sanskritic documents, of a practical sort never found in India, in these alien regions. "Such a fact can be accounted for only by historical events of far-reaching importance, which hitherto seemed wholly lost to our field of vision." Amazing as it seems, there is now confirmation for an old local tradition given in both Chinese and Tibetan writings, but hardly credited hitherto. This is, that the territory of Khotan was conquered and colonised about two centuries before our era by Indian immigrants from the extreme North-West of the Punjab. Many details now make this probable. Yet the fact is too

large to take in quickly, or without much adjusting of views. What number of Indians came to Khotan, evidently as conquerors? And had they to follow the perilous route used by Dr. Stein? Coins and other proofs show that the Niya ruins date from the third century A. D., at the end of which the city was abandoned to the sands. At Niya Dr. Stein picked up a useful walking-stick of apple-wood. After excavation, he was able to walk in an ancient garden, actually stirring up the dead leaves of 1,600 years before with a stick of the same age.

Yet further east lay Endere, on the road to Cherchen. Here, among other things, were found Brahmi texts, both in Sanskrit and in the non-Aryan language of Dandan. There were also Tibetan and other texts, all on paper. Paper was well known in Turkestan from the fourth century onwards. The ruins of Endere, which are not very notable, date, like those of Dandan, from the end of the eighth century. Dr. Stein had now reached the end of his long tether. At Endere he was on "the border line beyond which Indian influences yielded to Chinese. A move further east would have carried me beyond the limits of the territory with the archæological exploration of which I was concerned." But what a sweep was that of direct Indian influence (excluding Buddhism)! Hinduism, not yet congealed, swept with something like grandeur from Java to Khotan, from Siam to Afghanistan, in the days before any drivelling superstition about the *kala pani* had been developed!

Artistically, Dr. Stein nowhere had such a privilege as at the sand-buried *stupa* of Rawak, a little north of Khotan city. He was able, in the increasing heat of April, 1901, to excavate only the least deeply buried corner of the hidden temple. Even here he found 91 large statues in stucco. He could but look at them, photograph them, and lovingly cover them up again in the protecting sand. To have tried to move them would have been mere vandalism. In some cases they were already crumbling as the sand was removed, and had to be supported while being photographed. It reminds one of the opening of the tombs of mighty monarchs, Napoleon and others, when the features could be seen in all their stateliness for a fleeting moment. To excavate the whole of the quadrangle at Rawak would mean months of labour, and an expense of about Rs. 15,000, which, however, ought to be the least consideration. But already the desert has yielded images of beauty. There were pictures as well as statues, at Rawak, many of which are reproduced in the larger book. The art is strangely like that of the so-called Græco-Buddhist sculptures of the Peshawar valley and the neighbouring region. Here are heads of Buddha with Greek features and treatment, but with a fine ethereal glow upon

them. Elsewhere there are barbarian features, but with Greek handling. The date of Rawak is roughly that of Niya, third century A. D.

So Dr. Stein came back to Kashgar with his treasures, starting again for Europe by way of Russia, on the 29th of May, 1901, a year after leaving Srinagar. He had already exposed, in Khotan city, an ingenious forger of "old books," Islam Akhun, who would really make a good character for some future novel of Kipling. Dr. Stein's relations with his friends and followers in Turkestan were singularly pleasant, and have been kept up since his return to India. Outside Khotan he passed a "Pigeons' Shrine," which, though in a Mohammedan country, represents an earlier site where pilgrims used to stop to pray for success. "It was true, the sacred birds had not seen me worship; *for success too I had not prayed, but only worked.* Yet as success had come, I felt justified in offering to the birds a liberal treat of maize and corn as my grateful *ex-voto* on leaving Khotan."

As I had promised Dr. Stein I would do, I kept these two articles back from the press, at some inconvenience, from March to September, 1906. He had thought that "Ancient Khotan" might be out by September. But I hear from the Clarendon Press that it will be yet some time before advance sheets can be sent out. I can, therefore, only speak perfunctorily of this sumptuous work, the plates of which I was allowed to borrow, and to look through advance sheets of the first few hundred pages of text. The page is a noble one, such as must stir all scholars with some sense of envy, and such as can be the reward of only a few. The matter, though so scholarly, seems very capable of being read *in toto* (save for some Chinese characters!) and even with fascination, by a mere literary person. For the most part, "Ancient Khotan" remains within the framework indicated in the popular work, "Sand-Buried Ruins," described above. The exception consists of the wonderfully interesting information, very lately brought to light by French scholars, as to the occupation of Chitral by the Chinese in the early Christian centuries. The first volume consists of over 600 pages, the second of plates. In a democratic age, such a book ought not to be locked up at 6 guineas. Dr. Stein is again at work, on a larger scale, in his own domain of Chinese Turkestan. Even the novelists have become aware of his grandiose results. In "The Lake," for example, one of the most intellectual of last year's novels, the scholar who is the invisible hero starts off at the end, together with his sweetheart secretary, to visit what can only be Dr. Stein's buried cities, despite some unfamiliar "papyri."

THE KUNBIS OF GUJARAT.

IT is evident that India is shaking off the deep lethargy in which it had fallen from a false sense of security in the possession of inexhaustible and fertile land. The capacity of agriculture, a belief in which for a long time held the masses spell-bound, to cater to the increasing wants of a multiplying population, has been put to the test and found wanting. Its unique position as the sole and sure source of a people's prosperity has been seriously challenged by industry. The industrial instincts of the people have revived, and are being rejuvenated by the light of knowledge and the atmosphere of peace. Even capital concealed in coffers or corners is shaking off its shyness and contributes its share to the increasing productiveness of the country. That inveterate pride which tied down members of a caste to some defunct or unremunerative calling is disappearing under the pressure of necessity, and the happy union of healthy labour with prolific capital is giving birth to many concerns which support the indigent and reward the industrious. To an unbiassed observer, therefore, the manifold activities of the present day bear ample testimony to the dawn of a new era, when the rise in the standard of living due to the introduction of material comforts and popular refinements, will be met by the increase in the means of living.

This is all very satisfactory. But in the struggle between industry and agriculture care should be taken that the latter is not entirely vanquished, as in some countries, which have, in consequence, to depend for their daily bread on foreign imports. Taking India as one entire country, the chances of the absorption of its agriculture by its industry are remote ; but if India is to be regarded as a conglomeration of many countries with a variety of land

tenures and land-capacities, held together by a powerful government, then the apprehension that in some parts at least the independent ryot is likely to be merged into the crowd of labourers; does not seem to be altogether chimerical.

Let us take the instance of Gujarat, rightly considered the garden of India ; its soil is rich and its subsoil water generally good. A robust class of intelligent agriculturists compel the land to give up its very best by dint of sustained and well-directed efforts. Honest, frank, sober and law-abiding, the average kunbi of Gujarat belongs to a hereditary class of cultivators whose effacement or diminution in numbers no thoughtful man could see with unconcern. And yet it is precisely from this class that the rank and file of industrial labour is drawn to an extent which already begins to affect adversely, though imperceptibly at present, the agriculture of the province.

The reasons are obvious. The uncertainty of rains has shaken his confidence in the productivity of the soil. The paucity of out-turn has shaken his credit with the *Sowcar* and the *Sirkar*; and the shrinkage of his credit has shaken his position as a respectable citizen. Besides, he sees that persons lower than himself in social status, if employed in any industrial concern, even as day labourers, are secure of the wages of labour and therefore of the means of livelihood. The failure of a company is to the labourer, at the worst, the loss of a month's wages, whereas the failure of rains means to the ryot the disappearance of a year's income. The charm of irresponsibility attached to this kind of labour, made more fascinating by the glitter of ready money for the supply of real or fancied wants, allures the youth of the peasantry. The sight of some novelty in the bazaar generates a desire to purchase it : its possession by some member of the labouring class sharpens that desire ; and the love of family gives point to that desire which bursts the bounds of wholesome restraint and rural simplicity of the ryot. But the fulfilment of the desire entails an expenditure of money : money has become scarce with him. He therefore begins to supplement his scanty agricultural earnings by the wages of industrial labour. On the threshold of the arena of labour, however, he is caught in the fangs of fashion before he has been able to extricate himself from the coils of custom. And the fashions which the sons

of peasants adopt in diet, dress and demeanour when engaged in labour soon harden into a settled habit impossible to be shaken off, although incompatible with a life in the field. Total abandonment of agriculture as the chief source of maintenance is the consequence.

A close observation will disclose the exact process of transformation of skilled youths of the peasantry into day labourers. There are, of course, those who do not care to discard husbandry for the frivolities of fashion, but resort to the house of labour only when compelled to do so by pressing necessity. But in the long run their number is bound to dwindle down till the whole race of hereditary and intelligent kunbis becomes extinct, unless agriculture is made more attractive and less irksome.

These are times of keen competition. And if agriculture remains incapable of offering better terms and surer means to meet the rise in the means of living, even its best votaries and hereditary priests will leave it to the scant mercies of those who hardly know how to guide the plough or drive the bullock. These indifferent and necessitous peasants begin their sowing operations in destitution and end in reaping a deficient harvest. Wanting in seeds, wanting in bullocks and the implements of husbandry, wanting in the knowledge of their profession, and wanting in money required for agricultural operations, they muddle through their work and pluck the fruit before it is ripe. Any one interested in agriculture can easily mark the difference between a fine, manured and well-trimmed field of a trained kunbi and the weedy growths of a careless and ignorant farmer.

In a country where population increases by leaps and bounds the withdrawal of a portion of the population from agriculture remunerative employment elsewhere is a consummation devoutly to be wished. And it is the duty of Government, responsible for the well-being of its subjects, to start, encourage, facilitate and, where necessary, subsidise new industries which, while increasing the wealth of the country, may give employment to many. But it is also the duty and even the interest of the Government as the greatest landlord, deriving annually a large part of its revenue from land, and independent of foreign supply for the food of its millions, to see that agriculture does not suffer for want of skilled labour or parental care. In every concern to which the human mind has directed its attention

skilled labour is sought for, cherished and retained. There is no reason why agriculture should form an exception to the general rule. It is not less serious than trade or industry. Indeed, it is the basis on which stand the fabrics of trade and industry. Besides, it is not very likely that the many-sided activities of Government for the development of agriculture will bear adequate results if all the experiments of experts are to be thrown before an unwilling or incompetent peasantry. By all means let the superfluous crowd of raw and uninformed ryots, compelled by necessity to wield the plough, be told off to other pursuits; but let no detachment of bona fide agriculturists, who have adopted the profession from the distant past and have adapted themselves to it, desert the field of their fathers. A skilled and contented peasantry, attached to the soil and devoted to the landlord, is a pillar of strength to any Government.

The conservation of this class of loyal and law-abiding children of the soil is a problem which demands a speedy and satisfactory solution if agriculture is to be saved from falling entirely into the hands of unskilled adventurers and amateurs. Even in old times, the special duty of the Government towards its tenantry was neither disregarded nor overlooked. The *Nirwah* and *Bhāgdāri* tenures are evidently the outcome of the recognition of this special duty; and the existence, almost intact, of the kunbi class in Gujarat in comparative ease and comfort, is attributable mainly to the solicitude with which questions relating to its bona fide tenants were handled by the state. Native chiefs and wealthy jagirdars, whose only or chief source of revenue is derived from land, generally identify their interests with those of their tenants, by choice or compulsion: for it is the identity of interests of the landlord and the tenant that lends vitality to agriculture.

No Government can compel the rains to fall, for there is no "Khulja Sesame" (open Sesame) to the doors of Heaven. But if Government cannot compel the rains to fall, it has the power to exploit the earth for water. No doubt, vast schemes of irrigation have been designed and executed at enormous cost, calculated to fertilise large tracts of land. But let not our admiration and gratitude for the conception and execution of these schemes make us overlook or under-estimate the pressing wants of provinces where

they cannot be successfully launched. All the provinces of British India do not possess equal facilities for irrigation canals or the storage of water in reservoirs. And in Gujarat neither the tops of mountains nor the basins of rivers can meet the full demand for water so much as the bottom of the earth. The custom of irrigating land by water drawn from wells has generally proved successful in this province. They are sunk by private enterprise or by state agency. But the former, under present conditions, must remain dull. The average agriculturist has very little money of his own left to be spent on wells. He can hardly obtain any advances from the Sowcar, who no longer relies on his personal security or his landed property. He dare not borrow from the Sircar, whose leniency is coupled with the almost unrestricted power to recover loans on fixed dates without the agency of civil courts, where he can at least obtain breathing time. And after all he does not care to risk his all in sinking wells which may in the end fail to supply good or sufficient water. The curtailment of occupancy rights does certainly make his field immune from attachment and sale. But all the same, he feels that the immunity is similar to the immunity of the bird whose wings are clipped to save it from falling into the nets of the fowler. What is wanted is the destruction of the net, not the clipping of the wings. It is this mutilation of his proprietary right in the occupancy that abates the ardour for carrying out permanent improvements in the soil. It is neither the duty nor the interest of the ryot to hazard his credit and his capital in improving other people's land, from which he may be ejected for the least default, without being even partially indemnified for all his labour and money expended in sinking wells and rearing trees. It is perfectly true that the Land Revenue Amendment Act does not affect existing occupancy rights: but it can hardly be denied that the idea of creating qualified occupancy rights has quickened the desire to apply the rule of forfeiture. How else could the phenomenon of the sudden revival of this practically dead section of the law for the purpose of laying violent hands on cherished rights and possessions, not always for the unwillingness but often for the inability of the ryot to pay Government assessments in times of dearth and death, be explained? The unfortunate policy of forfeitures of holdings for even small arrears of Government dues, adopted in these parts immediately after the coming in force of the Amendment Act, though revised and modified

by subsequent orders, has created, as it was bound to create, a general impression of the instability of occupancy rights, which it will be hard to remove at once. An Act which professes to prevent land from passing into the hands of greedy and merciless money-lenders, ought never to have been permitted to be looked upon as an engine to screw out arrears of land revenue, or snatch away alienable occupancy rights from poor, ignorant and distracted tenants in times of adversity. An Act of this nature should always be above suspicion.

The fear, therefore, of the instability of alienable occupancy rights and the absence of a sense of absolute ownership in qualified occupancy rights must absolve the peasantry from all sense of their duty towards the land, and must throw the responsibility for its improvement on Government. Why, then, should Government not undertake to sink wells in their own land? Holders of alienated land do it. Inámdárs do it. Even some Native States do it. It is fair and just and even expedient that a rich Government should include the sinking of a certain number of wells in certain places as an item in the annual programme of irrigation projects. In undertaking this task, Government will be doing its duty as landlord, increasing the quality and quantity of the produce of the country, minimising the danger of famine, giving employment to its tenants for the greater part of the year, and thus by increasing their earnings, will be attaching them to the soil. Looking to the industrious habits of the kunbi cultivators, it may be presumed that these wells will not remain unused; and the levy of a moderate charge for the use of the water, will, it may be hoped, be sufficient to meet the annual expenses for their repair and to yield a decent rate of interest on capital. All that is necessary to be borne in mind in fixing the rates and fees is that the subsoil water-charges are added in the land assessments, and should not therefore be levied again.

Of equal importance is the display and exercise of genuine sympathy with the ryot in his difficulties. It is no use taunting him with extravagance or accusing him of contumacy when his fortunes are wrecked on the rock of famine. The average kunbi is neither extravagant nor contumacious. It so happens that a whole class of public servants is criticised before Government or the public, because some officers, either through misinformation or misunderstanding, although acting *bona fide*,

fail to give sufficient or expected relief to the ryots, and in consequence do not satisfy their well-wishers. But if the earnest and disinterested zeal of these well-wishers occasionally outrun their sense of due proportion, that is no reason why Government should be in a hurry to accuse their own tenants as a class, because there are some black sheep in the fold. Exaggerations are always misleading ; but in this case all exaggerations and heated controversies on either side are bound to create an atmosphere of bitterness quite incompatible with the preservation of much needed harmony. Meanwhile, there are not wanting persons who take their cue from these accusations and contribute to the mystification of the intentions and positions both of the Government and the ryot by various devices calculated to fill their pockets or increase their importance.

Nothing, or at any rate very little, was heard of the contumacy or the insolvency of the *bona fide* ryot before the beginning of a series of bad years. It is difficult to believe that ryots hitherto punctual in their payments and true to their word, should suddenly transform themselves into willing defaulters and debtors even though they possess the means to live an honourable life. It may be that here and there some ryots assume the disguise of poverty to evade the payment of rents ; it may also be that some such ryots are under the evil influence of designing men ; but it should not be forgotten that the now discarded policy of excluding well-to-do cultivators from the grant of remissions and suspensions, even on account of lean years, was bound to create a strong aversion to thrift and labour and a taste for playing the pauper if only to enlist the sympathy of Government. Let not, however, the sins of a few be the cause of insult and ridicule of the peasantry as a class. Fallen greatness claims and deserves sympathy, and is it quite certain that the great peasantry of the country, the backbone of the Empire, is treated in a way worthy of its past traditions and future potentialities ?

No one need doubt the best intentions of Government, and their desire to uphold the prestige of the peasantry. But even the strongest Government is dependent upon its servants for the execution and realisation of its policy. And after all there is much truth in the saying, that the pivot of Government land revenue system is the Talati, as that of the civil administration is the bailiff. If a bailiff can defeat the ends of justice by acting in collusion with a

plaintiff or defendant without much chance of exposure and punishment, the position of the Taláti is even more secure and powerful. He is the representative of the omnipotent Government whose interests he is supposed to look after as against those of the peasantry. And the peasantry of a village, though educated in the qualities of industry, law-abidingness and loyalty, are yet quite innocent of any knowledge of legal phraseology and technicalities. It is this antagonism of interests and inequality of knowledge that place the ryot at the mercy of the lower strata of the subordinate service. Without being dishonest, these subordinate servants, exaggerating the importance of their office, can, if they choose, set in motion a policy of pinpricks against the objects of their passion or prejudice without much chance of reproof.

The peasant is as true an employee of Government as a labourer is of a company. He cultivates Government soil and pays rent to it. He repairs boundary marks and assists, without remuneration, in survey operations. He supplies carts, milk and grass, and other similar requirements, at rates which he has no hand in fixing, to the servants of Government when on tour; and the number of these tours and touring servants is ever on the increase. He most certainly does not claim the wages of labour like an ordinary employee, even if untoward circumstances reduce the profit or show a deficit in the working of the fields. And yet he finds, to his chagrin, that whereas the least annoyance even from the highest quarter to an operative is resented and redressed by the agent of a private company, he, an employee of the suzerain power, is bullied and browbeaten, times out of number, with comparative immunity. Deep is his humiliation, when the prestige of Government, the preservation of which in a village is and ought to be his birthright, is invoked to shelter sins of omission and commission. Thus the change in his position from that of a partner or an employee to that of the debtor of the State has placed his prestige in direct opposition to that of Government, and aggravated his wrongs. He therefore shakes himself off from the degrading position where his poverty is reproved, his ignorance ridiculed and his *bona fides* suspected.

It is eminently desirable that the identity of interests of the state and the peasantry should be unmistakably declared and firmly upheld. Confidence in their rectitude, patience at their failings,

sympathy with their feelings, appreciation of their difficulties, regard for their position and protection of their interests will go a great way towards lessening the growing distaste for one of the noblest and finest of occupations in India. No cultivator expects to be always exempted from the payment of rents for his holding ; and no *bona fide* cultivator willingly withholds it. Indeed, it is a matter of pride with these simple men to be called regular payers of Government dues. Perhaps it is not generally known that among the kunbis non-payment of Government dues is held to be a social stigma ; and the prospect of disgrace among fellow-men is far more effective in the collection of revenues than the issue of notices, distraint of property, restraint of person and the exercise of all other powers conferred by the Land Revenue Act. The indiscriminate exercise of these powers may strike terror for a time : but even terror loses its force by repetition. Similarly, the weapons of insult, annoyance, ridicule and even abuse, though potent enough for the subjugation of a refractory ryot or the collection of Land Revenue, are nevertheless prone to wound the self-respect of the agrarian population ; and the void created by the exit of self-respect is generally filled by bitterness of feeling and recklessness of spirit. It is to the possibility of an unauthorised use of these unlawful weapons that the attention of superior officers of Government should be chiefly directed, if only to prevent some impatient and tactless or too zealous subordinate from falling into the snare woven by his own imaginary sense of duty or responsibility. Personal and direct communion with the peasantry, without the intervention of a third party, with a view to invite their confidence by extending it, is absolutely essential in bringing to light the real wants and wishes of the people and their wrongs and difficulties. Such a policy, if consistently pursued by heads and subheads of the district at the time of *Jama bandhi*, will not only prove a guarantee against all possible misuse of his position by a hasty or ill-advised subordinate ; it will also—what is of more importance still—draw the peasantry closer to the Government instead of driving them into not always desirable quarters. At all events, the most advantageous course in the matter of fixing and collecting rents seems to be to establish the ordinary relation of landlord and tenant with a full and free recognition of the interdependence of both parties and their

rights and responsibilities. It is useless to exercise the exclusive privileges of a monopolist who peremptorily dictates terms only to find his custom gone in the long run for ever.

Government have enacted laws for the protection of peasants from the clutches of the usurer. But these are not unalloyed blessings; and they hardly give any relief from the worries and annoyances attendant upon the life of an agriculturist. Protection given by Government against a third party is good; but protection given by Government against itself is more desirable still. And as special tenants of Government, they are entitled to special exemptions from the payment of such dues as court-fees, grazing fees, etc. etc. It is indeed very hard on a tenant to be compelled to pay these dues oft-times for defending the right of Government in their own land or making improvements on that land. No private land-holder can think of throwing the expense incurred for the benefit of his land on his tenants: any yet a tenant of Government can in very few cases approach its officers even upon business concerning land without the payment of small Nazaranas in the shape of court-fees. He can, therefore, hardly be accused of stupidity or wilfulness if he sorrowfully abandons the profession of agriculture, with all its uncertain prospects and recurring expenses on livestock and dead-stock, to embrace the life of a labourer, whose work and wages are definite, and who is at least free from having to pay extra fees. Surely, a little sacrifice of these petty and vexatious items of revenue is not beyond the means or the resources of a rich Government.

The fields of the cultivators are necessarily situated at a distance from their homes; the produce of these fields, therefore, is during some months of the year exposed to the depredations of men and beasts whom it is almost impossible for him unaided to keep out. Immediately the harvest is reaped, the field of a ryot is invaded by lots of sheep, camels, buffaloes and other stray animals and shorn of its hedges which, by the time the sowing operations commence, are damaged or destroyed. With the beginning of the latter begin the vigorous attacks of cows, whose appetite for tender crops is equalled by their energy in laying waste the entire field in a night. The season of harvest is again the time for thieves and robbers to carry off bundles and sheafs of corn without much chance of being pursued, identified or punished. The ryot cannot remain in open fields

for all hours to watch his property : a farm-house for shelter is quite impossible in a province where the agricultural property of a ryot is not contiguous, but distributed in small pieces in many directions. Even if in one of his surprise visits he happens to come upon these rough depredators, they slip away from his grasp, or if surrounded, give him a sound thrashing which the poor ryot will not easily forget. Complaint requires the support of evidence and evidence in these matters is hard to obtain. Besides, he knows that whereas the detection and punishment of crimes is problematical, his absence from the scenes of his labour to attend prolonged police investigations and magisterial inquiries are the certain corollaries of his having lodged a complaint. He therefore elects to be discreetly silent and, if possible, to buy over the goodwill of the evil-doers. These mishaps, thefts and trespasses, though individually insignificant, are pernicious in the aggregate and calculated to lower the value of agriculture as a safe profession.

It is natural for the ignorant ryot to believe that, after all, scant attention is paid to the prevention and detection of offences relating to his fields and their produce. He witnesses the abolition or non-recognition of the old *Rukha* system without being provided with any adequate substitute for the policing of his fields. On the other hand, he is made to feel the power of the new organisation fully equipped for the protection of Government forests—the barks and leaves of which appear to him to be held more sacred than his corn and grass. The field and the forest alike are the property of Government : only the method of collecting the revenue from either is different. But this difference creates an invidious distinction whereby the least trespass over Government forests by his untutored beasts is visited by fine, whereas innumerable petty offences committed against his holding pass unnoticed. This unequal treatment of the properties of Government is a factor in determining the rural occupation of a *bona fide* cultivator. Let it not be assumed that because the offences against a ryot's field are not reported, they are therefore not committed.

If the *Rukha* (village police) system is to be revived, let it be controlled by the agriculturists, or the chief among them, and let it follow the genius of the people. If the *Chowkidars* are allowed to feel that they are the servants of Government, they will most

probably develop into masters instead of servants of the peasantry. Any fresh addition to the number of masters over the ryot must be deprecated as unnecessarily oppressive, and besides, though simple in thought, word and action, the peasantry of the country is, as originally it was, able to control and supervise the policing of their homes and fields, provided, of course, the Village Police system is not saddled with legal intricacies and innovations.

Another difficulty which contributes its moiety to scare away the ryot from his ancestral occupation is the inconvenience of roads. He gives the local cess for their repair ; and yet the roads and lanes which he uses for agricultural purposes are rarely or insufficiently repaired. They are obstructed by untrimmed hedges, overshadowed by thorny bushes and creepers and narrowed down by encroachments. Absence or neglect of drains render them almost impassable during the monsoon ; while during the cold weather also, these roads and lanes cherish the memory of bygone days with surviving pools of stagnant water. During the greater part of the year, therefore, these cultivators are compelled to improvise new paths on one another's fields for cart and foot traffic, simply because the old roads are generally left to be repaired by chance or providence. The ryot has not a loud voice, but he has deep feelings ; and he is disheartened when he finds that the money taken from him for giving him road facilities is spent on metalled roads which he may never have occasion to use, and which, being costly, cannot pierce through the spheres of his activities. And even those metalled roads made from funds to which he has contributed are again made the excuse for further taxation in the form of tolls, just as the produce of his fields, for the occupation of which he pays rent to Government, is subjected to municipal octroi duties for other people's benefit. Such and similar hardships prey upon his mind and scare him away from the field.

Government have introduced the system of partial election in the composition of district and local boards, whose duty it is to look into rural wants and see that they are supplied as far as funds permit. Each member of these boards, elected or nominated, has one vote, and is expected to represent his constituency or locality not as a figurehead but as an active member who knows the real needs and pleads for them. It should, therefore, be interesting to find out the number of propositions and suggestions made by the members

for the benefit of their respective constituencies and the amount of success with which they have met in their efforts during one triennial period. The Local Funds Act came into operation in the year 1869. During these thirty-seven years of its existence, thousands and thousands of rupees have been collected and disbursed presumably for the benefit of the agrarian population. And yet the poor agriculturist is to a great extent destitute of good roads for his carts and agricultural education for his children. He pays the piper, but the tune is called by others who hardly understand him and his wants.

It seems highly desirable that the supply of petty wants of a village ought to be the first charge on the cesses collected from it : and that other works of general utility should be carried out from surplus, if any. The initiation of this policy may delay other useful works and contract the mileage of metalled roads in the district, but it will most assuredly give immense relief to the rural population.

So long as there was no escape from the work and worry of agriculture, demanding the sacrifice of his time, money and energy without adequate return, the ryot accepted his lot and cultivated his plot with sullen equanimity. But now that he finds that his entrance into the charmed circle of labour ensures him his livelihood, secures him against the vicissitudes of seasons, releases him from all irritating obligations, absolves him from the payment of tolls, rents and fees, and revives his credit and his prestige, he eschews his attachment and love for the rural occupation, puts his pride in his pocket, and mixes light-heartedly with the common labourers.

It is, therefore, high time that when great improvements in agriculture are contemplated, the agency through which they must ultimately be realised, be made ready and willing to perform the task allotted to it by seasonable and reasonable concessions. If the hereditary instincts and predilections of the skilled and industrious peasantry are aroused and worked upon by sympathy and sacrifice, the *bona fide* ryots, such as the Kunbis of Gujarat, will respond to the call and cease from bidding farewell to the profession for which they are eminently fitted. Properly encouraged and assisted, they will, let us hope, enhance the value and produce of Government land by an intelligent and, therefore, successful utilisation of all the discoveries of science.

Nadiad.

DOLATRAM KRIPARAM PANDYA.

AN ANCIENT ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

DURING the last half century, we of Western Europe have made immense strides in the knowledge and appreciation of ancient Oriental literature, whether Hindu or Buddhist. We have been able to approach this literature in the most favourable way. It was in no sense forced upon us, still less was it held up to us as superior to our own and as certain to supersede it. On the contrary, the great scholars who introduced it to us took delight in showing wherein it was in sympathy with our own sacred literature, and how far it could shed light upon it.

Unfortunately, it has not been so with the Bible in India. It reached India mainly by the hands of a conquering race, whose militarisms and diplomacies served to illustrate only its least attractive pages—while they were wholly out of key with those of its teachings, with which Indians were likely to have most sympathy. It was promulgated by men, aliens in race and religion, who in general know little and cared less for the ancient native literature. Anybody can see by turning up old missionary records, that most of the earlier missionaries regarded and represented Indians in general as a barbarous, though gentle, race, all of whose ideas and customs needed to be torn up root and branch, so that new foreign ideas and customs might be planted in their stead. Many of these missionaries, too, really knew comparatively little of their own sacred literature, having studied it only in the light focussed upon it by a narrow creed. And the ideas of it which they inculcated on their converts, must in any case still pervade much of Christian India. Stated briefly, the Bible went to India as an engine of proselytism by foreign armed power, and as such was not likely easily to win favour with what was noblest and best in India.

On the other hand, we of the West have begun to see that

Indians might give us much help to a vital appreciation of our ancient religious books. I recall the saying of one British biblical critic "that he could imagine no Bible student so favourably situated as an educated, open-minded Indian, with a mind free from all hereditary prepossessions and from dogmatic prejudices imbibed almost with a mother's milk, and so able (as we are not) to bring a fresh eye to the Bible pages, and possibly, also, a nature more sympathetic than ours with its points of view." For it must never be forgotten that the Bible is essentially an Oriental book, that the West has derived all its religion from the East. The Old Testament was written in Asiatic dialects, and even the New appeared in the Greek tongue as corrupted in Asiatic and African colonies, while Greece herself stands midway between East and West, and even to-day, has many strikingly Eastern attributes.

It is quite possible that many of my Indian readers, having approached the noble biblical literature from without—and not by mere careless conventional acceptance—may not need to be reminded of the elementary fact (which often appears to strike British people with astonishment) that the Bible is not a book but a whole library of books. The very word "Bible" is derived from the Greek "ta biblia"—the books, and only through the alien Latin did this get corrupted into "the Bible" constituting a special word of the English language, applied to nothing but itself. In Britain, old-fashioned people still occasionally call the Bible "the Book"—if they called it "the Books" they would be correct.

If we took the whole sweep of British literature from the earliest Saxon fragments of Cædmon, down through Gower, Chaucer and Shakespeare, taking up the best poets, dramatists and essayists, till we finally ended with the modern writers Wordsworth and Tennyson, and if we printed all these varied selections in very small type on thin paper, and bound them into one volume, yet we should not have one book, in the true sense—we should have a library bound as a volume. So it is with the Bible. Further, its sixty-six entirely separate and often but slightly related books cover a much wider change in the social conditions and planes of thought with which they deal, than does our English literature.

We should realise, too, that the actual collection of this Biblical literature was made by men with no claims to any high spiritual

inspiration: by Jewish rabbis in the case of the Old Testament and in the case of the New, by councils of Churchmen, long after the apostolic age and when corruption both of doctrine and life had crept in.

It was not till after the death of Jesus, that the Jewish rabbis decided to include the "Song of Solomon" and "Ecclesiastes" in the canon of the Old Testament, therefore among these arbiters of the Bible collection may have been included some of those very rabbis who were among the bitterest accusers of the Founder of Christianity. Further, when they finally accepted the two books named above, one rather wonders why they rejected certain books in the separate and rather discredited collection known as the Apocrypha, which contains some works full of moral beauty and literary merit.

In the New Testament the singularly beautiful and "universal" epistle known as "of James" ran great risk of rejection by the early ecclesiastical councils, although its writer is believed to have been the brother and personal follower of Jesus himself. It did not sufficiently insist on dogmas which, by that time, they had grown to consider as vital to the Church.

To consider the Old Testament, the Hebrews did not attain nationality until they had served hard bondage in Egypt. Like most nations, their cradle was slavery, and again, like most nations, they rose from this under the leadership of one of themselves, who had escaped the conditions which crushed down the mass, and who, also, like most similar leaders, was fairly pushed on the path of his mission by the malice and jealousy of men of his own race who could not tolerate his championship if he began to inculcate the primal duty of unity among themselves. This thread of Hebrew history runs so exactly parallel both with human nature and with facts of human life within historic memory, that it may be accepted, as veracious, whether, as was once believed, it was recorded by Moses himself, or whether, as seems now the most reasonable conclusion, the earlier historical and legislative books of the Old Testament are of very much later period, embodying the accretion of the legislative and ecclesiastical customs of centuries—full of interpolations of varied dates (some as late as about 600 B. C.), while their narratives are fragments of poetry and legend, also recorded and put in order

by some later hand, though certainly inclusive of many expressions and whole incidents of extreme antiquity—as antiquity is reckoned in the Western world! We may say, indeed, of these earlier books that they are annotated compilations forming part of the collected Hebrew literature. Whenever these earlier books of the Old Testament were precisely cast into their present form, they deal first with cosmic traditions of unknown ancience, and then with the fragmentary records of nomad dwellers in tents, slowly crystallising into a nation and evolving their religion from older Babylonian sources. The New Testament, on the other hand, was the product of an age, preceded by the highest forms of literature, science and art, and was produced under Grecian influences modified by that of the Roman citizen Paul.

In my own opinion and experience, the study of Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, helps one greatly to understand and appreciate the Bible—teaches one how to look at it, as it were, in the right atmosphere and from the right point. One can then easily recognise that the early chapters of Genesis contain an ancient Hebrew poem, or more probably fragments of many such poems, rather naïvely combined. They have all the characteristics of the noblest ancient poetry, parallelisms of thought and diction, division into irregular stanzas, each having a sort of refrain, magnificence of imagery and vivid personification. It is hard to understand how theological battles have been fought over these grand products of high imagination. To have taught the young or the simple to mistake the eternal truths of this sublime poetry for mere facts such as science can tabulate, had been to sow seeds of distrust and denial which could be removed afterwards only by painful struggle, and which might destroy much moral good before their removal was accomplished.

In writing of the narratives of the Old Testament, Dr. Bowen, of Harvard University, reminds us that we must differentiate these, on the one hand, from what is pure poetry, and on the other from the mere thread of historic fact on which they are strung. We must recollect that among all primitive peoples, and perhaps, specially in the East, history, morality and religion always tend to enlarge themselves from the particular to the general, *i.e.*, the mere fact is transfigured into poetic truth. It is at this very point

that I think our Indian friends might greatly help us Westerns to the right comprehension of our own sacred literature. A very slight knowledge of Eastern life does something in this direction. When visiting the Pyramids, being somewhat alarmed at the shouts and vigorous gestures of the Arabs in charge, I asked our native dragoon if there were anything really the matter. I was much struck by his reply: "No, lady, this is only the way of these *ravens of the desert*." Were they ravens of this type who fed Elijah with baked bread and cooked meat?

A traveller in the desert has told me that to this day any passer-by may see the Arabs doing as Moses did (Exodus XV. 15), *i.e.*, casting a tree into brackish waters "whereby they became sweet," the ancient recorder simply omitting the practical detail, that the trunk of the wonder-working tree was hollowed out, so that the waters rose up through it, purified of their heavier and unpleasant constituents.

I have heard it said—I must leave it as hearsay, as unfortunately I do not know India for myself—that at this present time, in an Indian village, there may occur some event, as prosaic as those that are squalidly reported in our Western newspapers, but that a week afterwards, one shall hear that story in another village, stripped of all that is merely local and temporary and transformed into a parable or a poem of universal interest.

So the early Old Testament narratives, the stories of Abraham and Isaac, of Esau and Jacob, of Joseph and his brethren, of Jael or Deborah, of Gibeon, of Goliath, of Jephthah and his daughter, or of Samson and Delilah, are not to be accepted as mere dry facts. They are legendary tales or ballads drawn together with little regard for their connection with each other, or for their proportion in relation to the history with which they are connected. They contain among them some of the grandest and subtlest studies of human nature which can be found in any literature, set forth, too, with inimitable touches of artistic beauty and force. Doubtless these stories are only some out of many coming from the same origin, but are a case of "the survival of the fittest," escaping oblivion by virtue of the true inspiration, the Divine-human vitality that is in them. But as to defending the historical accuracy of these stories in every detail, accepting their estimates of number or distance, or claiming

that every action of the more eminent persons was wholly laudable, and setting up their characters as ideals or believing that some of the deeds done were enjoined by the Almighty, as the American professor already quoted wittily remarks, anybody who has seen modern history in the making—even history as modern as that of the American Civil War—will know how to disentangle the eternal truths of God and Humanity from the mere dust-heaps of “fact.”

It must always be borne in mind, too, that from its beginning almost to its end, much of the highest truth in the Bible does not profess to be fact, but is quite frankly, fiction. The book of Job, which scholars believe to be really the most ancient of all the Biblical books is, candidly, a romance. Job may or may not have been a living man, whose history may have run, in the main on the lines portrayed—indeed, most lives do so, at some period of their course ! But the book itself is cast in a strictly poetic form, and if there was a real Job, he figures in it precisely as Henry V. or Claverhouse figure on the pages of Shakespeare or Walter Scott, and his actual reality or non-reality becomes a negligible quantity. Most of the Jewish rabbis believed Job to be historical, but from the first there were dissentients among them who said, “A Job existed not and was not created : he is a parable.” Maimonides, the broad-minded and philosophic Spanish-Jewish rabbi of the 12th century, gave as his opinion “that Job is a parable meant to exhibit the views of mankind in regard to providence.” The reformer Luther believed the book of Job to be real history, “but that everything so happened and was so done,” said he, “I do not believe, but think that some ingenious, pious, and learned man composed it as it is.” It is this poetic form and insight which makes the story true to universal nature everywhere.

I may remark here that when it is sometimes said that throughout the Old Testament there is no allusion to belief in any sort of continuance of life after death, I have marvelled how those who assert this regard that wonderful touch at the close of Job's story, when, though the patriarch was restored to health and all his worldly possessions were doubled, he yet received only the same number of sons and daughters as he had had originally—surely, a most beautiful and tender way of indicating that

life and love can never be lost in the same sense as houses and gear--yet a touch little likely to be given so lightly and so subtly, had not the poet felt that its full significance would be readily grasped by his readers.

Then we must realise that the exquisite parables given by Jesus are also simply--fiction. This is, indeed, not fully realised by many British readers. I once heard a Scotchwoman remark to a famous preacher "that she did not approve of fiction," and I have never forgotten his quick rejoinder, "Then, madam, of course you never read the parables."

No, the Prodigal Son never drew breath nor yet the Good Samaritan--nor the priest nor the Levite who "passed by on the other side," nor Dives nor Lazarus--there was never one of them--but there have been thousands of them in all countries; they are alive among us to-day and will live among our posterity till the world itself comes to end. Dr. Bowen says that he believes that the parable, as found in Jesus' teaching, is original and unique and was not even imitated--and then but clumsily--for a long while afterwards. This critic defines a parable as an imaginary scene from real human life, vividly set forth, so as to bring home some particular truth to the hearts and consciences of men--a brief drama, not resting, like the fable, on some extravagant fancy, nor condensed like the proverb into a single pithy phrase or arresting image, but dependent for its effect on the naturalness and probability of the story and on the lifelike manner of its telling. We see here, exactly what all fiction ought to be, to wit, a philosophy of human life. "The proper study of mankind is man," and here we get an indication how that study may be carried on without personal curiosity, intrusion or uncharitableness. I remember hearing Professor Henry Morley say that while it would be in every way unpleasant and unprofitable to point to our neighbours, and remark, "Look at them and watch how their ways will turn out," fiction indicates how such observation and experience may be set forth without any censoriousness or interference!

In the Old Testament there is only one instance of attempt at such parable--and it is too strongly tinged with the "fable" element to make it a precedent--that short poignant apologue of "the one ewe lamb" by which Nathan drove conviction of sin home

to the heart of King David. The "talking trees" of the IXth chapter of Judges is not a parable, but a true fable of the type with which all oriental literature abounds.

Then let us look at what we may call the literary aspect of the "prophetic" books. If it be desirable that Bible study should be always carried on in Bibles without page headings or chapter-headings, it is doubly so in the case of these books. There are many vexed questions about them into which it is impossible to enter in such an article as this. All that can be said is, that these books were each written in view of some existing social or political state of things among the Hebrews or their neighbours, foes or allies. Certain of them are the productions of more than one hand, though appearing under one name. Many of them are strangely fragmentary—almost as if they had been notes jotted down from some impassioned oratory. One thing is clear, their "prophecy" was not of the nature of those strange, unreasoned, often well-nigh involuntary "predictions," which undoubtedly do often "come true," though nobody can explain their basis. To give an illustration of what is meant by this type of "prediction," take the incident of William Blake, afterwards the marvellous poet-artist, who, as a child of eight or ten, was standing in his father's shop, when there entered an honoured customer, a handsome and courteous man, concerning whom, when he went away, the strange child whispered to his father, "Father, that man will be hanged"—a prediction which many years afterwards was verified to the letter. Now the child could not have defined how or why he made that prediction—he could not trace the working of his mental machinery which cast up this singular product. True, there must have been some natural,—or as we should now say some "scientific" reason for this sudden conclusion, as for many other singularly fulfilled "forecastings" (notably those of Scottish "seers") which have been unmistakably noted and verified, and perhaps some day we may find out all the meaning of such "intuitions" and how to make them useful to ourselves and others. The difference between such predictions and the Biblical prophecies, is that the Hebrew "prophets" knew exactly what they were saying and why they said it. The glory of true prophecy is when it avails to avert its own fulfilment, as in Jonah's prophecies against Nineveh, though he himself was disappointed

when they did not "come off." The Hebrew prophets said, "the nation is doing such and such an evil deed: the people are started on such and such a wrong course of action, and if they persist in this, then this or that dreadful consequence will follow." Their "prophecies," in their essence, were as natural and as orderly as the diagnosis of an experienced physician who, looking on a patient, says, "You are contracting such and such a malady, and unless you check certain habits and submit to proper discipline, fatal results will follow." And these Hebrew "prophets" knew so well what they spoke of, and thought on such broad and true lines, that we can use their very words in application to events outwardly quite different from those they deprecated—and what is more, we can often actually find no better words to use!

The Proverbs of Solomon and the Psalms of David bear on their very face the mark of being collections within that collection which we call the Bible. Undoubtedly, there are sayings of Solomon among the Proverbs and psalms by David among the Psalms, though it is quite possible that even those sweet lyrics which actually bear the name of the shepherd-king may have not been written by himself, but by some poet personifying him—as Browning personified Rabbi Ben Ezra, or Burns, Robert the Bruce. But what of the awful "cursing" psalms—those psalms, breathing out wrath and indignation and hatred and vengeance—psalms which give us a thrill of horror and repulsion, and which Christians would hold up to execration if they found them in the Koran. Think of the CIXth Psalm, and the closing verses of Psalm CXXXVII. They are at variance with the highest teaching of all religions: they are quite out of harmony with the God of the Hebrews as set forth in the book of Jonah, as showing mercy in consideration both of the people that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand. They are in flat contradiction to the whole spirit of the New Testament. The frightfulness of these Psalms has been explained away by the assertion that they must be read as expressing simply abhorrence for sin, and a desire for the extinction of evil. This is only an illustration of the artificial bias by which the whole human interest and value of the "Books" has been stultified,—for unmistakably they breathed wrath and hatred not only against offending persons, but against all in any way associated with those

persons. One instinctively wonders how they ever came to be left in the Hebrew collection of Psalms when it was accepted by Christian churches. Yet if we look at these psalms in the light of literature we see in them a deep significance. They are manifest cries of torture wrung from outraged lives and agonised hearts. The oppressor, the extortioner, the invader can recognise in them the terrible seeds they are sowing, and the frightful harvest that will be reaped some-day, if not by themselves, then by those of their family or race, who shall come after them.

The old orthodox-Church view of "inspiration" which well-nigh regarded it as verbal—even in translation—may be said to have vanished, though its influence still occasionally shows in a strange mistrust of "revised versions." Yet there remains much vague talk about "inspiration" as if it were inevitably confined to the ancient scriptures of one particular race. A little thoughtful literary consideration of these scriptures themselves casts a very different light on the matter. Take, for example, the New Testament incident of the Syro-Phœnician Canaanitish woman (Matthew XV. 21—28). She was a pagan woman—an outsider in race, claiming none of the privileges of a daughter of Israel. Yet it was she who brought out a great truth—that the teaching and beneficence of Jesus were not confined to any nation or creed. Surely it was her powerful pleading that was "inspired," and not merely its record, by whoever wrote the book called "of St. Matthew." Nobody calls recorders or reporters "inspired." Therefore "inspiration" lies open to the foreigner, the pagan, the unlearned woman! It has no limits—it blows when and where it lists. It is a voice speaking through the human heart—not a mere whisper into the human ear.

Mistaken views of the Bible have led to sad ethical blunders. Attempts have been made to justify, even to glorify, infamous actions, or terrible weaknesses. For instance, in Deborah's cruel song of triumph over the home-suffering imposed by Sisera's death, her praises of Jael cannot make Jael anything but what she was, a treacherous, iron-hearted woman. Esau was undoubtedly a more lovable character than Jacob. What, after all, was Esau's "sin"? An ignoring of that "birthright of the elder" which the laws of Christian countries are now doing their utmost to set aside; and as for the supposed "curse," the descendants of Esau have undoubtedly

held their own, at least in physique and in grandeur of character with those of Jacob.

All high literature demands that it should be approached with the utmost freedom of thought and criticism, if we are to arrive at its true meaning, which is often not revealed to the eyes that first peruse it, but lies there, an open secret, till the sympathetic and courageous reader arrives. Take the case of Shakespeare. It is only of recent times that sympathy has wavered from standing wholly on the side of the frivolous, punning young people who cheated and tormented Shylock the Jew, whose own passion of revenge is at least explainable by the age-long injustice endured by his race, and is quite in harmony with those very "cursing psalms" which his persecutors used as part of their religious formularies! It has been slowly recognised that the young dandy who, while despising the Jew, nevertheless ran off with his ducats and his daughter, must have been a contemptible rascal, and that it can have been only in fine irony that Shakespeare put the declaration

The man who hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted

into the mouth of this musical Lorenzo, treasonable, strategic and thievish, and most emphatically "not to be trusted."

So, too, it seems to have been reserved for the great writer, John Ruskin, within the last quarter of a century, to point out that, sweet and winning as Shakespeare's Desdemona is, the seed of her terrible undoing lay in her own character, when she gave her wronged parent the right to say to her husband—"She has deceived her father, and may thee"—thus preparing the way for Iago's first insinuation

She did deceive her father, marrying you :
And when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
She loved them most,

till the end was the awful rage of jealousy and the untimely doom it wrought.

In no great literature are there to be found characters of unadulterated virtue and strength or of unmitigated evil or weakness. Great writers never write, as it were, below their creations, "This

is a Saint" or "This is a Villain." They leave us to search out their intention. Even when they betray that intention in their work, their own character and standpoint must be studied before we accept it as truth. Great literature is degraded when we fail to regard it in this thoughtful and critical way. Great literature is not to be treated as a dead body, which may crumble to dust if light and air be let in upon it. It is alive, and can only gain by all the fresh air and sunlight of thought which can be brought to play upon it.

To all to whom English is not a mother-tongue the Bible, in its English translation, becomes a magnificent influence on language and style. The greatest British masters of style are men who have been brought up on Bible study, as for example, John Ruskin himself. "Intense study of the Bible," said the poet Coleridge, "will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." It will even protect one from the influence of the ever increasing vulgarism of modern Anglo-Saxon journalism and slang, guiding one into strong succinct utterance. And it should never be forgotten that vulgarity of style and vulgarity of thought inevitably go together. Simplicity, of course, must not be confounded with vulgarity, which indeed frequently tends to be grandiose. Those who have saturated themselves in the fresh beauty of the English language as manifest in the tender pathos, the marvellous graphic power and the keen subtle insight of "the Books," will turn with disgust from the sloppy phraseology, the shallow thought and the utter absence of characterisation which prevail in the ordinary British periodical "literature" of to-day.

Bible study should be carried on with the Bible itself. Commentators should be set aside till afterwards—when they will be generally found superfluous. If we do wrong to believe what anybody else tells us about an individual, we surely do more wrong when we accept whatever others say about a book—for the book is always there, to answer our enquiries for itself. All great literature should be studied in its entirety—its strongest and its weakest points alike. Any study from "selections," however excellent, leads only to misapprehension, and to such unprofitable discussion as I once heard carried on between an Edinburgh literary man and an Indian student. The former asserted

that the British public had opportunity to see only the best of the Indian sacred books—that they contained many passages of dubious tendencies which were suppressed before their translations reached the British eye. The Indian student retorted that there were many stories in the Bible, together with the whole of the “Song of Solomon,” which he should be loth to make general Indian reading. So the discussion ended with that poorest of polemics “Tu quoque”—though from a literary standpoint “Tu quoque” may well be a call for mutual forbearance and consideration.

ISABELLA F. MAYO.

*Old Aberdeen,
Scotland.*

JAUNDICE.

She was my yellow Mistress, she whose eyes
Of ghastly saffron spake debauchery,
Who pressed her wasted bosom close to me
Nor sought her shameless passions to disguise.
Alert she watched me lest her helpless prize
Might from her toils escape. At times she seemed
Fabulous, and her garments I have dreamed
Were dyed in colours of fierce eastern skies.

Oft like a Chinese god with ugly grin,
On whose thin lips a painter's brush had spread
Vermilion, she would fix on me a stare
Such that I trembled at, like one within
Dense jungle when a tiger's yellow glare
Shoots to his heart intolerable dread.

H. CAMPBELL.

Nagpaw.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL AUTHORITY
IN EUROPE.

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III.

THE questions of the objective of existence and the basis of social law and organisation bring us at once to the *crux* of the present situation. We will first consider the social position, in regard to its dominating elements.

With the advent of money economy and machine-production the personal relations of status, which, as we saw, made up the mediæval economy, have been superseded by the exchange of things and services on the theoretical principle of "free-contract." Economically, we have now three broad divisions in society, for men arrange themselves according to the things they own or exchange. They may exchange their labour for wages, or they may exchange the use of their capital for interest, or they may exchange the use of their land for rent. Therefore, "in modern societies Labourers, Capitalists, and Landlords are the three classes which group themselves round the possession of the power to labour, the possession of wealth, and the possession of land. This is the social structure we habitually assume, but it is strangely unlike the municipal and manorial life it has superseded." The organised effort of these separate classes to get the advantage in the contract of exchange is at the root of our industrial conflicts. In the political sphere, the sentiment of organic nationality has been strongly accentuated by the circumstances of the foundation of the modern nation-state, chiefly compounded of peoples near akin; a sentiment representing a new psychic quantity in the general life born of a common language and popular historic tradition into which there enter usages, remembrances, misfortunes, hopes, and triumphs, largely enshrined in a national literature. Still

more recent is the upgrowth of racial affinities, sometimes tending to over-step the geographical bounds of national limits. The doctrine of "natural rights" which plays so important a part in the Revolutionary movement of the 18th and 19th centuries (in direct affirmative attack on the earlier régime of absolutist regulation) has so far permeated political institutions that a measure of enfranchisement of the masses is in operation; widely varying, however, in the actual degree of political power this concession has carried with it. The endeavour to render this enfranchisement more effective, especially in its economic aspect, is a leading feature in the politics of the "proletariat." The establishment of elementary education, by largely extending the capacity to read and write (as compared to the age when this simple accomplishment was a rarity) has introduced the institution of the Press into social forces as an organ for the systematic interpretation of what is comprehended under the term "public opinion." The direction of affairs consequently takes the form of a contest of interests within the state, centering round the citadel of the governing power and its disbursement—which still largely remains with certain dominant classes; and of a contest of combined national interests in the international sphere of action. The element of *force* as the final arbiter underlies the civic and international ordering; and strengthens the diplomacy of the separate armed nations in their international dealings. The developments thus outlined are most completely manifested in the countries with popular constitutions and are rudimentary in Russia.

With the decline in the West of a central theocratic source of law and belief, the internal questions of allegiance in the organic nation-state, which has succeeded Mediævalism, have become accentuated, involving numerous difficulties of relations, of religion, and class-interests, incident to a régime of liberty and competition. Serious thinkers are thus much concerned to evoke standards of guidance transcending the clash of rival interests. We can only discuss these matters here within the limits of this study, which seeks simply to demonstrate the real problems of our day. A pertinent contribution thereto may be cited from Herbert Spencer.* He states :

Along with a rule predominantly theocratic, there is current a tacit

* "Principles of Sociology."

or avowed doctrine, that the acts prescribed or forbidden are made right or wrong solely by divine command ; and though this doctrine survives through subsequent stages (as it does still in our own religious world) yet belief in it becomes nominal rather than real. Where there has been established an absolute human authority, embodied in a single individual, or, as occasionally, in a few, there comes the theory that law has no other source than the will of this authority; acts are conceived as proper or improper according as they do or do not conform to its dictates. With progress towards a popular form of government this theory becomes modified to the extent that though the obligation to do this, and refrain from that, is held to arise from State enactment ; yet the authority which gives this enactment its force is the public desire. Still, it is observable that, along with a tacit implication that the *consensus* of individual interests affords the warrant for law, there goes the overt assertion that this warrant is derived from the formulated will of the majority ; no question being raised whether this formulated will is or is not congruous with the *consensus* of individual interests. In this current theory there obviously survives the old idea that there is no other sanction for law than the command of embodied authority ; though the authority is now a widely different one.

But this theory, much in favour with "philosophical politicians," a transitional theory. The ultimate theory, which it foreshadows, is that the source of legal obligation is the *consensus* of individual interests itself, and not the will of a majority determined by their opinion concerning it; which may or may not be right. Already, even in legal theory, especially as expounded by French jurists, natural law or law of nature, is recognised as a source of formulated law : the admission being thereby made that, primarily certain individual claims, and secondarily the social welfare furthered by enforcing such claims, furnish a warrant for law, antecedent political authority and its enactments. Already in the qualification of Common Law by Equity, which avowedly proceeds upon the law of "*honesty and reason and of nations,*" there is involved the pre-supposition that, as similarly constituted beings, men have certain rights in common, maintenance of which, while directly advantageous to them individually, indirectly benefits the community ; and that thus the divisions of equity have a sanction independent alike of customary law and parliamentary votes. Already in respect of religious opinions there is practically conceded the right of the individual to disobey the law, even though it expresses the will of a majority. Whatever disapproval there may be of him as a law-breaker is over-ridden by sympathy with his assertion

freedom of judgment. There is a tacit recognition of a warrant higher than that of State-enactments, whether regal or popular in origin. These ideas and feelings are all significant of progress towards the view, proper to the developed industrial state, that the justification for a law is that it enforces one or other of the conditions to harmonious social co-operation; and that it is unjustified (enacted by no matter how high an authority or how general an opinion) if it traverses these conditions.

And this is tantamount to saying that the impersonally-derived law which revives as personally-derived law declines, and which gives expression to the *consensus* of individual interests, becomes in its final form, simply an applied system of ethics—or rather of that part of ethics which concerns men's just relations which one another and with the community.

This suggestive passage raises afresh the signification of authority in its modern connotation: and *inter alia* traverses the so-called pagan social-conception, denounced by Tolstoy, that the individual exists for the State, by implying that the State exists for the individual, while opening up the large issues of democracy with which we are still seeking how to deal effectively. Its reference to a warrant higher than the passing wave of popular judgment and the scope of ethics, indicates the nature and validity of ethical prescription as vitally related to the requirements of a progressive social movement. Inferentially it also points to the inadequateness therein of those older sanctions of action we have previously analysed. An English Bishop, speaking not long since of the expediencies which take the place of morality in politics, candidly affirmed that the limitations of Christ's teaching in itself were partly responsible for this, as it was purely personal and never hinted at morality among tribes and nations. "So it comes to pass that after all our centuries of moral and religious teaching, the moral conscience of nations is still in a very rudimentary condition." All which is again illustrated by the economic side of modern social phenomena. We have spoken above of the industrial revolution wrought by mechanical invention and its sequences in the social structure. One of our foremost economic historians remarks on their moral aspects: *

With this changed social structure, and changed social ambition, money has come to have a new importance for the individual who pos-

* W. Cunningham in *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, 1892.

sesse~~d~~ it. In the older days coinage had given a unit for the comparison of one ware with another, but it was not an object which men were likely to seek after, except in so far as they desired to lay by for an early day. If they had large sums at command they could not invest them; and so far as the greater part of the population were concerned their food and clothing were practically determined by their status in the social system. So long as prices were arranged by calculation there must have been comparatively little variation in the real reward which a man got for his labour; and while payments were partly made in kind, attention was not directed forcibly to money as a purchasing power. But with competition prices all this was changed: the amount of comforts a man could obtain depended not on the regulations of his guild, but on the purchasing power of the money he obtained by the sale of his wares*. It was no longer a mere matter of importance to regulate the coinage, and thus have a definite unit for the comparison of wares; money had come to be a thing for which every one sought, not exactly for its own sake, but because of its purchasing power; it was a convenient representative of all other objects of wealth, and, as such, a thing of which each man desired to have as much as possible. From this time forward the *desire of wealth* as the means of gratifying the desire of social distinction and all else, became a much more important factor in economic affairs than it had been before.

These changes had a very important bearing on all questions of commercial morality; so long as economic dealings were based on a system of personal relationships they all had an implied moral character. To supply a bad article was morally wrong, to demand excessive payment for goods or for labour was extortion, and the right or wrong of every transaction was easily understood; but when all dealings are considered as so many cases of exchange in an open market, the case is different. No compulsion was put upon either party to the exchange, and if they came off badly it might be regarded as their fault or their misfortune, but it was not always easy to say that the other party was to blame. In every case of exchange one party has an advantage; he may have superior knowledge, or he may be less anxious to come to terms and he can therefore afford to wait; in either case he is able to drive the better bargain.

* In a physical environment, let it be noted, where a certain degree of material comfort is essential to self-preservation. The bearing of these "necessities" on absolute injunctions against wealth, found in our theocratic oracles and springing from widely removed associations, is obvious.

There are extreme limits which define whether any transaction shall take place or no, and though the advantage which accrues within these limits is not often equally divided, there is no apparent moral wrong in taking full advantage of the power of driving a good bargain under conditions of free competition. In many cases the weaker have gone to the wall ; and some writers have even formulated an iron law of wages which states the existence of an irresistible tendency on the part of the employer to drive down the labourer. But though this appears to be a decided overstatement, the fact remains that there is really no means of applying moral judgment to economic affairs at present ; and so long as transactions are above-board and in accordance with market rates, the ordinary nineteenth-century conscience is unable to go behind these circumstances and discuss how far they are right or wrong.

So that if the broad divisions of society are simple, the multiplied effects of the expansion of modern industry are extremely intricate, and give a striking instance of the involved working of social causation. Thus, to point to leading features in the process, the growth of amalgamated capital from the very expensiveness and complexity of machinery, the greater division of labour, and the co-operative superintendence required in its working, as well as the use of a non-human motor, have combined to institute large-scale production and to drive labour from the home into the large specialised workshop—the factory. As these methods have been perfected among western nations—following the lead therein of England—competition for trade and markets has increased, and the various correlated developments of machinery, such as facility of sea transport and the rapid and easy diffusion of commercial intelligence, have since helped to intensify this competition, whilst greatly enlarging the space-area over which it ranges. The world at large is rapidly becoming one market ; and the effort of amalgamated capital to minimise competition by those enormous combinations known as “ trusts,” and “ cartels” aims as far as the control of an entire supply of material—of oil or copper.

These mechanical changes have had the support at the outset, at least in England, of a correlative theory of social action advanced in the early thought of last century—that of *Laissez-faire*, of leaving everyone free to do the best he could for himself without let or hindrance in complete reaction from the older systems of trade

and personal regulation.* That an immense impetus has been lent thereby to invention and command over natural resources must be conceded. But there have also followed particular evils of which the portentous power acquired by capital and the effects of crowded city life on national character and physique are symptomatic. As the writer above cited emphatically asserts: "It is only under very special conditions, including the existence of a strong government to exercise a constant control, that [free play for the formation of associations of capitalists bent on securing profit is anything but a public danger. The problem of leaving sufficient liberty for the formation of capital and for enterprise in the use of it without allowing it license to exhaust the national resources has not been solved." With the experience gained since the inception of the Individualist view this, too, becomes a traditional theory, with its implication that the general interest is merely the sum of private interests and is subserved by the vigorous individual promotion of these. The unforeseen results, of which those mentioned above are illustrations, have proved the need of a higher warrant for the total direction of national energy in a pervading consciousness of a lofty and superior ideal of the State as its ultimate goal; and despite what Dr. Cunningham states as to the difficulty of introducing moral considerations into economic dealings, this phase of the concern indicates just where the ethical principle appears, even though the details of its application remain to be worked out. The relation of ethics to economics is already the subject of keen discussion.† The foundations

* And exhibited in its fullest manifestation in America.

† In this concern others beside the Economists, as such, have participated; among whom Ruskin has written forcibly of the connection of true industrial activities with vital laws, and asserts: "The real science of political economy, which has yet to be distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astronomy from astrology, is that which teaches nations to desire and labour for the things that lead to life: and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction. And if, in a state of infancy, they supposed indifferent things such as excrescences of shell-fish, and pieces of blue and red stone to be valuable,—or if, in the same state of infancy, they imagine precious and beneficent things, such as air, light, and cleanliness, to be valueless, or if, finally, they imagine the conditions of their own existence, by which alone they can truly possess or use anything, such, for instance, as peace, trust, and love, to be prudently exchangeable, when the markets offer, for gold, iron, or excrescences of shells, the great and only science of Political Economy teaches them, in all these cases, what is vanity and what substance." The Socialist movement in its various phases on the Continent is largely the uprising of Labour against the domination of Capital, and must have considerable social consequence in the future.

of ethics in connection with the whole field under review will be touched upon in conclusion.

Giant-industry and its ramifications are equally associated with the rivalries of the nations, whose armed panoply exists as much for the securing and defence of "markets" as for the preservation of national independence: a state of things which incites the exhaustive denunciation of Tolstoy, in the work previously cited, as violating the very essence of that Christianity which these nations profess, namely, the non-resistance of evil by violence. This phenomenon has also received the attention of Eastern writers in this Review; and as its causes are assumed to lie in the implications of modern Science and their outcome in mechanical applications furthering aggressive activities, it will assist our final inductions to discuss here shortly the relations of Science to Authority in the abstract, and to practical life.

One of the propositions denounced of Papal authority we have restated, affirms the right to hold as true the assertions of science even when opposed to revealed doctrine (so-called). In this proposition is included not merely the accurate interpretation of natural phenomena as such, but, further, those ultimate ideas of the end of man's existence on earth and his relation to the universe which constitute the essence of the religious philosophy of Christendom. The hostility between these separate camps of Science and Theology in the 19th century with the vast discoveries and hypotheses on cosmic solicitudes, vouchsafed by scientific research, is owing to the destructive bearing of those investigations on the traditional views herein assumed on either side prior to the more recent attempts, in a less acrid mental atmosphere, at "reconciliation."

What then properly constitutes Science? What are her credentials in respect of our beliefs on this great regard?

In the earlier part of this study we reviewed the primitive notions of mankind regarding the external world, and the conclusion drawn therefrom in the ordering of human life, which, it was contended, had originated the sacerdotal systems, culminating in the Christian theocracy. The greater part of these conclusions pertain to superstition; that is, the relations in general supposed to exist have been proved by deeper experience to have no corresponding reality in fact. Science then (from the Latin *scientia* knowledge, or

scire, to know, to discern) is simply the corrected statement of relations and phenomena, as being the products of impersonal forces acting under conditions. It stands for the sum of our actual knowledge of the properties of things, their sequences or laws, and interactions, based on the uniformity of nature—that under the same circumstances the same thing usually happens; giving to this knowledge at the same time greater classification, organisation, and exactness, expressed in terms of number, equality, and likeness. “The notion of *likeness*, both in things and relations simultaneously evolves by one process of culture the ideas of *equality* of things and *equality* of relations; which are the respective bases of exact concrete reasoning and exact abstract reasoning—Mathematics and Logic. And this idea of equality, in the very process of being formed, necessarily gives rise to two series of relations—those of magnitude and those of number; from which arise geometry and the calculus.” It proceeds from the more known to the lesser known by way of hypothesis, tested, wherever possible, by experiment; the method of “proof” varying, of course, with the formal separate divisions of knowledge. Science, moreover, assumes as axiomatic the reality of the external universe and the reliability of the sense-impressions derived therefrom translated into consciousness by the central organ of the brain. As these are virtually the same for all normally-constituted persons we may accept their dicta as *relatively true* universally. Those delicate instruments, too, by aid of which investigation is helped, are equally extensions of our natural perceptive powers, and much scientific advancement has been largely due to a corresponding progress in the mechanical arts. What the nature of the thing so perceived is in itself, admittedly lies beyond the sphere of sense-knowledge. “Notions of division and succession in the kinds of knowledge are none of them actually true, but are simply scientific fictions; good, if regarded merely as aids to study; bad if regarded as representing realities in nature. Consider them critically, and no facts whatever are presented to our senses uncombined with other facts—no facts whatever but are in some degree disguised by accompanying facts.”

Imagination and theory have their part in this process; as when it is conjectured that certain phenomena can be connected as arising from one common cause only, this is not immediately demonstrable

while the cause itself may be very obscure. Such a conjecture is a working *hypothesis* pending its complete evidential establishment. Instances in point are the theory of ether vibrations in optics, of atoms and their affinities in chemistry, and of sensitive nerve-centres as the springs of consciousness in psychology. Theory thus forms the analogue in speculative science to *faith* in religious belief. But, unlike the finality usually entering into the last, it is only regarded at the outset as an approximation to the truth, one that may conceivably be replaced by another and better grounded theory Following these dicta of experience to their logical implications, speculative science has further sought to present great unifying fundamental laws yielding a coherent cosmic interpretation ; as in the Law of Evolution and the Law of Substance or law of the persistence of matter and force.

As Spencer well remarks : " To trace out scientific evolution from its deepest roots would, of course, involve a complete analysis of the mind. For as science is a development of that common knowledge acquired by the unaided senses and uncultured reason, so is that common knowledge itself gradually built up out of the simplest perceptions." True science, then, is the truth of nature as ascertainable by the highest faculties of the mind freely exercised and open to an ever-increasing degree of exact apprehension, universally tested and appraised. The importance of scientific authority—in this sense of a reasoned standard of general credibility—in relation to the dogmas of supernatural authority lies in the revolutionising of the traditional views of man's estate, enshrined in an ancient Scripture, through those supreme generalisations reached towards the close of last century and surpassing in their measure of illumination all previous achievement. Whereas the tradition in question treated man and his world as the centre of all things and man as a being apart from ought else, the evidence of Biology and Ethnology now agree in regarding mankind as indeed at the head of created beings, but at one with such in all physical respects. And this after making full concession of the limits proper to science, and recognising the elusive border whence begins metaphysical speculation and the fantasies of mystical religion, wherein is raised afresh the enigma of Existence.*

* To recall here a passage of the New Testament which, with its context, gives the key-note of much of that Theology : " Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into

The revolution implies no less than the transformation of the whole basis of thought. On the one side are the expansive energies evolving through some countries the great modern social structure ; which still, however, lacks a corresponding *rationale* of purposive direction, though some first principles thereof have been educed. On the other, the Institution which claims to dispense the spiritual or directive power, largely antipathetic by its very antecedents to these developments, and in its most dogmatic branch, openly hostile thereto. Such is the paradox now presented by society in the West in its mental and moral habitude, whose right comprehension is necessary to its valid bearing on the movement of the world at large.

In this connection an alien judgment appearing some time back in *East & West* from a standpoint akin to the more mystical side of Christianity may be appositely recalled.* The writer asserts, after arguing that ancient sciences were cultivated mainly as aids to devotion and spirituality :

The immoral tendencies of the material development promoted by the practical applications of Western Science have been deepened and strengthened by the theory of the "survival of the fittest," which of late has obtained such prominence in Western thought. Instead of being looked upon as a mere hypothesis to account for the genesis of specific forms, it has come also to be regarded, though most illogically, as if it were a doctrine in conformity with which man should live and should behave towards his fellow-man. No biologist of note would openly countenance such a monstrous perversion of his favourite theory. He would be the first to point out, that the "fittest" who may survive in the struggle for existence, whether it be the individual or the nation, may not be ethically the best, but, on the contrary, may often be the very reverse. The ancient line of demarcation between this-worldliness and other-worldliness, between the animal and the spiritual, is not

the world, and death by sin : and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the likeness of Adam's transgression, who is a figure of him that was to come." Romans v. 12 & 14 The scientific view of the cosmos leans to a pantheistic interpretation of the Supreme Power, *pax* the Vatican condemnation of the doctrine. "That finite things both corporal and spiritual are emanations of the divine substance." The collation of this naturalistic pantheism with its more mystic phase in various religious philosophies, or with "divine life-conceptions," is a suggestive task for the metaphysician.

* *An Eastern View of Western Science* : by "Asiaticus." October, 1902.

recognisable in the Western moral system of the present day. The moral precepts of antiquity are, it is true, not discarded. But they are interpreted so as to serve the purpose of social efficiency, and are hedged in with qualifications and restrictions which render them practically inoperative as ideals of moral conduct. The New Testament is the recognised moral guide of the Western world, but its cardinal principles are so uniformly and systematically disregarded that they might as well have been erased. The evils of modern capitalism are, indeed, often pointedly referred to—nay, forcibly descanted upon—by Western writers. It seems to us strange, however, that they should be blind to the root cause of the evil—the progress of Natural Science; so much so, indeed, that in the same breath will they anathematise the nefarious practices of unscrupulous capitalists and extol the wonderful triumphs of modern science—the very triumphs which create and foster capitalism. Natural Science on its theoretical side has done most commendable work. It has created several new branches of science, and widened and illumined others. On its practical side also, in medicine and surgery, its effect has been to alleviate human misery. But the good thus conferred is confined to a comparatively insignificant fraction of humanity and is far outweighed by the evils wrought by the practical applications of Physics and Chemistry.

I have quoted this singular deliverance at length as it serves to bring to a summing-up the forces of antagonism it has been the purpose of this paper to demonstrate, whilst further illustrating their far-reaching signification. Its fallacy is two-fold: it puts the cart before the horse, so to speak, in its view of social causation; and assumes again the authority under all circumstances of the tenets of “antiquity.” Scientific advancement has been as much the effect as the cause of mechanical invention and progress in the useful arts, as above intimated, and, certainly, clearly exemplified in the triumphs of surgery. The evolutionary and biological view of mankind has indeed drawn special attention to the relation between the “struggle for existence” obtaining in organic nature; and the physical side of our life as affected by the self-same struggle; which, under varying phases, has proceeded through the ages.* The competitive form of modern industry, arising out of an innovating sequence independent of any biological inferences, and having its inception long prior to

* Though a scientist like Kropotkin has emphasised, on the other hand, the part played by “mutual-aid” in this affair.

recent research therein with the incentive thus lent to individual effort, has also tended to emphasise this relation as biological terminology has spread ; and, perhaps, somewhat strained analogies have been thereby introduced into the discussion of material interests. The evils incident to these industrial phenomena, even assuming them to be as real as some rather violent Western publicists have contended, are part of the whole problem of the immanence of evil in the nature of things, to explain which had taxed the ingenuity of all the supernatural systems of the world. Their adequate treatment, together with related political and moral exigencies, is a part of the dynamical service yet awaiting accomplishment of that rising human science or art, which, for want at present of a better connotation, is becoming known as *Sociology*.

This science—still in its initial stages—is the crown of all human knowledge ; treating man in his personal aspect and his social relations as a factor in the organic order, normally acted upon by the *natura naturans* around. Consequently, as his mental manifestation is equally involved with the physical in this concern, including all elements of feeling and volition as well as intellect, its conclusions come to be cast in a *monistic* or unifying character, as opposed to the *dualism* previously examined and the prepossessions of introspective religion. Human science, therefore, admits no clear line of demarcation between the animal and the spiritual, regarding these as but distinctive phases of the one complex personality ; while whatever meaning may attach to “otherworldliness,” its solicitude is frankly with the expansion and perfectibility of human life here and now. Thus, in no sense of undue appreciation of their existing state of advancement, we acclaim the material achievements of applied knowledge to-day—surpassing all previous gains of the race—as constituting a fresh source of power to human advancement in general, when their full social advantages are made better availing. To give a quite opposite judgment herein to the one above cited : “Material civilisation consists in the utilisation of the materials and forces of nature. It is, however, becoming more and more apparent that the spiritual part of civilisation is at least conditioned upon material civilisation. It does not derogate from its worth to admit that without a material basis it cannot exist. But it is also true that the moment such a basis is supplied, it comes forth in all ages and races

of men. It may therefore be regarded as innate in man and potential everywhere, but a flower so delicate that it can only bloom in the rich soil of material prosperity."* When, let us add, that prosperity rests on an equally just distribution of its benefits.

This brings us at length to the ethical upshot of the whole matter we have so far considered.

The statement that the "fittest" who may survive in the struggle for existence, whether it be the individual or the nation, may not be ethically the best, involves the standard of moral judgment in itself.† The *virtue* of a life of action may be quite remote from one of contemplation, or of sanctions springing from mystic views of the path of "salvation" and "holiness" such as inspire much of the hortation of the Christian Scriptures. The word *ethic* is derived from the Greek *ethos*, moral nature or habit, and the first, perhaps, to use it to denote the science of duty as based on definite laws was Aristotle, who treated systematically of the subject. Employed in this Humanist sense, the term may imply those wider concepts of conduct evoked by reflection and experience, calculated to ensue in a finer qualitative social and individual outcome than obtains from the personal and national expediencies which largely run in the rough strife of existence. For the biological view of life affords a secure ground for the belief in the possibility of progress towards such a higher all-round quality of human existence under intelligent conscious direction; of the minimising of its attendant evils where the prior doctrines only provided merest palliatives thereof, or sought refuge from the confusion and miseries of the world in a passive resignation. Improved political conditions must count here. *Meliorism*, therefore, founded on sound knowledge of physical and psychical laws, is the key-note of a vital rational Ethic of human progression.

* "Pure Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, 1903. A work of a supreme order of value in its subject.

† It may be noted in passing, without attempting any discussion of the kind of national character evoked under the present industrial competition, that the part played by moral action in the struggles of nations is being exemplified for us in the war between Russia and Japan, where, we are told, and assuming the reports correct, the commissariat and supply services that keep the armies efficient for their grim task are on the one hand permeated by corruption and selfish rapacity so heightening the cost to the State and lessening the value of these services, and on the other are comparatively free from any such reproach. On this head alone, probity and public honour are "good national policy."

And as the best or better course therein must be largely a matter of opinion ; beginning with the counsel of the highest minds to this end (from whom we already possess a considerable body of reasoned teaching), the *validity* of such directive teaching again will rest on a consensus, tested by the severest criteria of experience.*

Such is the positive or constructive work of free thought. The discussion of its bearing on politics, industry, and personal and social action generally is beyond our limits ; though we may hope on another occasion to consider this aspect. But with respect to the relation of the traditional fountains of guidance to the newer ideas it may be said in conclusion that the onus of their reconciliation, and the resolving of the contradictions touched upon in the preceding pages and emphasised in our Eastern's diatribe rests, in the first place, with the leaders of those institutions themselves. What the attitude of the several European Communion indicates has been shown. The position of the Anglican Communion has been frankly put by the foremost English journal. Speaking in reference to the Church Congress of 1901, *The Times* in a leading article of Oct. 5th remarks :

But as serious Churchmen look forward, there is much to cause anxiety, if not misgiving. The increase of wealth with its attendant materialism, the rise of social and economic problems unknown a century ago, the inroads of critical research upon established faiths and traditions, and the growing tendency to disregard the ministrations of religion call for increased power and for increased effort, if the Church is to hold her ground as a guide and purifier of national life. Yet along with the ever increasing calls upon her efforts there are ominous signs of increasing inability to meet them. The growing poverty of the clerical calling, leading to a decrease in the number of candidates for the ministry ; the decline in the supply of a learned clergy, able to cope with intellectual difficulties and the problems of criticism, at least upon a level with the educated laity ; and the consequently diminishing influence of the pulpit over men—these are ugly phenomena, recognised by the Congress with something of sadness. The divisions, too, which, by estranging Churchmen upon trivial matters, so often paralyse religious effort, are noted with a certain hopeless resignation. These thoughts, coupled with the undoubted fact that in the life of great cities, which more and more colours our national

* So escaping that persisting error of treating such teachers as "Masters," wherein the disciples of Auguste Comte's Positivism are a standing monition.

life, the Church has small hold over the masses of the people, and may even be said to be altogether outside their lives, may well damp the enthusiasm, though we hope that it does not weaken the resolution, of the representative Churchmen assembled in Congress. No impartial reader of their proceedings could fail to note this element of disquietude.

Beyond these candid avowals and the pious hope that the diversity in the English Church is better than the imposing show of unity in the Church of Rome with its iron discipline, no suggestion is forthcoming in this powerful journal as to the sources from whence must come the "increased power" to deal, and method of dealing with "the inroads of critical research upon established faiths."

This inquiry has necessitated the covering of a very large field, which the writer is conscious must involve various imperfections of statement by nature of the space at his disposal. The aim has been to present, at least, a clear view of the determining mental forces operative in the Western world to-day.

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TOPOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

OF the many interesting places at Jerusalem, next to the Harem or the Mosque of Omar, the ancient Temple of the Jews, comes the burial place of Jesus; there is hardly any visitor who is not attracted to the place either through curiosity, or through the historical interest that attaches to it. Accordingly one morning, accompanied by a man who could speak several languages, I repaired to the shrine.

The outside of the building, though it had some beautiful tracery, was rather mean and unprepossessing at first sight. I was rather mortified to see such a plain and simple building considered as a magnificent edifice by the Christians and attracting travellers from almost all the known parts of the world. With rather doubtful mind I stepped in. At the door were sentries—Turkish soldiers—guarding the place. A few steps further, was an alabaster structure of oblong form, a few inches higher than the floor, with high rims. Tradition says that when the body of Jesus was brought down from the cross, the blood was washed there.

I advanced a few steps and entered the main building. It was a magnificent piece of work of ancient engineering skill and design; the huge and high roof vault was supported on arches standing on magnificent pillars all made of stone. I was struck with wonder at the sight of the grand construction. Within my knowledge St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the Aya Sophia in Constantinople, and the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem are wonderful buildings.

On the right side was a place where men and a few women were praying, the walls had paintings representing the different incidents in the life of Jesus, frankincense was burning, some were turning the rosary, the women sending up earnest prayers to God on their knees, as they came from far-off countries, some from as far as Russia, and a priest was chanting the Bible in the original Greek in a nasal, artificial voice which was, however, sweet to the ear.

I stood there for some time, observing the vivid devotional spirit on their faces. The sight produced the association of our own places of worship in India, like Gya and Benares, where people crowd from different parts of India, spending the savings of years, to express a few sentiments to God in a holy place. Human nature is the same everywhere; there is the same idea of sanctity, the same fervid devotion in a sacred place, though the manifestations might be different. Viewing these Christians whose language I could not speak, in a far-off country, I suddenly felt as if I was standing in our own temple in India—such similarity we have with the Orthodox and Catholic Christians.

I then moved on to another spot, where a number of men were standing and reverentially touching a piece of stone, several local monks or priests with long hair and beard, and blue frocks from neck to ankle, were burning candles thin as the little finger, of pale yellow colour.

Nearing the place, I asked through my interpreter the reason of the sacredness of the place; to my surprise, the priest or monk shouted quite light-heartedly, "Calvary, Calvary, the place where Jesus was crucified." It was quite a surprise to me to see the place; reading on my face surprise and doubt, a young priest, to convince me of the genuineness of the place, took off two or three pieces of copper or brass plates about a cubit long and emphatically pointed out to me a block of stone with his finger, assuring me that that was the real Golgotha or skull-shaped stone; and certainly from the opening, the stone appeared to be like the upper part of a bald head.

I then asked the young man to show me the different parts of the building, as it was a difficult task for a stranger to see and gather all the traditions of the different places. The young man declined, as he was busy with other people; but I determined to have my own will in some way or other. Finding that polite language and hints at a tip were of no avail, I had recourse to just the contrary way. I began to ridicule him, taunt him in various ways with pointed sarcasm till he became heated, and in an angry mood told me that I would not believe in anything until the real sepulchre was shown to me. I took the opportunity and replied, "Show me your real places before I put any faith in you." He became ablaze with wrath. Taking a bunch of keys and a bundle of thin candles, he beckoned me to follow him, which I did, accompanied by my interpreter.

After passing through various halls on the left side of the main door, we reached a small door. The priest unlocked it, lighted his candle, stepped inside, and asked me to follow him. After going down a few steps, on the left side, we reached another small room or cave, where we

sat down; the priest said that that was the real grave of Jesus. I felt a thrill of sensation running through my body. I touched the grave and felt all over it; it was a rock hewn grave in the form of a trough or big manger, of brown sandstone of coarse grain, with a rather rough surface. The lid or upper covering I could not find, the inside of the grave was a cubit or more deep, length and breadth ordinary or rather smaller. In Bethlehem the manger in which Jesus was born is of the same material but comparatively small; perhaps it was his lot to sleep on brown sandstone from birth to death. The room or cave in which the sepulchre was situated was small and a man could hardly stand inside it. We remained there for some time taking a mental impression of the spot.

Graves are differently constructed at different periods and in different countries. In Alexandria in the district called the Pompey's Pillar, under the granite column, I saw a subterranean passage; I went inside with a light and saw on either side of the dark lane niches, some with stone chests in which the mummies were kept. In another part of Egypt a rock is perforated like a honeycomb, in which vast numbers of mummies were kept. Many such dead bodies might be found in the British Museum in London and in the Cairo Museum. Inside the first or the big Pyramid in the King's Chamber, might still be seen a huge sarcophagus, and the pyramids themselves were the tombs of the ancient monarchs of Egypt.

In Jerusalem, except the holy sepulchre, the tombs of Mary and of the Kings are natural or excavated grottoes, with sarcophagus placed on the floor. The Mahomedans have transformed the tomb of David and Samuel in their own fashion, placing a cloth covering on the top, a sort of tent at best or a gnat curtain at first sight. Perhaps the Saracens have retained their primitive habit of living in a tent and transferred it to their graves.

The tomb of Abraham in Mount Hebron or Khalil Rahaman, is a well in a rock, going deep into the earth, the mouth or opening is about two cubits in diameter, into which a copper or brass lamp is hung down suspended by three chains of the same metal. The lamp was burning inside. I peeped inside through the hole, but it was so dark even with the light, that I could not distinguish any object or find out its possible depth. To me it appears that in those ancient days dead bodies were thrown down either inside a grotto or in a rock well, from which the Egyptians constructed their artificial grotto or catacomb; later came the sarcophagus or stone chest, which is turned into the modern wooden coffin.

In Jerusalem in the Kidron Valley, David built a tomb for his suo

Absalom. The building is after the Greek fashion, with colonnade in front. I examined the place but could not distinguish any particular object in which the body was laid. Perhaps during the time of David the grave was levelled with the surrounding floor of the place. But in Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, the modern Ellazaria, I examined the so-called tomb of Lazarus, a structure above the ground in the form of a solid big chest made up of separate blocks of stone forming the four sides; the upper part was vaulted; it was in a dilapidated condition when I visited it in 1897. The sarcophagus is always one huge block of stone hollowed inside to form the receptacle for the dead and there is a separate slab for the lid. These sarcophagi are generally made of granite stone with a plain exterior. In Constantinople, I heard that the Government had brought over the Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great from somewhere between Beyreut and Tripoli in Syria and have kept it in the Sultani Museum. Accordingly I went there. The chest was of white marble with many basreliefs of warriors on the outside; the popular account was that that was the sarcophagus of Alexander.

So far as we know from history, Alexander died at Babylon, near the modern Bagdad, and there was a fight over the dead body. At last Ptolemy took away the corpse, embalmed it, and kept it in a golden chest filled with oil and carried it to Alexandria and buried it there nearly a year after. This sarcophagus in Constantinople seems to be spurious, without any documentary evidence.

A few years after, when I came to Karbala, near Bagdad, I went to see the shrine or tomb of Hossain, the patron saint of the Shiahhs. A priest took me down to an underground room and pointed out a hollow opening in the ground lined with marble slabs in the form of a cistern; it was about three feet deep. He told me that that was the place where Hossain was beheaded by Shemmor, when the former lost the battle of Karbala, and accordingly was buried there, till at a later period his pious followers removed the body and placed it in its present position in another room, and Indian benevolence has made a silver fence or lattice work round the grave. Inside the lattice might be seen a chest-like construction covered with costly cloth, above the floor. Even nowadays embalmed dead bodies from India and Persia are sent to Karbala to be buried inside the vault under the pavement of the big portico of the principal shrine. Perhaps the old custom of burying inside a grotto still lingers amongst the Persians and the Shiahhs of India, as I found a number of artificial and natural caves or

grottoes in the valley of the Mount Elburz in Persia on the way to Tehāran from Mazandran. The openings of such grottoes were small, though they were large and deep inside.

To return to Jerusalem. On coming out of the Sepulchre, I asked the priest where the angels stood and talked with the women who on the day after the death of Jesus came to visit and weep at the tomb; he showed me a place marked with a big silver star, a few yards from the mouth of the grave; my next question was about the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, modern Romleh. He hastily stretched out his hand and showed me some place not far off from the star and told me to follow him in other direction.

We then came to a small chapel isolated from the main building and quite distinct by itself. It was somewhat like a Siva temple in India; the sides were slanting, coming to a point, with a small room inside and a hole in the wall. According to tradition in certain Christian festivals, a crowd of people gather round this chapel with candles in hand, a priest enters in and performs the worship or service, then at a certain moment Divine rays from Heaven come through this hole and light up the candle of the priest and instantly all persons outside imitate the priest. Sometimes by the rush of people clothes are set on fire.

The priest then left me and went away with hasty steps, being well convinced that he had made me believe in the authenticity of every part of the building. I then wandered in different directions and reached the Catholic section of the building. In this place the Orthodox, the Catholic and the Armenian Churches have their own places of worship. Only the Protestants have no special quarters to claim as their own. In the Catholic section there were images and pictures of Jesus and other Saints; frankincense was burning and the monks were in devotion. These monks were Europeans and belong to Franciscan and other orders. I saw several life-size images of Jesus, in this place as well as in the Pilate's Judgment Hall, and the crown of thorns, considered a sacred object specially by the Russian women, who take it away in their country as a souvenir of Jerusalem, fulfilling the duty of ancient palm of the palmers. The crown of thorns is made up of a sort of creeper like the ordinary thin cane with big pricks on its side and twisted round and round to form a crown.

¶ Image worship, or representation of some abstract idea or some object of intense love and veneration, is the manifestation of poetry, and this is the principal trait by which we can distinguish an Aryan race from others, for the Semites are decidedly deficient in poetry and so in the matter

of representations. Many of the Aryan branches are now Christians or Mahomedans, but the idea is so much mixed up with the blood that the old Greek and Roman gods and goddesses have only to change their names, that they might retain their old positions, and have now become Jesus, Mary, Katherine, Helena, &c.; on the other hand, the Aryan Persians, though now Mahomedans, still keep a picture of Hossain or Ali in their bedroom or some other place, that they might see it the first thing in the morning, though according to Mahomedanism it is a sinful act.

From this place, I went to the other section on the right side of the main door and found a grotto there, with a big opening. I stepped down and came to a subterranean chamber; the usual objects of worship, such as a cross with a crown of thorns, pictures, &c., were to be seen here as elsewhere in different sections of the building. As the priest had left me, I could not collect any traditions of this place. Here I could not find the *true cross* and the *winding sheet*; tradition relates that they were removed to Rome.

After remaining there till 11 A.M., I came out as the door was closed by the Turkish soldiers or sentries. They close it every time during the Mahomedan hours of prayer, lest the sound of a bell might reach their ear, the sign of idolatry to them.

There is a strong controversy amongst different writers about the position of the true Calvary, and scarcely have they arrived at any solution even now. All the authorities that we can cite from the disciples of Jesus are :

(1) John xix. 17-20.

And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha : where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one and Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross. And the writing was " Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." This title then read many of the Jews : for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city. And it was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

(1) John xix. 41—42.

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden ; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day ; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

(3) Matthew xxviii. 11.

Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done.

(4) Hebrews xiii. 12.

Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.

These are the accounts we can gather from the eye-witnesses about the site of Golgotha, and for the construction of the edifice which was erected by Constantine the Great in 325 A. D., Gibbon says:—

“After the final destruction of the temple, by the arms of Titus and Hadrian, a plough-share was drawn over the consecrated ground, as a sign of perpetual interdiction. Sion was deserted: and the vacant space of the lower city was filled with the public and private edifices of the Aelian Colony, which spread themselves over the adjacent hill of Calvary. The holy places were polluted with monuments of idolatry; and either from design or accident, a chapel was dedicated to Venus on the spot which had been sanctified by the death and resurrection of Christ. About three hundred years after those stupendous events, the profane chapel of Venus was demolished by the order of Constantine; and the removal of the stones revealed the holy sepulchre to the eyes of mankind. A magnificent church was erected on that mystic ground by the first Christian Emperor; and the effects of his pious munificence were extended to every spot which had been consecrated by the footsteps of patriarchs, of prophets and of the Son of God.

“The passionate desire of contemplating the original monuments of the redemption, attracted to Jerusalem a successive crowd of pilgrims from the shores of the Atlantic ocean and the most distant countries of the East; and their piety was authorised by the example of the Empress Helena, who appears to have united the credulity of age with the warm feelings of a recent conversion. Sages and heroes, who have visited the memorable scenes of ancient wisdom or glory, have confessed the inspiration of the genius of the place; and the Christian who knelt before the holy sepulchre, ascribed his lively faith and his fervent devotion to the more immediate influence of the Divine spirit. The zeal, perhaps the avarice of the clergy of Jerusalem, cherished and multiplied these beneficial visits. They fixed, by unquestionable tradition, the scenes of each memorable event. They exhibited the instruments which had been used in the passion of Christ, the nails and the lance that had pierced his hands, his feet, and his side, the crown of thorns that was planted on his head; the pillar at which he was scourged; and above all, they showed the cross on which he suffered, and which was dug out of the earth in the reign of those princes, who inserted the symbol of Christianity in the banners of the Roman legions. Such miracles, as seemed necessary to account for its extraordinary pre-

servation and seasonable discovery, were gradually propagated without opposition. The custody of the *true cross* which on Easter Day was solemnly exposed to the people, was entrusted to the people of Jerusalem; and he alone might gratify the curious devotion of the pilgrims, by the gift of small pieces which they encased in gold or gems and carried away in triumph to their respective countries. But as this gainful branch of commerce must soon have been annihilated, it was found convenient to suppose that the marvellous wood possessed a secret power of vegetation, and that its substance, though continually diminished, still remained entire and unimpaired."

The first point to be discussed is that the sepulchre was "nigh hand or *near the city*, the watch came *into* the city, and that he suffered *without* the city gate." The present situation of the cathedral is in the heart of the city, a few hundred yards from the bazaar and Bedesthan, and adjoining the shops where they sell rosary, mother-of-pearl, crosses and different sorts of long and short candles, commonly known as the Russian bazaar. The question now arises whether its ancient position was inside or outside the city. To quote the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "In the summer of 1885 a stretch of ancient wall 40 or 50 yards in length was disinterred, running northward, from the open space within the Jaffa gate to the west of Hezekiah's pool, which certainly, as figured in the January number of the Quarterly Reports of the Palestine Exploration Fund, seems to go a long way to settle the question against the genuineness of the existing site."

In 1897, on clearing the rubbish of a spot in the north direction from the Damascus gate, beyond the new English Church and near the house of the Mayor Salim Effendi and the Jeremiah's grotto, a vault was unearthed with marks of lampblack on one wall, probably of the Roman period. It might be supposed that the city extended so far north even at that early period, though the discovery of a mosaic basement with peacock and Armenian inscription would lead one to suppose that the extension took place at a later or Christian period. In either case the present site of the church comes *within* the city, while according to the scriptural authorities it should be *without* the gate.

The same writer further says, "Eusebius impresses on us the fact that there was only one cave within it, lest, had there been many, the miracle of Him who overthrew death should have been obscured." But in the right wing of the cathedral might be seen a cave whose tradition I could not gather, as the priest hastily went away. Now it might be said from the opposite side, "Was it at all probable that Constantine should have been

deceived, either by erroneous inference or by wilful misrepresentation when in 325 A.D. he erected a monumental church over what was then believed to be the holy tomb?" But the argument might be advanced, that it was necessary for the downtrodden Christian priests to play upon the credulity of the mighty Roman Emperor so as to gain his powerful support and obtain credit for themselves and their creed.

The Orientals and the priests generally in every country can manufacture many relics and holy places; they did so in past days as they are doing even nowadays in India, Persia and Syria, and can fabricate wonderful stories about saints and prophets and apply them for their own benefit to mystery-mongers and miracle-hunters. That because a grave was unearthed when the superfluous rubbish was removed, it should be the *true* sepulchre, is not logical deduction. The priests in all countries and in all ages are prone to such deception or what they call benefitting the church or faith by slight error.

And in the next instance we find that when the Empress Helena once gave credit and patronage to such miraculous stories, they began to multiply at a rapid rate. "The zeal, perhaps the avarice of the clergy at Jerusalem, cherished and multiplied these beneficial visits." They found, by unquestionable tradition, the scene of each memorable event, and when the mystery-mongering trade became brisk and lucrative, the priests began to exhibit "nails, the lance that had pierced his hands, his feet and his side; the crown of thorns that was planted on his head and the pillar at which he was scourged."

Afterwards when it was found that the people passively believed their accounts, that the Princes credited such stories, and had put the cross on the banners of the Roman legions, it was found necessary to discover the *true cross*. The credulous people crowded to possess a bit of his *true cross*, and the priests instantly gave out "that this marvellous wood possessed a secret power of vegetation," lest by constants plitting off of bits the whole might disappear. A similar incident might be cited from an Indian account that when Choitjanana at Puri, after rinsing his teeth, threw the tooth-stick on the ground, it instantly took root and began to vegetate into a big tree, such was the miraculous touch of his hand. The one is as true as the other, and both are equally oriental fabrications of priests and credulous people.

So that from a mere grave or a block of stone, one cannot ascertain any genuineness of the place, unless it tallies with all the historical incidents. A second site is conjectured, opposite to the new German Cathedral, the place occupied by the new shops. But this supposition might be rejected

on similar grounds. As for the so-called Gordon's Calvary, no valid argument is to be found. Going north from Damascus gate towards the Jeremiah's grotto, might be seen on the right hand side a big cavern and two huge blocks of stones lying one above the other, in a position that the middle portion and the two sides of the upper stone touch the lower one, forming two separate big holes within them. From a distance, it has the uncanny appearance of a human head with two big hollow eyes. But no strong argument can be advanced in support of this assertion.

A few questions might be raised here. Where was the usual place of execution in Jerusalem in those days, and was any exception made in the case of Jesus and the two robbers? In what direction did he go with the cross from the house of Pilate? True, in the Via Dolorosa, on the immediate north of the Harem, but the expressions "outside the gate" or "near the city," or in a garden might be applied to many places, and no definite location can be fixed for such, as olive gardens and vineyards are to be found everywhere.

Looking to the arguments on both sides, it is my humble opinion that the true or the historic Calvary has not yet been fixed, and remains to be discovered and settled. But the majority of men who visit the place might be satisfied there, the pietists might find peace and consolation there, the devout might send up a fervent prayer to God and to Christ in ardent spirit and faith, for to them one Calvary is as good as the other. Sacredness, holiness they associate with the place, and their Calvary, the Calvary of faith, the place where Jesus gave up his body for them, is always true in their eyes, even if it be proved to be in Jaffa.

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WHAT THE EAST CAN TEACH THE WEST.*

AN old Latin motto, *Ex Oriente Lux*—"Light from the East"—concisely expresses the truth that the first beginnings of civilisation are to be sought on the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. "We all," observes Max Müller, "come from the East—all that we value most has come to us from the East, and in going to the East, not only those who have received a special Oriental training, but everybody who has enjoyed the advantages of a liberal, that is, of a truly historical education, ought to feel that he is going to his 'old home,' full of memories, if only he can read them."

To-night I cannot speak of that dim prehistoric past, six or seven thousand years ago, when Babylonian and Egyptian wise men laid the foundations of science and literature by the invention of the calendar and the art of writing. Nor may I attempt to trace the wondrous story of the development by which an obscure and despised Jewish sect was transformed into the Christian Church.

It is, however, well for the Western European of the twentieth century to realise and remember the facts that his religion, secular knowledge, and power of expression are all inherited ultimately from Eastern peoples, now occupying a subordinate political position, and that the present predominance of the West is a comparatively modern phenomenon.

My special purpose, this evening, is to invite you to consider for a few minutes the influence of India upon modern thought, and to acknowledge the debt which we of the West owe to our distant fellow-subjects of the East.

We owe to India at least one invention of supreme importance. When we write 1905, few of us are conscious that the familiar figures are the result of an intellectual feat performed by a nameless genius, probably an astronomer of Ujjain in Central India at some time in the sixth century of our era. All the old systems of arithmetical notation, among

* An address delivered at the Victoria League Conversazione, Cheltenham.

which the cumbrous Roman numerals are familiar to us, were in their several ways clumsy and inefficient. The Indian invention of decimal figures and especially the brilliant discovery of the use of the nought or cipher, equipped mankind with an adequate instrument for mathematical research. We commonly call the decimal notation "Arabic figures," a name which enshrines a curious bit of history. During the seventh and eighth centuries, the new discovery passed from India to Persia, and so on to the court of our old friend Hârûn-ar-Rashîd, Khalif of Bagdad, the hero of the Arabian Nights. The learned men whom he delighted to honour, handed on their knowledge to the Muhammedan conquerors of southern Spain, and in this way the Indian system, transmitted through books written in the sacred language of the Muhammedans, became known as the Arabic notation.

In the domain of art India has not much to teach us, because, as a learned friend of mine puts it, she "meditated, brooded, elaborated, but the originating imagination is not found in the dream-life." Nevertheless, in one department India achieved a magnificent success, on original lines, *viz.*, in her temple architecture of the period extending from the ninth to the close of the twelfth century. That great genius, Mr. Fergusson, the historian of architecture, when describing the temple at Halabid in Mysore, built in the twelfth century, cites it as a masterpiece of design, and boldly declares that the arrangements made by its architect for breaking up the eastern and western faces so as to give the idea of height and full play of light and shade, are "a better way of accomplishing what the Gothic architects attempted by their transepts and projections." He goes on to contrast the temple with the Parthenon, regarding the two buildings as "the opposite poles, the alpha and omega of architectural design"; and argues that the great value of the study of the best Indian examples is that "it widens so immensely our basis for architectural criticism. It is only by becoming familiar with forms so utterly dissimilar from those we have hitherto been conversant with, that we perceive how narrow is the purview that is content with one form or one passing fashion. By rising to this wider range we shall perceive that architecture is as many-sided as human nature itself, and learn how few feelings and how few aspirations of the human heart and brain there are that cannot be expressed by its means." Would that our hide-bound architects could be induced to take the hint, and go to India for some new ideas, which they need so sorely.

Mr. Fergusson's remark that the study of Indian examples of architecture has a special value by reason of their dissimilarity from

familiar styles, has a wider application than that which he gave it, and has equal validity in the fields of religious and philosophical speculation, in which the thinkers of India have done work comparable with and, in the judgment of competent critics, not inferior to that of Plato, Aristotle and Kant.

Our civilisation in the main is Græco-Roman, our philosophy rests upon a Greek basis, and our religion is a compound of Hebrew and Greek ideas. Græco-Roman influence scarcely touched India, leaving no traces in that ancient land save in certain schools of art, while Jewish ideas never penetrated the Indian mind at all. In these indisputable facts lies the secret of the lessons which India can teach us. When we study the works of the Indian thinkers, we find ourselves confronted with elaborate and profound systems of philosophy which owe nothing to Plato, Aristotle, or St. Paul. Be the intrinsic value of those systems what it may, they have unique interest as an independent development of human thought worked out by minds inferior to none in profundity of vision and subtilty of exposition. I cannot, of course, attempt to offer even the slightest sketch of any one of the many Indian systems of philosophy, but if any of my hearers cares to take up the subject, plenty of books are available. My desire is to impress upon you the truth that India has something to give which the West cannot give, and to emphasise the proposition that no modern student of psychology and metaphysics can consider himself tolerably equipped for his work, unless he has mastered some of the modes of Indian thought.

The questions of perennial human interest—to be or not to be, the whence and the whither, the real and the ideal, matter and spirit, the existence and nature of God and the soul—all these, and many more, have been debated for thousands of years by Indian sages of many different religions and infinitely diverse schools of thought. Although there are few departments of learning which have not received new light and new life from ancient Indian literature, and from observation of the living museum of beliefs and practices which India freely exhibits to discerning eyes, her testimony is of specially high value in the domain of religion and mythology. Indeed, it might be said with truth that India is the mother of the modern sciences of comparative religion and mythology. It is equally true that the science of language, or comparative philology, is of Indian birth. Those of us who do not disdain occasionally to rummage among out-of-date books may be aware that our great-grandfathers believed Hebrew to have been the universal original language, and that compilers of school dictionaries complacently derived Greek words from

Hebrew ones. The discovery of Sanskrit by Europe effected a revolution in men's ideas of linguistics ; and chemistry, since the days of Lavoisier and Cavendish, does not differ more from the old alchemy, than the science of language of Max Müller and Brugmann does from the philology of Horne Tooke. But the revolution was not effected without conflict, and no man was more ridiculed in his day than Bopp, the author of the first comparative grammar. The Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stewart, was so firmly held by the bonds of prejudice, that he ventured to print the amazing proposition that the whole of Sanskrit literature had been forged by cunning Brahmans !

But I must not trespass on your patience, and shall conclude, as I began, by quoting Max Müller, who devoted a long life and splendid powers to the task of interpreting Indian thought. "Whatever sphere of the human mind you may select for your special study, whether it be language, or religion, or mythology, or philosophy, whether it be laws or customs, primitive art or primitive science—everywhere, you have to go to India, whether you like it or not, because some of the most valuable and most instructive materials for the history of man are treasured up in India, and in India only."

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAMAYANA.*

A REVIEW.

MR. C. V. VAIDYA has added to our scanty critical literature another volume of literary criticism. His *Mahabharata: a Criticism*, gives a critical and historical study of the great Epic. His present work, the *Riddle of the Ramayana* is a companion volume, explaining the merits of Valmiki's Ramayana as a poem and as history. He calls it a riddle, because there are several points in it which are somewhat inexplicable and inconsistent with ascertained facts about the Mahabharata, and he offers a solution of the riddle by the application of the historical method. The book is highly thoughtful and suggestive. It collects and examines the opinions of older scholars, European and Indian, and establishes a theory of its own as regards the probable date of the poem, its importance as a history, and the true meaning of some of its characters and incidents. It gives a rational explanation of Indian mythology, and sheds a new light on the ancient history of India. The Mahabharata and the Ramayana, though prized as our national epics, are, it must be confessed, little read in the original by the generality of our people, and Mr. Vaidya's critiques on the Ramayana and the Mahabharata will have done no small service, if they awaken a lively and genuine interest in the study of the original works.

The Ramayana, like the Mahabharata, has undergone many vicissitudes. Tradition as well as literary evidence show that Valmiki was the first poet of the classical Sanskrit period. His poem must therefore be older than the Mahabharata of Vyasa, and yet the poem, as we find it at present, describes a state of civilisation much later than that described in the Mahabharata, and contains whole chapters which seem to be bodily taken from the latter poem. The explanation of this apparent anomaly is that the original Ramayana of Valmiki was really a very old poem and it was revised and recast at a later date, subsequent to the Mahabharata.

* "The Riddle of the Ramayana," by C. V. Vaidya, M.A., LL.B. (Radhabai Atmaram Sagoon, Bombay, 1906).

The Mahabharata itself has, it has now been well ascertained, undergone three rescensions. The same influences led to a revision of the Ramayana, and in the process, it received numerous additions and amplifications, which altered the character of the first poem and introduced many inconsistencies and anomalies. The present compilation was made, according to Mr. Vaidya's calculations, about the first century B. C. Mr. Vaidya does not find the date of the original poem of Valmiki, which must be referred back to a remote past in the Vedic times. Valmiki is mentioned in such Vedic works as Vajasaneyi Samhita and Taittiriya Pratishakya. He belongs to a period long anterior to the rise of Buddhism, and Jainism—a time when women performed *Sandhya* and sacrifices, learned the Vedas, and themselves performed Vedic rites, like men; when animal food, even beef, was not forbidden; when interdining and intermarriages were allowed as between Brahmans and Kshatriyas; when the worship consisted of sacrifices, and no idols were known. A nucleus of the poem may still be traced in the present book, which gives a simple, unaffected description of Rama's life, which the poet probably knew by personal knowledge. There is no attempt there at deification or exaggeration. The idea that Rama was an incarnation of Vishnu was of later growth, and the attempt to embody that idea led to the present amplification and expansion. The increase of the miraculous element in the incidents, the addition of descriptions and dialogues, eulogies and lamentations, legends and learned disquisitions, all contributed to swell the bulk of the work. Mr. Vaidya has published another book called *Ramayana Abridged*, in which he eliminates the later additions, and claims that the text thus formed represents probably the original text of Valmiki himself. That the Ramayana of the present day is not, as a whole, the genuine work of Valmiki, but the compilation of a later author who expanded Valmiki's poem, is clear from the fact that it itself expressly mentions the poem to be ancient history formerly written by Valmiki (पुरा वाल्मीकिना कृता). The *Ramayana Abridged* considerably reduces the bulk of the poem, but represents it in a more genuine and natural form. There are numerous Ramayanas in vogue, about a hundred in number, such as Ananda Ramayana, the Adhyatma Ramayana, the Adbhut Ramayanâ, the Mantra Ramayana and so forth, which are compilations of different authors and which contain many variations of the original story. Later vernacular poets, such as Tulsidas in the North, and Ekanath, Moropant, and Shridhar in Maharashtra, have given their own renderings of the Ramayana in separate poems. These different poems have multiplied legends and incidents which are cherished in popular memory, but which have no foundation in the Valmiki Ramayana, whether original or amplified, as it stands at pre-

sent. Mr. Vaidya points out many such incidents, such as the Swayamvara of Sitâ, the story of Ahi and Mahi, of Sulochanâ lamenting the death of her husband at the sight of his arm, of Lava and Kusa stopping the sacrificial horse, and others which are rendered familiar by popular poetry, but are not to be found in Valmiki's Ramayana. It is not a little interesting to know what is spurious and what is genuine in the Ramayana itself. For such a purpose Mr. Vaidya's *Ramayana Abridged* will serve as a useful guide, and it will supply a wholesome corrective to many a popular belief.

An interesting point of controversy is whether Rama had more than one wife. The popular tradition from the time of Kalidas and Bhavabhuti downwards has uniformly been that Rama was a strict monogamist. Two verses* in the Ramayana, however, militate against that view. They mention several women as belonging to Rama. This view is highly offensive to a long cherished belief. Mr. Vaidya mentions the point but does not give any decisive opinion. He faintly suggests that the verses may be interpolations. It seems, however, that it is perfectly possible to save Rama's memory from such an imputation. The Mahabharata, it is to be noted, justifies even polyandry, and it seems *prima facie* odd that the Ramayana, the older poem, should hold up monogamy, which really belongs to a higher and later stage of civilisation. But it seems Valmiki did really paint Rama's character as a pure, unblemished monogamist—the verses showing a different character are probably the work of the later compiler, who perhaps desired to make the character harmonise with the spirit of the times. Dasharatha and his ancestors had each a numerous harem, and the writer possibly thought that it detracted from the greatness of his hero if he were shown as having had a single wife. Monogamy was, moreover, a departure from the prevailing Kshatriya practice, and the writer perhaps endeavoured to conform to the popular ideal. Valmiki, on the other hand, had before him the examples of the Vedic Rishis, like Vashistha and Atri, who were strict monogamists. The Kshatriyas in his time too were polygamists, but the poet preferred to adopt the Rishi's ideal for Rama as being in harmony with his exalted character in other respects. If, moreover, Rama is to be treated as a historical personage, the probability is that he held up the high ideal of monogamy with which he is popularly credited. Though

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* दृष्टाः खलु भविष्यन्ति रामस्य परमाः स्त्रियः ।

अपददृष्टा भविष्यन्ति स्नुषास्ते भरतक्षये ॥ अयोध्या काण्ड स० ८ श्लो० १२

भुजैःपरमनारीणा मभिमृष्टमनेकधा युद्ध काण्ड स० २१

polygamy was largely prevalent in Rama's time, monogamy was not unknown, and Rama's general character is so noble and saintly that it seems probable that he resolutely adhered to the more refined and polished form. The later compiler, however, among other clumsy emendations, tried to turn Rama into a polygamist but was not able to carry out the change completely. The two verses alone remain to mark his attempt, but they should be relegated to the category of the spurious, and the original ideal of a strict monogamist, which has been supported by Kalidasa's epithet *अनन्य जनैः* (one who has no other wife) should be accepted as genuine. There are numerous passages in the Ramayana which distinctly signify that Sita was Rama's only wife. This fact is as much attested to by Sita herself as by Rama. It would seem that these passages, which are scattered throughout the book, remained unnoticed by the compiler when he thought of making the change indicated by the solitary verses mentioned above. A more probable and consistent explanation, however, is that even the two offending verses do not imply polygamy at all. The word in the verses which suggests the implication is *परमाः स्त्रियः*. Now this expression does not necessarily mean wives. It has been explained by two commentators on the Ramayana as referring to the companions of Sita, and this explanation is supported by a passage in the Balakanda which mentions, that at the time of Sita's marriage her father, Janaka, gave her a hundred female companions and a numerous body of female attendants. The same expression occurs in various other places where the signification of wife will not be appropriate. It will, therefore, be fitting to construe the expression in the particular verses as meaning attendants or companions of Sita, and not co-wives.

Another point of importance is whether the Ramayana is copied from the Dasharatha Jatak, a Buddhistic rendering of the story of the Ramayana with some variations. This theory, like the one now exploded, of the Ramayana having been copied from Homer, is held by some European scholars, and is shown by Mr. Vaidya to be quite untenable. The Jatak is a compilation of stories or parables supposed to have been narrated by Buddha himself to his disciples for the purpose of instruction, describing the acts of Buddha in his previous lives. *Jatak* means birth and Buddha is represented as having had many births, in each of which he appeared in the person of some hero. In one of these incarnations he is supposed to have appeared as Rama, and hence the story of Dasharatha Jatak, giving the whole history of Rama with numerous alterations in the incidents. In view of these facts it seems clear that the Dasharatha Jatak is not an independent original work, but only a copy or adaptation of the Ramayana and made worse in the rendering. The Buddhists, to popularise their religion,

assimilated Rama as one of their Bodhisattvas and constructed a story from the materials of the original Ramayana. The variations introduced into the story with a view to suit the particular purpose of the adaptation make the story inconsistent and inconclusive. The present compilation of Ramayana is later than the Dasharatha Jatak, but the Dasharatha Jatak itself is later than the original Ramayana of Valmiki. It is hardly necessary to labour the point here. We mention it as an incident of the controversy which has given rise to some absurd notions about Sita having been the sister of Rama, and Rawan having been a Jain.

In critically examining the story and the incidents of Ramayana, Mr. Vaidya makes several interesting suggestions that give a rational meaning to the incidents, which are otherwise rejected by the modern reader as legendary or miraculous. The Asuras of the Vedic period, Mr. Vaidya explains to be the Iranian cousins of the Indian Aryans. In the remote past the ancestors of the Aryans of India and those of the Aryans of Iran lived together, but it is presumed they disagreed, and the former seceded to India. When the memory of the secession was fresh, the causes of the disagreement rankled in their hearts. The Indian Aryans referred to their own ancestors as *Devas* and *Suras* and to the Iranian cousins of these ancestors as *Asuras*, that is non-*Suras*, which in course of time acquired a sinister meaning. The memory of the old country was long cherished, and there are frequent affectionate references to the country on the North-West. Alliances continued to be made from beyond the border and customs prevalent in the old country were brought down here. Dasharatha's third wife, Kaikeyi, in Mr. Vaidya's opinion, belonged to that country. The payment of the bride-price was insisted on in that marriage, and that form of marriage Mr. Vaidya thinks came to be called *Asura* from the country of its origin. The *Asuras* are distinguished from *Rākshasas*, *Yakshas*, *Pishachas* and the rest whom Mr. Vaidya identifies as being various aboriginal tribes of India. The *Rākshasas*, who figure so largely in the Ramayana, and chiefly contribute to its miraculous aspect, were cannibals living in the south, who opposed the advances of the Aryans from the north. Agastya was the pioneer coloniser, and Rama followed in his wake and completed the subjugation and the conquest under peculiar circumstances. In this work he was aided by the *Wānars*, who were a vegetarian aboriginal tribe. Both the *Rākshasas* and the *Wanars* were thus not supernatural beings but men, only of a very low degree of civilisation. The *Wanars*, being a mild sociable race, were at feud with the cannibal *Rākshasas*, and therefore befriended Rama in his expedition against Rawan, the King of the *Rākshasas*. Mr. Vaidya cites evidence from the

Ramayana itself to show that all the monstrosities of form attributed to the Rákshasas or Wanars are later poetical exaggerations; that Rawan, who is popularly believed to have had ten heads and twenty arms, really possessed one head and two arms like any ordinary human being, and that in such cases rhetorical descriptions came to be believed in course of time as realities. From Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards" Mr Vaidya cites some exact parallels and coincidences which serve as a key to the solution of the anomalous and apparently miraculous incidents in the Ramayana. Thus the crossing of the sea by Maruti, the building of the Setu, and like incidents are all explained and made consistent with reason. The abduction of Sita is explained by Mr. Vaidya as a seizure not in the light of a ravishment but as a case of attempted marriage by capture. Among the Rákshasas marriage by capture was the customary form in vogue, and perhaps the Rakshasas' form of marriage mentioned in the Hindu Law books derived its name from its prevalence in that community. In that view Rawan, in carrying away Sita, did nothing more than what was habitual and legal among his own people. In support of this view it is mentioned that Rawan allowed one year to Sita to consent to be his wife, and it is explained that in cases of seizure of married women whose husbands were alive, it was customary to defer the marriage for one year. A similar custom is mentioned as prevailing among the Aztecs of Mexico. This aspect of the incident somewhat mitigates the enormity of Rawan's crime, though to Rama it was naturally unendurable, and to Sita it was a cause of unending woe. Sita was proved to be chaste and unblemished by a fire ordeal, but later on she was victimised to a popular canard. Sita's second banishment without a trial one cannot reconcile with Rama's high character for justice. Why he forsook his wife whom he had every reason to believe to be absolutely pure, and who was demonstrated to be pure by the most severe ordeal then known, why he abandoned her in a forest when she was on the eve of her period of confinement, and why she was cast away without any attempt at rescue or enquiry, why, moreover, no trial was challenged, is one of the riddles of the Ramayana which we have not been able to explain. It was an act of a rash impulse, in any case one of mistaken judgment. It casts a severe reflection on Rama's memory, which shows that while he sought to vindicate his character as a husband, he forgot that he was a king, bound to render strict justice to a person who, though his wife, could not be deprived of the rights of a common subject of not being condemned without a hearing, which we may well presume was as honoured a principle of jurisprudence in Rama's judicial administration as it is in our own day. The act had its nemesis

It soured all his life. When eventually a trial was ordered, it vindicated Sita but ended in a tragedy. Rama and Sita are the loftiest characters ever conceived in fiction, and the Ramayana will ever be cherished as a treasure of the highest ideals. We cordially welcome Mr. Vaidya's effort to give a rational aspect to the great epic. He has essayed to make it intelligible, and his critical presentation ought to stimulate further thought and research in the history of ancient India.

Girgaum, Bombay.

VISHNU K. BHATVADEKAR

SOME INTERESTING BOOKS ON ORIENTAL SUBJECTS.

“The Soul of a People,” by H. Fielding Hall. Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net; “A People at School,” by H. Fielding Hall. Macmillan, 10s. net; “Lord Curzon in India,” with introduction by Sir Thomas Raleigh, K.C.S.I. Macmillan, 12s. net; “A Varied Life,” by General Sir Thomas Gordon, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. John Murray, 15s. net; “India Under Royal Eyes,” by H. F. Prevost Battersby. George Allen, 12s. 6d. net; “The Pilgrim of India,” Anonymous. Skeffington, 3s. 6d. net; “Indian Echoes,” by John Renton Denning. Blackie, 3s. 6d. net; “Red Records,” by Alice Perrin. Chatto and Windus, 6s. net; “The Hatanee,” by Arthur Eggar. John Murray, 6s. net; “Things Indian,” by William Crooke. John Murray, 12s. net.

THERE is indeed something infinitely touching and deeply pathetic in the life story of the Burmese as told by Mr. Fielding Hall in his “Soul of a People,” and “A People at School,” the former dealing with their spiritual ideals, the latter with their corporate life as a nation, that should be studied by all who are interested in the past and future of Burma and would fain understand the psychological as well as the political results of the annexation of 1885. The writer is very intimately acquainted with his subject, for he has lived for many years in the country, often passing months with no companions but natives, and he is, moreover, in a special sense *en rapport* with them, for he shares in an unusual degree for a European the reverence for life in every form of its manifestation which was for centuries, but alas! no longer is, one of the most distinctive principles of their daily life. He was for a time at least behind the veil that generally shrouds the truth from the foreigner, and he justly claims that he got to know the people as they really were, “from the labourer to the prime minister, from the little novice just accepted into the faith to the head of all the Burmese religion.” The standpoint from which he judges is therefore within, not without, and his constant aim has been to come

face to face with the very souls of those with whom he was brought in contact, to read, to quote his own eloquent words, "the thoughts of the ploughman while he leads his teams afield in the golden glory of the dawn, the dreams that swell the heart of a woman when she knows the great mystery of a new life, the hopes and fears of the man who stands on the brink of death."

In his "Soul of a People," having told once more the well-known and beautiful story as accepted by the Burmese of Him who found the light and defined anew the great peace to which, in the belief of the Buddhist, the soul comes at last, Mr. Fielding gives a number of interesting episodes that came under his notice during the war of 1885 and 1886, which was such a terrible revelation to the people of Burma, by whom all taking of life is looked upon as an unpardonable sin, and describes the government of the country before the annexation, dwelling especially on the great difference between the Burmese and British views of the meaning and aim of punishment—considerably, by the way, to the detriment of the latter—and illustrating the changes that have taken place by a series of very vivid pictures of the home life of the people as well as of their public festivals as they were before their modification by Western ideas. These bring out forcibly the enlightened yet poetic ideas of the Burmese on love and marriage, and the fact that in their favoured land freedom was the natural heritage of women. Especially interesting, though somewhat melancholy reading, is the chapter headed *Noblesse oblige*, describing the true Burman's infinite kindness towards animals, which, says Mr. Fielding, goes very much further than a mere reluctance to kill them, for it seems to him quite as important to treat them well during their lives as to refrain from taking those lives. The Burman believes, indeed, that all that is beautiful in life is founded on compassion and sympathy, and that nothing of great value can exist without them. He does not, however, look upon animals as his, but—and here the keynote of his character is struck—it is because he would be ashamed of taking advantage of his superiority that he is so truly their friend.

To the happy, contented, simple-hearted Burmese, dreading nothing but wrong-doing, looking upon death as an entry into peace, and living in a world of romance of their own, untroubled by fears for the future, new teachers came some thirty years ago who compelled them to enter their school, and they now congratulate themselves on the results of a systematic course of education. In his "People at School," however, Mr. Fielding not only subjects these results to searching criticism, but examines the methods by which they were obtained, prefacing what to many will be little short of a revelation with the remark that the people of whom

he is writing are the true Burmese of Upper Burma only, not those of Lower Burma—which was first annexed as long ago as 1825—who belong to a different and inferior though allied race. "Upper Burma," he says, was a nation in a way that neither Lower Burma nor any part of India was. It contained a compact nationality, differing from its neighbours all round with an individuality, a universal religion, an identity and history which had lasted already for many centuries. It had never been seriously invaded, never conquered, never received any large number of aliens. In Lower Burma, on the other hand, there was never any unity, never any solidarity," and as a result of this distinction, "the Burmese can be studied in Upper Burma as part of an old and organised community whereas in Lower Burma the community is yet to make."

The conclusions at which Mr. Fielding arrives, after his careful consideration of the results of the new régime, will probably not be fully endorsed by all his readers, for these conclusions seem to be to a certain extent one-sided, but it is impossible to help sharing his regret at many of the changes brought about by British rule, especially the facts that "thou shalt not kill" is no longer a binding law, and that so far the position of native women has been detrimentally affected.

The volume of carefully selected speeches delivered by Lord Curzon between 1898 and 1905, with the admirable introductory essay by Sir Thomas Raleigh, legal member of the Governor-General's Council from 1899 to 1904, will be found to give a very complete history of the late Viceroy's term of office, and if carefully studied will do much to dispel certain erroneous conceptions as to his policy. They prove beyond a doubt that the much-criticised ruler had from first to last the best interests of the people at heart, and that, as he himself said, his purpose ever was "to hold the scales even. . . . to understand the needs and to espouse the interests of each of the numerous races and creeds that make up India." In judging of the speeches it must be borne in mind that only on very rare occasions was Lord Curzon able to give full vent to his eloquence and to speak out as a man to his fellow-men rather than as the head of a Government with the traditions of which he was compelled to conform. Yet for all that there was in every one of his public utterances true originality both of matter and of manner; the severest critics of his policy recognised the extraordinary knowledge displayed by him of an infinite variety of subjects, whilst his admirers were equally struck with his perception of the mystic charm of India, a charm alike elusive and indefinable but ever present to his mind even when he was dealing with the most prosaic details of administration. His Budget speeches, with those on agrarian legislation and the preservation of ancient monuments, are notable instances of his

power of appreciating the native point of view and his earnest wish to rouse the people of India to believe in their own future, but his more strictly political perorations, in which he touched his highest point of oratorical excellence, prove how firm was his conviction that the English Government alone can give them the unity and prosperity they claim. In his address at the farewell dinner given to him by the Byculla Club, Bombay, that was practically a defence of his work during his seven years of office, he held up a high ideal of conduct for those that should come after him—an ideal he may surely be said to have, to a great extent, realised himself—for, to quote his own words on that memorable occasion, he had sought to stimulate the energies of Hindu, Mohammadan, Buddhist and Sikh, and to befriend those classes like the Eurasians who are not so powerful as to have many friends of their own, adding, however, the deeply suggestive statement, "my eye has always rested upon a larger canvas, crowded with untold numbers, the real people of India as distinct from any class or section of the people. It is the Indian poor, the Indian peasant, the patient, humble, silent millions—the 80 per cent, who subsist by agriculture, who know very little of politics but who profit or suffer by their results and whom men's eyes, even the eyes of their own countrymen, too often forget, to whom I refer."

Worthy to rank even with the record of Lord Curzon's brilliant and strenuous career in India is the "Varied Life" of the author of the "Roof of the World" and "Persia Re-visited," that gives a most vivid account of experiences in India, Afghanistan, Turkestan and Persia, incidentally throwing much new light upon the history of the East during the last half century and at the same time making many pregnant suggestions as to the best solution of certain difficult problems of the future.

The son of a distinguished military man, who had done good service in the war with France, Thomas Gordon was a soldier by instinct, and also, which is more rare, a born leader of men, knowing equally well how to obey and to rule. He entered the Army in August 1894 at the early age of sixteen on the same day as his twin brother, the future General Sir John Gordon, whose career greatly resembled his own and for whom he was constantly taken even when both were elderly men. As explained by Sir Thomas, there was till that date no regular examination for first appointment to the forces, not indeed for promotion, which was by purchase except when special circumstances prevailed to forbid sale. He and his brother were in the second batch of candidates who underwent examination and both passed easily. When presented to the Duke of Wellington, then commander-in-chief, they asked, as they had no private income, to be transferred to regiments

servicing in India, and this request was granted on condition, as they were too young for active service abroad, that they should return to college for two terms. This they did, and a little later Thomas joined the 61st regiment then serving in the Bengal Presidency. From that time to his acceptance, in 1889, of the post of Military Attaché and Oriental Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, the enthusiastic soldier was almost constantly employed in India and Afghanistan, and his story of his experiences is from first to last as thrilling as any romance. Imbued from boyhood with a firm determination to qualify himself as fully as possible for the work he had to do, and endowed with a very keen insight into character, the young officer knew well how to choose his friends and teachers, and there is little doubt that he owed much of his remarkable success to these two qualities. He early became an expert in Hindustani, passing as an interpreter in that language in 1853, and later he obtained an equal mastery of Turki and Persian, a linguistic equipment that served him in excellent stead on many a critical occasion. Invalided home in 1856, after serving in the war on the north-west frontier, he hastened back to India on the breaking out of the mutiny in 1857, winning the rank of Captain in 1859, without having paid for any of his commissions—a great triumph in those days when a man with money could buy promotion over one without that qualification. In 1865 he was appointed Persian interpreter on the staff of General Sir William Mansfield, Commander-in-chief at Bombay, in which capacity he was present at the first of the great Indian Durbars, that held by Lord Lawrence at Agra in 1866, and three years afterwards at the more important one at Umbala, when Lord Mayo received the Amir Sher Ali Khan of Kabul and Afghanistan, when he became intimate with the Amir on whom it was his duty to call every day, and who confided to him the fatal determination to ignore his elder son, Yakub, in favour of the much younger, Abdullah Jan. It was this unfortunate decision that was the original cause of the troubles that jeopardised the throne of Sher Ali. Yakub had done much to win that throne for his father, yet in 1874 he was thrown into prison and only released after four years of close confinement on the premature death of Jan, when his gallant spirit was utterly broken and it was too late to avert the struggle with England that had such sad results for Afghanistan. In that war Sir Thomas Gordon took an important part as Commander of the troops in Kurram and not the least interesting section of his book is his account of his experiences there and of the events that succeeded the conclusion of peace. In 1865, by which time he had won, still without purchase, the rank of Major-General, he was chosen by Lord Dufferin to go to the Afghan frontier to meet the Amir Abdul Rahiman—who had won

and kept the throne of Kabul for his father Afzul—and accompany him to the Rawal Pindi Durbar—a duty, he says, that he found most agreeable in every way. His knowledge of Persian enabled him to make friends amongst the Afghans and to understand clearly many things which otherwise would have been but matters for conjecture. By a remarkable coincidence, the news of the taking of the post of Panjdeh by the Russians was communicated to Abdul Rahiman by telegraph on the evening of the day (April 8th) on which he made his declaration of alliance with England. "There was," comments Sir Thomas, "all the appearance of studied cause and effect in the incident taking place while the British Commission to settle the boundary question between Russia and Afghanistan was on the spot and the Amir was a kingly guest in the Viceroy's camp," and in his opinion, shared by many a clear-sighted politician, it would have been well "had the English troops appeared at this critical juncture in Afghanistan as invited friends and welcome allies."

In 1887 Sir Thomas Gordon left the Indian service, and the remainder of his book deals with his life and work in Persia, first as Military Attaché and Interpreter to the British Legation at Teheran, and later as Director of the Imperial Bank: Though not perhaps quite so exciting as the story of his Indian career, the concluding chapters of his autobiography are as full of interesting and important information, and deserve very careful consideration from those responsible for England's future relations with Persia. From the first Sir Thomas was well received by the Shah, who was glad to welcome a Military Attaché, and it is just possible that the wise advice of the distinguished soldier may have had something to do with the inauguration of the enlightened policy that resulted in 1906 in the bloodless revolution which gave to Persia, without the loss of a single life, the representative government for which so many Russians have died in vain.

"India under Royal Eyes," as its title implies, is a book of a very different type to any of the four works reviewed above, for it describes the various places visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, not under their everyday aspect, but as they appeared when all that was unsightly or painful had been improved away for the time being for the benefit of the royal travellers, with the result that the impression made on them must have been anything but a true one. Fortunately, however, Mr. Battersby was himself keenly alive to the disturbing influences of the Royal progress, and he has endeavoured to combine with a faithful record of the ceremonies witnessed by him some account of the places and people under less unusual conditions. His chapter, for instance, on the Swadeshi movement

for the encouragement of the use of home-made goods in preference to those of British manufacture, is of very deep interest, and should be read by all who are interested in the revival of native crafts and industries. "Provoked merely," he says, "in reply to British indifference to the partition of Bengal, it has become transfigured by the realisation of its immense opportunity into what promises to be a practical and extremely exacting essay in patriotism." If the truly beneficent reform thus, as it were, inaugurated by chance, should become widely effective, there may perhaps ere long be a return to the delightful old ways, and the horrible cheap machine-made monstrosities that have taken the place of the beautiful hand-wrought wares of the orient, may be finally banished, and India may be restored to the heritage of beauty it has of late years seemed in danger of forfeiting for ever. Very interesting too and full of happy augury for the future is the eloquent description of what Mr. Battersby calls a modern miracle—the transformation of the great wilderness between the Jhelum and the Chenab into a fertile land, yielding such a plentiful supply of wheat, that "instead of having to rely on a foreign power for the most important of her foods, Britain can now obtain it from her own provinces."

The anonymous author of the "Pilgrim of India" lays himself somewhat open to hostile criticism by his frank admission that the poem is an imitation of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in form, though not, he adds, in substance nor in sentiment. His point of view certainly differs not a little from that of his great predecessor, for he assumes that "Christianity is not one of many religions equally good, but that it is the *only* completely true religion." He pleads in extenuation for the severe judgment passed on the corruptions of later Hindustan that he is but endorsing that of educated and enlightened Hindus themselves, and he claims that in spite of all mistakes on the part of English rulers, "there is now a very general desire on their part to do justly by their subjects of whatever race."

The first canto of what is, on the whole, a very creditable piece of work, though some of the rhymes are somewhat strained, deals with the voyage to India, Bombay and Benares; the second with Calcutta, Darjeeling and Allahabad; the third with Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra and Delhi; and the fourth with the Punjab, Simla, Amritsar and other less well known districts. Each and all are evidently inspired with a very real sympathy with the native races and the Anglo-Indians whose lot is cast among them; but it is in the third that the writer best proves his claim to be called a true poet, for it is full of gems of expression, such as, apropos of the great Akbar: "His anxious soul stretched forth and groped for clearer light," and in reference to the death of Shah Jehan's beloved wife: "Inspired by love, the weakest, tenderest frame gains giant strength."

The poems collected in "Indian Echoes" have already appeared in various Anglo-Indian papers, where they were read with no little appreciation by those who gladly hail every attempt to weld more closely together the links uniting the East with the West. Very specially noteworthy, as proving Mr. Denning's intimate acquaintance with native modes of thought, are the "Dead Ryot," the "Beggar" and the "Pariah," whilst the "Rime of the Nations" with its frank recognition of the "Law of the Borderland and the Hinterland and the Sea," the "Soldiers of Ind" with its inspiring martial lilt, and the "Brothers," telling how a young English officer, a Sikh and a Mussalman defended a post together, show how well the author knows that human nature is the same everywhere, whatever the professed creed. Charming too in another way are the pathetic "Children of the Sun," voicing the longing of English mothers for their absent little ones, and the "Hill Top Reverie" of a widowed and childless wife, in which there is no hint to show to what race she belongs—an unconscious witness to the truth that all mourners of the East and the West are akin in sorrow.

Evidently founded on fact, the stories in Mrs. Perrin's "Red Records" are as remarkable for insight into native superstition and the English attitude towards it as any of her previous works. She attempts no didactic criticism of the weirdly strange belief she so eloquently describes, but effacing herself entirely, she simply tells her tales of woe without unnecessary comment. Tragedy is, alas! the keynote of each brief story, a haunting tragedy that casts a gloom over the brightest scenes of the day and shines with a lurid light through the darkness of the night. Fate, evil fate, lies ever in wait for wary and unwary alike; it can never be eluded and therefore those only are happy for a time who are able to forget its brooding presence. From the first, for instance, the reader knows that the Momiai-Walla Sahib, with his pathetic clinging to the cherished stick that is to be the cause of his undoing, and the English missionary who defied the powers of darkness, are doomed; yet in spite of this prescience the shock of the fulfilment of the presentiment is almost overwhelming. Very specially touching are "Fate's Irony" and "Kismet," the latter concluding with the heroine's bitter cry, summing up the melancholy belief of a whole people: "Who can struggle against Fate? Was not misfortune written on my forehead from the beginning?" But not one of the seventeen tales ends happily, and the title of the book might well have been "A Study of the Inevitable."

No less sombre than the "Red Records" is Arthur Eggar's "Hatane," that tells of the strange superstition, deeply rooted even at this late day in

the mind of many an otherwise sane Burman, that to certain natives is given the power of changing themselves into tigers during the night. The motive for this horrible transformation remains, says Mr. Eggar, shrouded in mystery, for the Burman has an unfeigned horror of speaking on the subject of this haunting terror. Fear holds him tongue-tied, for the very whisper of the name of the dreadful thing, if overheard, would entail disastrous consequences.

The story opens in a commonplace way enough with the arrival at Rangoon of a young Englishman with the prosaic name of Jackson to take up a lectureship at the College there; but very soon the new teacher becomes drawn into a complicated web of circumstances in which the real and the unreal are inextricably interwoven, and from which he finally emerges wounded almost to death. His character strengthened by all he has gone through, he has won an insight into the awful mysteries that underlie the everyday life of the dwellers on the borders of the jungle, and he can never again be what he was before his eyes were opened. He had seen and wrestled with, nay more, he had finally conquered, the "thing that walks by night, prowling past the houses, smelling round for human blood," yet he still lived. It was indeed through his agency that the truth was revealed that in this case at least the Hatanee was but an evil-minded man, who had turned to account the popular credulity to rob and murder with impunity. For all that, however, the native belief in the Hatanee is still unshaken. With trembling fear the people of the Burmese villages continue "to mark the footprints in the roadway, looking for the *pugs* of the human tiger," and will, as certain of them did in Mr. Eggar's story, wreak frightful vengeance on any one they suspect of using the uncanny power of assuming its form.

Although it has already been briefly noticed in *East & West*, an extra word of recommendation may here be fitly said for Mr. Crooke's "Things Indian," that should be kept at hand for reference whilst reading the various books criticised in this article, that necessarily contain many allusions to native customs not readily understood by the uninitiated. The writer of the useful miscellany that deals with a great variety of subjects including Caste, Education, Etiquette, Foods, &c., has resided for many years in India and in his brief essays displays considerable knowledge and judgment.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Conscience,
Compromise
and Confusion.** Conformity is the duty of the individual in early societies : liberty is the aspiration of every civilised man in the West. Conformity may be easily enforced by the simple device of punishing by social ostracism or otherwise every breach of custom and every defiance of the will of the community. Liberty brings in its train a multiplicity of rights and obligations and a complexity of relationships which cannot be easily adjusted without that capacity for organisation and that degree of ingenuity which only a few societies have as yet attained. Liberty is so generally associated with progress that a curtailment of liberty in any direction is apt to be regarded as a sign of degeneracy and retrogression. But liberty is of various kinds and certain kinds of liberty are discarded as civilisation advances. Indeed, the pious thinkers of India regarded restraint as a mark of refinement, and freedom as a mark of barbarism or worldliness. Civilised society sometimes invents conventions from which what is stigmatised as barbarism is delightfully free. The social freedom of ancient India is often coveted by our generation, and in the opinion of many a revival of some of the ancient Hindu customs would reform the evils which have crept into modern society. While in certain directions this is substantially true, in others a curtailment of liberty would appear to have been the natural consequence of the growth of refinement. Just now, when it is the aspiration of many to evolve a united Indian nation, we are apt to covet the freedom of the Brahman to marry a Kshatriya or Vaishya wife, and of a Kshatriya to marry a wife of the regenerate class below him. But it is probable that this particular kind of freedom was found to be inconvenient and unfit to survive in the evolution of society

along certain lines, and even desirable lines. Where caste is persistent, monogamy and a movement in the direction of equality of the sexes would tend to discourage intermarriages between different communities. It cannot be a happy family in which husband and wife are of unequal rank in society and the children are assigned to a grade differing from that of either parent. We deplore nowadays the existence of castes in the nation : still more intolerable would have been the existence of castes in the same family. In former times, when a Brahman or a Kshatriya had a wife of his own caste, he sometimes replenished his household with wives of other classes, to whom he took a fancy. It is difficult to believe that cases were of frequent occurrence where a man of a higher class married a wife of a lower caste, without providing himself with a wife of equal status in society. Monogamy has not yet established itself in Hindu society, nor is woman raised to a position of equality with man. Yet the sentiment in favour both of monogamy and of equality of rank among members of the same family must have deepened with the march of civilisation. The growth of such a sentiment would naturally prove fatal to intermarriages of the kind described in ancient books, where the parties did not give up caste altogether. It is better that a priest should not marry the daughter of a merchant, than that he should have that liberty to indulge his fancy or cupidity and that his son should be relegated to the rank of a barber, as Manu ordains. Contrary to the somewhat common and superficial view, it was once before maintained in these pages that the history of the Indian races has not been uniformly one of degeneracy and retrogression, and in the prohibition of intermarriages—though not in the retention of castes—we are not prepared to say that the Hindus acted unwisely. They would have commended themselves more to our modern notions if they had agreed that an intermarriage elevates the party of inferior rank and the offspring to an equal status with the party of superior rank. Failing to do that, they did well to secure equality of caste in the same family. This is, perhaps, one of the very few examples where the loss of the ancient liberty has not proved to be a misfortune. From causes some of which were good, others bad, and yet others indifferent, the social and religious customs of India had attained a cast-iron rigidity when the British, with their love of

liberty, especially liberty of conscience, came upon the scene. One of the earliest measures of relief given to those who wished to depart from their ancestral religion was the Act of 1850, which abolished so much of the Hindu law as deprived outcastes of their rights to property. Such a piece of legislation could not be hoped for under Native rule ; and that Act is even now not introduced into many of the Native States. Though it is possible that the influence of European missionaries was partly responsible for the concession granted to Native converts and other outcastes from Hindu society, yet such a law would not have been placed on the Indian Statute-Book if the British had not brought with them into India their love of fair play and of liberty of conscience. They had fought out many a battle of liberty in their own native clime, and wherever they went, they made others sharers in their birthright. The Act of 1850 was a simple, though perhaps, in the opinion of some, a drastic piece of legislation. It has been easy enough to interpret, and has caused little or no confusion. The next step was to provide converts to Christianity with a law of succession. Fifty years ago there was no such law. It was then laid down that the application of the Hindu law depended not only upon birth, or nationality, but also upon religion. This rule was perhaps inevitable ; but it has caused not a little confusion in consequence of the uncertain connotation of the term 'Hindu'. Sir Henry Maine made a forecast of the doubts and difficulties which must arise from a use of that expression in its theological sense. The law of succession provided in 1865 was a copy of the English law and it was not intended to apply to the Native races who had their own laws of succession. If the Legislature had confined its operation to Native Christians only, no occasion would have arisen to interpret the word 'Hindu' in the exempting section of the Act of 1865. But the Legislature was more ambitious. It aimed at providing a more general law, and in exempting Hindus from its operation a word of uncertain import had to be employed. Among the Local Governments to whom the Bill had been referred, the Burma Government suggested that Buddhists might be specifically exempted. The adoption of this suggestion was in some respects unfortunate ; for it opened the door to the contention that a dissenting sect of Hindus, like the Buddhists, was not included in the connotation of the term 'Hindu', as used by the Legislature. Curiously enough, Jains

and Sikhs were not mentioned along with Buddhists. The reason presumably was that no such suggestion had been received from Local Governments. A doubt occurred to Sir Henry Maine whether the Bhils and other aboriginal tribes, about whose laws of succession nothing was known, could be included among Hindus; and therefore the Governor-General in Council was empowered to exempt any tribe or race that he thought fit from the operation of the new law. The Census reporter has invented, or rather introduced into the official literature of India, the term "Animist," to denote the aboriginal races with their non-Brahmanical religions. Yet in the general public consciousness of India, the aboriginal races are Hindus. Since 1865 Jains and Sikhs have also been, like Buddhists, excluded from the category of Hindus in some of the statutes. It is just possible that some future legislator will revive the doubt that had occurred to Sir Henry Maine and bestow a separate legal recognition on the Animists. This progressive education of our legislators is instructive in its own way, but the mixing up of theology with law has given rise to not a little confusion. In 1872 a law of civil marriage was provided for those who would otherwise have suffered for their liberty of conscience by the absence of a valid method of contracting marriages. The history of this law is well known. It was enacted at the instance of the great Brahma leader, Keshab Chandra Sen. If the Act had been confined to the Brahmans only, no occasion would have arisen to consider the relative positions of the orthodox and the dissenting sections of the Hindu community. But once more the Legislature was ambitious. It undertook to give a law to all persons who did not profess the Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsi and other religions. While in 1865 only Buddhism was differentiated from Hinduism, now Jainism and Sikhism were also separately recognised. All these orthodox and dissenting communities had marriage laws of their own, and it was perhaps right that the Legislature, in its anxiety not to do any injury to those laws, required a declaration that the parties registering their marriage under the Act did not profess any of the old well-defined religions. The uncertainty of the expression "Hindu religion," however, remained. It was enhanced, rather than cured, by a pedantic enumeration of the dissenting sects. The contact of Eastern with Western thought and civilisation has given rise, not only to Brahmoism, but to various other forms of religious faith and

social aspiration. There are Hindus who would retain their religious philosophy, but would not keep caste. There are Hindus who would give up the polytheistic rites enjoined by the Shastras on marriage and other occasions, and would yet profess the creed of salvation by Knowledge and by Faith. Such persons cannot now contract a valid marriage unless they declare that they do not profess the Hindu religion. But would such a declaration be true? The law does not expect the parties to make a false declaration. Indeed, it would punish a false declaration as perjury. But men and women must marry. The consequence is that honesty has to be sacrificed, false professions have to be made, and an illegitimate compromise has to be effected. The present Secretary of State for India is not a compromiser, and in his time it must be possible to find a remedy for the state of things we have described. Laws are not settled facts, and they may be amended when their defects are discovered. The evil that has sprung from a mixture of theology with law was illustrated not long ago by the case of the Sikh Sardar who had cut off his hair, contrary to Sikh custom, joined the Brahma Samaj and adopted European ways of living. He had married according to Sikh rites and he was not a thoroughgoing Brahma. The question arose whether a Sikh was a Hindu within the meaning of a certain Act, and whether this Semi-Brahma could be called a Hindu. The law courts answered both these questions in the affirmative. Particular stress was laid on the circumstance that the Sardar, having been born a Hindu, had not "become separated from religious communion" with his caste or sect. It would, therefore, appear that if a Brahma is excommunicated as such, he ceases to be a Hindu; but if he merely omits the Shastric rites in his marriage and does not declare that he has renounced the Hindu religion, his position seems to be doubtful. Yet another doubt is about the law of succession applicable to the property of one who makes a declaration as required by the Act of 1872. He renounces both the orthodox and the specified dissenting forms of the Hindu religion. Does he thereby cease to be a Hindu, within the meaning of the Succession Act of 1865, or can he claim to belong to some unspecified sect of Hinduism? The answer to this question depends upon theological considerations. We will not venture to assert that there was no necessity to lay down a proposition basing the law on

theology in the days when the position of Native Christians had to be considered, more than forty years ago. But now that converts to Christianity have got their own laws, and new sects with new religious and social ideas are springing up within the Hindu community itself, the wedding of law to theology will prove more embarrassing than helpful. It has necessitated illegitimate compromises and produced in many quarters an irritation against the short-sighted and narrow policy, as it is now felt to be, of British legislators, who in their own day could undoubtedly claim to be far-sighted and liberal-minded. The British policy was not the old Indian policy and the word 'Hindu' is not of indigenous origin. There was Shaivism, there was Vaishnavism, there was Shaktism, and there were the non-Brahmanical dissenting sects, but there was no Hinduism before the Muhammadans applied that word to the combined religions of all Indian unbelievers. The British legislators have adopted the term of Muhammadan invention, but instead of being content with applying it generally to all adherents of local faiths, they have tried to differentiate between the orthodox and the dissenting forms of the so-called Hindu religion. It is doubtful whether such differentiation in the several statutory enactments has as yet served any useful purpose. What inconvenience, for example, would have been caused if Buddhists had not been separately mentioned in the Succession Act of 1865, if Burma was included in India? There was still less reason for a separate mention of Jains and Sikhs in the later Act. As yet the Legislature has found no occasion to make one law for orthodox Hindus and another for the old dissenting sects. In former times, when a new sect was founded, it did not set up a new law of succession and inheritance. If new customs sprang up among the new sects, the customary law in the orthodox community also underwent changes. Theology was not the cause of such innovations. The anatomisation of the complex 'Hindu' community, as the Muhammadans called it, has served no necessary and useful purpose, and a modification of policy seems desirable in view of the changes that are taking place in the life, the thought and the social ideals of the Eastern communities. The attitude of orthodox Hindus in these matters has always been reasonable. Where the abandonment of religious rites or of caste is sought to be protected by the law, they object to a common law being enacted for all Hindus. If the reformers would form a sepa-

rate social entity, they have no objection to these enjoying as much liberty of conscience as they please and giving up any rites which they consider idolatrous, or any restrictions of caste which they consider inconvenient. The orthodox wish to be segregated from the reformers in their forward march, and we do not feel inclined to blame them for their live-and-let-live sort of attitude. As regards the law of succession and inheritance, the Hindus have never in the past asked that dissenters and outcastes should not continue to be subject to the Hindu law. It was not at their instance that the English law was introduced in 1865 for the benefit of Native Christians and others. These considerations lead us to offer the following suggestions to Indian reformers for discussion and necessary action :—

(1) The entire repeal of the declaration of faith required by Act III. of 1872 would be construed as a general abolition of the ritualistic requirements, and the restrictions of caste enjoined by the Hindu Shastras and the scriptures of the other orthodox communities. It would be resented by them as an undue interference with the religious and social usages of the people, and would be strenuously opposed. Moreover, there are reformers of a certain class, as we shall presently show, who would rather like to make the declaration required by the Act, for reasons, and very good reasons, of their own. But an *alternative* declaration may be provided for those who dissent from the Sanatana, or established, form of the Hindu religion. They may be Brahmos; they may be Jnanamargi Hindus—or Hindu sophists who do not observe polytheistic rites; they may be Varnetara Hindus—or Hindus who have renounced caste and would bring about intermarriages between persons born in different castes; they may be atheists; or they may not know what they are, except that they are human beings wanting to marry. In addition to making the negative declaration that they do not profess the Sanatana form of Hinduism, they may be given the option of stating what exactly they do profess, the essential condition being that they should not tread upon the toes of the orthodox.

(2) As regards succession and inheritance, there are certain reformers who would prefer the Succession Act to the Hindu law, because it is more "enlightened." There are Hindus who do not like the joint family system, and who would give to female heirs more extended rights than the Hindu law gives them. Moreover,

intermarriages of a certain kind might render the position of the parties very doubtful where the Hindu law affords no certain guidance, and they might prefer to make the declaration as at present required and bring themselves within the purview of the Succession Act ; as, for example, when a Shudra marries a Brahman lady, and the issue, according to the obsolete law of Manu, becomes Chandala. All such persons would leave the Succession Act as it is. But that Act substantially enacts the English law : it seems that even Native Christians did not unanimously ask for it. Sir Henry Maine admired it as an enlightened piece of legislation, which was bound to be increasingly popular in India with the spread of education and of individualism. Forty years ago it might have seemed so, but now Svadeshi things are preferred because they are Svadeshi. Sentiment is generally on the side of the Hindu law, though unsentimental utilitarians might admire the English law. Intermarriages would not in all cases, though prohibited at present by the Hindu law, necessitate a recourse to the Succession Act. A Brahman and a Vaishya might marry under the Civil Marriage Act, disowning only the Samatana form of Hinduism and would find no difficulty in remaining subject to the Hindu law. For the benefit of those who wish to retain the Svadeshi law, either the Legislature or the Governor-General in Council, under Section 332 of the Succession Act, might exempt from the operation of that Act all natives of India who do not profess a foreign religion, and who are not governed by any other law of succession and inheritance. Such seems to have been the original object of the Act : it has been obscured by the later theological refinements, which might now be brushed away without detriment to any one, except to lawyers who benefit by the uncertainties of the law.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The people of India are said to be generally suspicious : they are especially suspicious of the Government's foreign policy. If the Viceroy visits a Native State of any importance, and particularly a frontier State like Kashmir, speculation takes up the inquiry what, exactly the ulterior object of the visit might be, though, as every one knows, the ostensible object is exchange of courtesies, or, at the worst, the shooting of game. The foreign portfolio is in the Viceroy's own charge and even a Viceroy of *goshā* inclinations is bound to place himself in personal contact with the feudatory allies. The shikar and the dinner do not, as a rule, seem to present any new features as years roll by ; at any rate the public are not in a position to notice them. The speeches are usually perfect specimens of tactful and agreeable utterance : they should leave no deep impressions behind. Deep ploughing may be conducive to fertility, but fertility is not desirable unless it is the proper kind of crop that is grown. Lord Minto's speeches are always happy : they are neither superficial, nor do they cut too deep. If they disappoint a public of Athenian curiosity, it is because every great officer is a guardian of public secrets. His Excellency, however, is not totally uncommunicative. Preparations are being made for the approaching visit of the Amir, and the Viceroy's speeches have been closely scrutinised for indications of the possible use which the Government might intend of to make that rare opportunity. In Baluchistan His Excellency referred to the exchange of ideas which he expects with the ruler of the neighbouring State: it would have argued a lack of frankness and trust to ignore the coming event in Baluchistan. What are the difficulties which the Viceroy hopes to clear up by personal discussion with His Afghan Majesty ? There are the eternal frontier disputes and there is no *entente* between Afghan and

British officials. Some remedy will have to be found for these defects in the situation. More troublesome than the tribes on the Baluchi frontier are the untamed races in the "land of the unruly" between India and Afghanistan. They are not subject to the Amir and apparently some of them do not care to be subject to any one; but they can be friends of the Amir when they wish to be enemies of the British. It was expected, at least by the public, that the Dane Mission would come to a satisfactory understanding with the Amir as to the future treatment of the turbulent neighbours, and would bring him round to realise the necessity of a railway to Kabul to pour British troops into his country in case of emergency. The Government has stoutly maintained that the object of the Mission was completely realised, but such assurances do not carry conviction when the public mind is seized with certain loftier expectations. After the return of the Mission and after Mr. Balfour's speech on the defence of India, experts have persisted in maintaining that a railway into Afghanistan is indispensable and that the frontier tribes must somehow or other be deprived of the power of mischief; and the belief is ineradicable that these momentous questions will be talked over when the Viceroy meets the Amir. In the Viceroy's dealings with the feudatory Princes in India no such questions of difficulty and delicacy seem to arise: if they arise, they are easily settled. If a railway is required for strategic purposes, as it is one of the duties of the Paramount Power to protect the Feudatories, any objection that may be felt as to a particular alignment, on the score of its effect on commerce or otherwise, is sooner or later waived, and the inevitable is cheerfully, at least loyally, accepted. The frequent assurances of loyalty, which are called forth by the Viceregal visits and the temporary enthusiasm which they generate, must ultimately lead to some tangible results; for mere words, after a time, lose their weight and the speaker feels that they must be accompanied by some tangible proof of their sincerity. The Indian custom of offering presents to the representatives of the Royal family or of the Paramount Power probably originated in the notion that a verbal tribute is so insignificant as to amount almost to an insult, and that a feudatory's loyalty is best estimated by the sacrifices which he is prepared to make. The British Government looks upon presents in quite a different light, for that Government is a system: it is impersonal, and the persons that are engaged in

carrying it on are not entitled to the valuable tokens which the feudatories might offer of their loyalty, not to the representatives personally, but to the corporate entity which they represent. The enthusiasm of the Princes is apt to take some permanent and institutional form, such as the Imperial Service Troops. The British Imperialist is particularly pleased to find that the most loyal communities and Princes are those on whom the fighting strength of the country most depends. The Sikhs were, in a sense, friendly to the British even before British rule was established in India. The Viceroy, in his speech at Nabha, made a happy reference to the prophecy of one of the Sikh *gurus* that the power of the Moghuls would be overthrown by white conquerors from the West. Contact with the West and the easy means of communication with the outside world seem to have given a new cause of anxiety to the Paramount Power, namely, that the Princes might be too much addicted to travel to set their hearts on the government of their own people. As yet, however, the temptations of the busy cities of the West, with all the attractiveness which modern science has bestowed upon them, have not proved inconveniently strong. Travel is, at any rate, a desirable substitute for the indulgences of the Zenana, though perhaps more costly.



The Government is about to embark on a new experiment which must produce far-reaching and important consequences—that of making primary education free. The cost of primary education does not seem to have proved the principal obstacle in the way of the people availing themselves of it. Yet free education may serve as a positive inducement, while a small charge would only be a negative help. The theory at one time was that an education which was not paid for would not be appreciated at its full value. Experience has shown that the appreciation of education depends upon the benefits that are seen to result from it, rather than upon the price that has to be paid for it. The British Government has thrust upon the people several other benefits which they did not at first realise and which they did not ask for: free education will be one more instance, assuming that the people at large have not yet learnt to understand the value of education.

The time will come when it will be better appreciated than it now is. Under the influence of general primary education, the East will no longer be a "sleepy hollow". India will no longer be immobile, but will begin to move, if not with vigour, at least with the momentum due to the mass. The work begun through railways and telegraphs, the post office and the police department, will be completed by the spread of free education. The abolition of the fees will be carried out gradually. After free education will come compulsory education. That will be some years hence.



The publication of the Fuller papers could not be refused when Members of Parliament demanded it. It has not, however, added much either to our information or to the reputation of any one. The Government of India admitted that the Serajgunj schools deserved to be punished and that disaffiliation would be a legitimate punishment in normal times. But it asked the Lieutenant-Governor to withdraw his recommendation for no other reason than that it might give an opportunity for acrimonious discussion and an attack on the Government of the new province. A sensitive ruler was bound to construe this suggestion, however well meant and in whatever language couched, as a hint that his administration had become a constant source of anxiety. Resignation, in such circumstances, was inevitable. However, the suggestion was made with the best of intentions, and Sir Bampfylde might have withdrawn the recommendation, if not for the reasons given by the Government of India, at least on the ground that the rules of the Calcutta University had not yet been framed and put into operation, and he would have an opportunity of renewing the application for disaffiliation, if the schools continued to behave in the manner reported. The Lieutenant-Governor felt that he had no chance of winning the good will of the Hindu community and he seems to have accepted his fall in a philosophic temper. That is a redeeming feature of the unhappy event.



Lord Elgin must be congratulated on the bold stand which he has made so far against the white population of the Transvaal. It is to be hoped that he will not climb down, as he did in the case of Natal. The British Indians in the Transvaal do not claim any

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rights which would eventually enable them to get the predominant voice in the Government. They only ask for freedom to hold landed property, freedom of trade, and freedom of locomotion. They owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Lepel Griffin and other friends who espoused their cause.

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